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THE
HOUSE OF
STUART





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THE HOUSE OF STUART.

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THE HOUSE OF STUART.

JAMES I. OF ENGLAND, AND VI. OF SCOTLAND,

SON OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, AND OF HENRY STUART, LORD DARNLEY, GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSON OF KING HENRY VII. THROUGH MARGARET, HENRY'S ELDEST DAUGHTER, WHO MARRIED KING JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND.

Born June 19, 1566; proclaimed in London King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, March 24, 1603; and crowned in London, July 25, 1603; died March 27, 1625.

1608—1625.

"Next Scottish James, wi' muckle glee,
Came South in sixteen-hundred-three" (1603).

FOREMOST among the many eager courtiers who ran a race to Edinburgh, each desiring to be first harbinger of the tidings of Elizabeth's death and James' accession to the throne, was Sir Robert Carey, son of Lord Hunsden, cousin-german to the deceased queen. He bore the famous sapphire ring, and accomplished his journey of 400 miles, leaving the palace of Richmond early in the morning of March 24, scarce once drawing rein, within sixty hours;—a feat unsurpassed by Turpin the highwayman. When he reached the palace late at evening, James had retired; "wherefore," says Carey in his narrative, "entering the royal chamber, I kneeled down by the bedside, and saluted James as Monarch of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland; at which words he raised his eyes to heaven to bless God for the boon, so long desired."

Two days after the arrival of this alert messenger, the express despatched by the Privy Council appeared, and announced that within six hours of Elizabeth's death James had been proclaimed king, and joyfully accepted by the people, in the metropolis of England.

The new dynasty of Stuart, to which now justly appertained the crowns both of England and Scotland, was derived equally with the Plantagenets from our Anglo-Norman kings, through Robert Bruce, the descendant of Margaret, sister of Edgar Atheling. Bruce's daughter Marjory married into the powerful Anglo-Norman House of Fitz-Alan, the Seneschals or High Stewards of Scotland. This was an office instituted under David I., contemporary of our King Stephen; it was hereditary, and the title was used as a surname ("Stuart"). Marjory's husband, Walter Fitz-Alan, was the sixth in the office. He had been one of the bravest of Bruce's companions-in-arms; and when Bruce's only son, David II., died without issue, Fitz-Alan's son, David's cousin by the mother's side, succeeded him on the throne as Robert II. (A.D. 1371). For eight generations the crown was transmitted from father to son in an uninterrupted line. But the Stuarts were a race marked out for strange misfortunes; for all the posterity of Robert II., the founder of the dynasty, died violent deaths, except two, and they died broken-hearted—one because of the calamities of his own family, the other through the disasters of his kingdom. In 1389, Robert II. was succeeded by his son, Robert III., who sank into an early grave, distracted by grief at the loss of two of his sons in 1460. Robert III.'s son, James I., "the Royal Poet," was murdered in 1485; his grandson, James II., was killed at the siege of Roxburgh, by the bursting of a cannon; his great-grandson, James III., was assassinated in 1488; the son of James III., James IV., fell on Flodden Field in 1513; James V. died (the second of the race who had so perished) of grief in 1542, leav-

ing the kingdom to his infant daughter, the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, who ended her life on the scaffold, and who was succeeded by her son, James VI. of Scotland, and I. of England, the subject of the present chapter.

Born (June 19, 1566) amid strife and tumults, both national and domestic, the young prince, who was proclaimed king when only twelve months old, was early exposed to formidable peril by the conspiracy called the Raid of Ruthven (1582), and afterwards by the Gowrie Plot (1600). These dangers, it is supposed, set their impress on his character, and infected it with cowardice, both moral and personal. He shuddered at a drawn sword, and though he often rashly provoked by arrogance and pretension the resistance of his subjects, he retreated with undisguised timidity at the first show of opposition. Educated with the greatest care by the celebrated George Buchanan, James' real learning, though associated with egregious pedantry, might have inspired respect, if combined with manly qualities. In these, however, he was entirely deficient. Weak and undignified, fickle and ostentatious, timid and crafty, his character, though not destitute of shrewdness and sagacity, presented such an extraordinary mixture of sense and folly, cowardice and arrogance, as amply justified the remark of Henry IV. of France, that "*le royaume d'Angleterre etait un trop beau morceau pour ce prince pédant, la Reine Jacques*"—"le Roi Elisabeth" being the name by which "*le Béarnais*" had designated James' high-spirited predecessor. Nor was the ridicule which James' want of courage drew down upon him confined to his brother monarch, or to his English subjects, as the following epigram, popular at the time, will prove :—

" Tandis qu'Elisabeth fut Roy
L'Anglais fut d'Espagne l'effroy.
Maintenant, divine et caquette
Régi par la Reine Jacquette."

When James was, at fourteen years old, placed on the throne of Scotland as rival to his mother, he gave himself up to worthless favourites, and met the turbulence of his nobles, and the fiery zeal of the reforming clergy, with a petty cunning which he called kingcraft. In 1590 he wedded Anne, daughter of Frederick II., King of Denmark, by whom he had seven children, of whom four died very early. Two sons and one daughter survived their infancy: Henry, born February 19, 1593; Charles, born November 19, 1600; and Elizabeth, born August 19, 1596. In 1612, this princess married Frederick, the Elector Palatine, to whom she bore twelve children. Many of them died young, but of those who survived their mother two were princes, Rupert and Maurice, much distinguished in the English civil wars, and the Princess Sophia, the youngest of that large family, who became Electress of Hanover, and was mother of our King George I.

The accession of James was received in England with universal favour, and by himself with a transport of delight. Eager to take possession of what he called "the very Land of Promise," he still was too poor to commence his journey southward, till Cecil, whose sagacity had seen the advantage of the peaceful union under one sovereign of England and Scotland, and who, therefore, lost not a moment in proclaiming James to the people, had sent him money. The new king next required the crown jewels of England for the queen, his wife, but the Privy Council did not grant this demand. But the request for coaches, horses, litters, jewels, stuffs, officers, and "specially a lord chamberlain, a thing most needful," was complied with, and James set off from Edinburgh, after delivering a farewell harangue to his Scottish subjects in the High Church of St. Giles, on the 3rd day of April. During his journey of thirty-two days, from his northern to his southern capital, "he carried himself," says Baker, "most affable

("courteous as monarch the mom he is crowned"), distributing his favours in plenteous manner," for he created no fewer than 237 knights (of whom Baker was one) in six weeks, by doing which the canny Scot "got more love than he paid money." But his popularity gradually waned. At Newark-upon-Trent he gave his English subjects a foretaste of his mood, and of his arbitrary disposition, by summarily hanging, without trial, judge, or jury, a "cut-purse," who was taken in the act of pilfering.* This contempt of the ordinary course of justice did not pass unobserved. "I hear," writes Harrington, "that our new king hath hanged one man untried: If so, why may not a man be tried before he hath offended?"

The subjects of the Tudors, who remembered Queen Elizabeth's stately presence, looked with contempt on the ungainly figure of their new sovereign. Though only thirty-six years of age, his legs were so feeble that he rather waddled than walked; his tongue was too large for his mouth, so that he stuttered in his speech. His large prominent eyes, rolling and yet vacant, his negligent and dirty apparel, his clumsy person, cased in a thickly wadded and dagger-proof doublet as a safeguard against assassination, and, above all, his broad Scotch dialect, rendered him an object of contempt, when coupled with his airs of conceit and assumption of wisdom, which his courtiers humoured by addressing him as the British Solomon; whereas he rather deserved the epithet bestowed upon him by the great Duke of Sully, "the wisest fool in Christendom." And soon the more dangerous feelings of jealousy and disgust were roused by the rewards which he

* It has been suggested in excuse for this act of summary justice, or injustice, on James' part, that, fresh to England and ignorant of its laws, he supposed himself possessed of the right of summary executions, the privilege of "Treason" (pit and gallows), that appertained to each Scottish chieftain.

showered upon his northern followers, whom the English stigmatised as—

“ ‘ Scottish beggars,’ from
The northern frozen shores of Tay :
Thick as the locusts which in Egypt swarmed,
With pride and hungry hopes completely armed,
With naked knees, diseases, and no money,
To plunder Canaan of its milk and honey.”

On the 25th July, 1608, James was crowned at Westminster, “amid the gloom and consternation of the people of London; the hand of God being heavy on them with the plague.” He signalised his accession by the profuse distribution of titles, so that within three months of his entering the kingdom he created seven hundred knights, and added sixty-two names to the peerage. This caused a pasquinade to be fixed in St. Paul’s, purporting to be “an aid to short memories, whereby to retain the names of the new nobles.”

The first act of the new sovereign in the matter of government was undeniably prudent. He retained Elizabeth’s ministers, “the meanest of whom,” says Baker, “was wise enough to guide any kingdom;” Sir Thomas Egerton continued to be Lord Chancellor; Lord Buckhurst, Lord Treasurer; the Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral; and Sir Robert Cecil, son of the great Lord Burleigh (afterwards Viscount Cranbourne and finally Earl of Salisbury), Secretary of State and Prime Minister. Under these distinguished men all promised peace; and “time was it” for every man to sit under his own vine, and enjoy the blessing of tranquillity, when, sudden as a storm on a fair summer day, a treason broke forth, composed of strange materials; for people of all sorts, priests and laymen, Papists and Protestants, nobles, knights, and the baser sort of folk, were in it: among them Lord Cobham, “a man of evil life,” and George Broke, his brother, Lord Grey de Wilton, a Puritan, Sir Walter Raleigh (whom Cecil’s jealousy had excluded from the ministry), and others. The object of their plot was to place Lady

Arabella Stuart, the king's own cousin, on the throne; and it was called the "Main," to distinguish it from a contemporaneous conspiracy, termed "the Bye," or "the Treason of the Priests," also "the Surprising Treason," from its purpose being to surprise and imprison the king. These two plots were much mixed together, and Philip of Spain was concerned in one, if not in both. The conspirators were apprehended, tried, and condemned. Cobham, Grey, and Raleigh, as accessories to the Main; Broke, Sir Griffin Markham, a Roman Catholic gentleman of good family, and two priests named Watson and Clerke, as accomplices in the Bye. The three latter persons, to use the unfeeling language of a contemporary writer, "were to lead the dance, and very bloodily were they handled." But no others were executed. On the sole testimony of Lord Cobham, "no more to be regarded," says a letter-writer of the day, "than the barking of a dog," Raleigh was found guilty of high treason, after a trial, during which his heroic dignity and calm, wise replies contrasted strongly with the scurrilous brutality of Sir Edward Coke, who called the prisoner "the vilest of traitors, a viper and a spider of hell." At the conclusion he was (November 17) sentenced to death: so were Cobham, Grey, and Markham. They were brought out to die; and it was only on the scaffold, and when the axe was over their necks, that they were reprieved and sent back to prison, where they spent long years of captivity. Raleigh was also respited, and confined in the Tower till 1616. Here, in his prison-chamber, he wrote his noble book, the "History of the World." It had been happier if he had remained in durance; but, subsequently to the decease of Arabella Stuart, the avarice of the king being excited by Raleigh's hope of discovering a rich gold mine in South America, he was despatched with a fleet of fourteen small vessels to Guiana, that fabled El Dorado, or Land of Gold, of the Spaniards. The expedition was most disastrous. After a fruitless attack, in which Raleigh's

and in the year 1609 Arabella married clandestinely Sir William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, the representative of Mary Tudor, and her husband, Charles Brandon. Seymour afterwards became Earl and Marquis of Hertford, and finally Duke of Somerset. He it was who fought so gallantly in the civil wars of the following reign; and who, still more nobly, when his royal master was doomed to the scaffold, pleaded to be allowed to die in his place, inasmuch as he and the other privy-councillors had been guilty of what was laid to the king's charge; who followed that king's body in secret to its last home, and who ever remained the most faithful adherent of his son. Arabella's marriage was discovered; Seymour was sent to the Tower, and his wife placed in custody at Highgate. Both escaped, but never to meet again: Seymour reached Ostend in safety, but Arabella, who, disguised in man's apparel, had taken refuge in a French vessel, was captured and sent to the Tower, less afflicted at her own fate than overjoyed at her husband's security. Her imprisonment was in every sense illegal; but the king's jealous apprehensions forbade his showing any mercy to his kinswoman, who died in the fourth year of her captivity, worn out with grief and pitiaibly deranged, her reason having given way under the severity of her treatment. By her decease, James and his children were left sole representatives of the House of Stuart.

Early in his reign, King James undertook to settle the questions at issue between the Church and the Puritans. Ere he had reached London, the religious disputes which ran high in England had been proved to him by a petition, called the Millenary Petition, because it purported to be signed by 1,000 ministers (the real number was 825), praying for the redress of ecclesiastical abuses, and by a memorial also from the Romanists, complaining of the severe laws against themselves. To both parties he promised toleration, and, taking the matter into his own hand,

he called a conference at Hampton Court (January 14, 1604), at which, bishops being present on one side, and the reforming preachers on the other, the modern Solomon undertook the office of moderator, and was himself chief speaker, being charmed with the opportunity both of displaying his learning and of mortifying the Puritans, to whom he bore a grudge for the hard life which, Harrington tells us, they had led him in Scotland. In his writings, and especially in his "Basilicon Doron," that masterpiece of pedantry, composed for the instruction of his son Prince Henry, he had already called the Puritans "very pests in Church and commonweal, breathing seditions and calumnies." And now having the opportunity of declaring the same in speech, he talked much Latin, using upbraidings rather than arguments, bidding them "away with their snivelling," and replying to Dr. Reynolds, one of the Puritan advocates, who demanded Christian liberty for every man in matters of ceremony, "I will none of that: you aim at a Scottish Presbytery, wherein Jack and Tom shall meet, and censure me and my council and proceedings; I will not argue the point, but reply as kings are wont to do in Parliament, *le Roi s'avisera*." He ended with his favourite maxim, "No bishop, no king," and with telling Dr. Reynolds, one of the acutest logicians and most learned divines in the kingdom, that "had he and his fellows acquitted himself so lamely in any college whereof he (James) had been head, he would have had them all flogged for dunces; and that if they could say no more for themselves, they must conform, or he would hurry them out of the land, or do worse."

"The bishops," says Harrington, "declared that his Majesty spake by inspiration of the Spirit. Verily the spirit was rather foul-mouthed."

But best pleased of all was the royal disputant with his victory; he boasted, "I peppered them soundly; they fled from mine arguments like school-boys; I put them to

a non-plus." The conference broke up, leaving the two parties just where they were, each equally disappointed. Some slight alterations were made in the Book of Common Prayer, and a new version, called the Authorised Version, of the Holy Scriptures was commenced. Till then the Puritans had used the Geneva Bible; and the Churchmen the Bishops' Bible; but this new translation, occupying four years, and employing forty-seven clergymen, is the beautiful and, for the most part, faithful version now used in our churches—that noble work, whose blessed words have been the words of eternal life to so many thousands in England.

On March 19, 1604, James' first Parliament met, and ere it separated he was at issue with the Commons, who distinctly opposed that "Divine right of kings" which he claimed as giving him "absolute power in all matters, temporal and spiritual." He had joyously exclaimed, when learning that the power of creating judges and bishops rested with the Crown: "Do I make the judges? do I make the bishops? Then," with an oath, which we will omit, "I make what likes me law and gospel." Before separating, the Commons drew up "an Apology to the King touching their privileges," which they claimed to hold "of right, and not of grace;" whereas James had declared them to be derived from himself alone, as an absolute sovereign, and from his grant.

Thus early commenced the protest of the free people and Parliament of England against "the right Divine of kings to govern wrong," and that struggle between the Stuarts and the Commons, which James left as a fatal legacy to his house, and which eventually brought his son to the scaffold.

In August, 1604, peace was made with Spain and Austria, the king engaging not to aid the Hollanders or other enemies of the King of Spain and of the Archduke. James was also proclaimed by the new appellation of "King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland" (October 24, 1604), and he assumed on his medals the title of "Imperator."

His time was spent in the coarsest and most brutal amusements, cock-fighting, bull, bear, and lion-baiting, and in field sports, of which he was passionately fond. England had now got a sporting sovereign, and his hunting-bounts, as his people irreverently styled them, were pursued to the neglect of public affairs, at Newmarket and Royston, where he had built hunting-seats, and where the quiet inhabitants, annoyed by the misrule of his frequent visitations, devised what Lascelles calls, in writing to Lord Shrewsbury, the following "reasonable pretty jest," to give him "a hint of their minds." One morning the king's favourite hound, Jowler, was missing, and, though long sought, was not found till the next day, when, as the king was in the field, Jowler presented himself in full career. Right glad was James; but, looking at the dog, he spied a paper about his neck, on which was writ, "Good Mr. Jowler, we pray you speak to the king (for he heareth you every day, and us he doth not), that it may please his Majesty to go back to London, else the country will be undone." But the king, not minded to relinquish his sport, let who would smart for it, took it as a jest, and remained another fortnight, leaving to his ministers the care of the realm.

And now an anxious charge devolved on these ministers. The revival of Queen Elizabeth's rigorous enactments against Romanists had been severely felt by that party, for they had expected great things from the son of Mary Stuart, who had also promised "to tolerate mass in a corner." But when their hopes were defeated by his determination to uphold the Protestant religion, and to show no grace to themselves, they devised what Baker calls "a plot of treason, so accursed, that men who hear it shall scarce believe it." It was no less than, when Parliament was assembled, to blow up king, lords, and commons, one and all, with gunpowder. The chief conspirator in this atrocious act was Robert Catesby, a Papist gentleman of good family, who had suffered severely for recusancy in the

previous reign, and who, after vainly striving to bring about an invasion of England by the Spaniards, combined with certain fanatics, Thomas Percy, related to the Duke of Northumberland, Thomas Winter, and John Wright, to cut off the king, and with him the Protestant succession. For it was expected that Prince Henry would accompany his father to the opening of Parliament, and would also perish in the explosion, and that Prince Charles should be laid hands on, imprisoned, or otherwise dealt with. "And thus should the king and his cubs be taken out of the way ; till which there would never be good world in England." To effect this enterprise, Winter had engaged the help of a daring and desperate man, one Guido or Guy Fawkes, a native of York, once a Protestant, but now a zealous Papist, who had served for some time in the Spanish army of Flanders.

On the night of October 26, 1605, when Cecil, whom, for his sagacity in scenting out political plots, James used to call his "little beagle," was sitting in Whitehall, during the royal stay at Royston, a Roman Catholic peer, Lord Monteagle, requested audience. He had a strange tale to divulge : that one of his servants had been met the previous evening by a man "of a reasonable tall personage," who delivered an anonymous letter, and charged him to give it to his lord in all haste and secrecy. It lacked date or signature, but was addressed to the nobleman who now laid it before Cecil ; and its contents were as follows :—

"My Lord, out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care of your preservation, and I therefore advise you, as you tender your life, to make some shift to excuse your attendance at this Parliament ; for God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. Retire into your country, where you may expect the event in safety ; for though there be no appearance of any stir, yet shall they receive a terrible blow this Parliament ; and

yet they shall not see who hurts them. This counsel is not to be contemned; because it may do you good, and can do you no harm; for your danger is past when you have burnt the letter; and I hope God will give you grace to make a good use of it. To Whose holy protection I recommend you."

This warning was afterwards attributed, by the conspirators themselves, to Francis Tresham, brother-in-law of Lord Montague, who, together with Sir Evarard Digby, Ambrose Rookwood, Robert Keyes, Thomas Bates, John Grant, and a brother of Winter, had been admitted to a knowledge of the plot.

The wary Cecil proceeded with his usual coolness. For six days he waited, and only consulted the Council. On the seventh he presented himself to King James, and handed to him the ominous letter; when, says Sir Edward Coke, "by a Divine illumination of the royal mind" (probably the recollection of Darnley's fate), James divined that the dark phrase, "the terrible unseen blow," might point to a blowing up with gunpowder. No alarm, however, was given either to the public or the conspirators, Cecil recommending that the latter should "be suffered to go on with their devilish practices until the end of their day."

But on Monday, November 4th, the day before the meeting of Parliament, the Lord Chamberlain, who had purposely delayed the search until that morning, entered the vault under the House of Lords, and, observing a large store of coals and wood, asked "a very tall and desperate fellow," who stood in a dark corner, and passed as the servant of Percy, "to whom the fuel belonged?" "To my master," was the reply. No more was said, and the Lord Chamberlain departed, to command, however, a second visit, soon after midnight, when a magistrate and a strongly armed body of attendants entered "the bloody cellar," as Cecil calls it, and apprehended the same man who had been previously seen, just step-

ping out of the door. He was searched, and upon him were found all the materials for his murderous work, slow matches, touchwood, and a dark lanthorn—the same which is still preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. The heaps of billets were speedily removed, and thirty-six barrels of gunpowder were discovered beneath them.

Late as was the hour, the prisoner was instantly led to Whitehall; where, in the king's bedchamber, the Council hastily assembled. Though bound and helpless, Fawkes, for he it was, answered undauntedly the hurried interrogatories heaped on him by the king and peers, that "touching his accomplices, he could not resolve to accuse any; but that, had he not been arrested that night, he would the next day, alone and unaided, have blown up the Parliament House, king, peers, bishops, and commons." To the king's pithy question, "How could he have the heart to destroy so many innocent souls as must then have suffered?" he replied, that "Dangerous diseases required desperate remedies;" and when asked by one of the Scotch courtiers wherefore he had collected so much gunpowder, he said, "To blow Scotsmen back into Scotland." He was then removed to the Tower, the king sending express instructions to the governor to put him through all the degrees of torture, in order to elicit a confession. This order, still preserved in the State Paper Office, runs thus: "The gentler tortures shall first be used with him," and "*sic per gradus ad ima tenditur*" (and so proceed gradually to the extremest), "and God speed you in your good work." For four days neither threats, promises, nor extremity of pain,—for the Harleian Miscellany informs us that he was stretched for three continuous hours on the rack,—could shake the constancy of that man of iron. Willing to become a martyr to his fanatical opinions, Fawkes confessed his own share in the plot, and declared himself ready to die. But he refused to implicate any one; and it was not till he found that his associates had

betrayed themselves, by fleeing from London and taking up arms, and that Bates, the servant of Catesby and Tresham, had revealed all, that he put his signature to a fuller statement—a signature of which the faint, jagged, and incomplete words bear terrible testimony to the mortal agony in which they were written.

According to this statement, he had accompanied Winter to London in 1604, and together with him, Catesby, Wright, and Percy, had taken an oath of secrecy, administered to them by Henry Garnet and other Jesuits, “in a chamber where no other body was, and had then heard mass, and received the Blessed Sacrament, on the same.” The conspirators’ next proceeding was to hire a house adjoining the Parliament House, and to begin their work, which involved nothing less than boring through a wall three yards thick, in order to form a mine under the massy foundation of the House of Lords. Enthusiasts as these men were, believing themselves to be engaged in an enterprise to which they were called by an immediate voice from heaven, they toiled day and night for months, hiding in their breasts the terrible secret, and not once quitting the place, for fear of discovery. “While others wrought,” says Fawkes, “I stood sentinel; all of us resolved to die on the spot rather than yield or be taken.” Sometimes superstitious fears would seize them. They heard the sound as of a great bell tolling deep in the earth, which ceased when holy water was sprinkled on the spot. Spirit-voices, too, would mutter, but became silent when adjured in the name of the Blessed Trinity. But at Candlemas, when half through, a rushing noise was heard, which was no imagination, when Fawkes, always foremost in danger, stepped boldly out to learn the cause, and found it to be that a coal-dealer, about to give up possession of a cellar, just above the place where they were mining, was removing his coals. This circumstance they believed to be an opportunity sent from heaven; and they accordingly hired the

cellar, and filled it quickly with barrels of gunpowder, which they had collected in a lone house at Lambeth; and brought across to Westminster by night. The gunpowder was then covered with faggots and billets, giving to the vault the appearance of a storehouse for fuel. And now all was ready for the final blow. "Thus much," says Cecil, "learned we from Fawkes, the devil of the vault."

The instant the conspirators knew the arrest of the pretended servant of Percy, all who were in London fled to Dunchurch, where a general rendezvous had been arranged, in order to follow up "the great vengeance struck at Westminster, by seizing Prince Charles and the Princess Elizabeth." Sir Everard Digby was already in arms, with a large following, when Catesby and others, pale, breathless, and spent with fatigue, rushed in with the news of Fawkes' arrest. That same night they marched to Holbeach House, in Staffordshire, which they fortified, resolving to sell their lives dearly. They made a brave stand against the forces raised by the sheriff; but a spark fell upon their gunpowder (may we not call it retributive justice?) which exploded terribly, wounding many, and blowing off the roof of the house. Percy and Catesby were killed by one shot, as they fought back to back. Digby, Rookwood, Winter, and others were taken prisoners, and put to death with all the horrid barbarities of the doom of high treason. So were Guy Fawkes and Garnet, the provincial of the Jesuits, who was condemned as privy to the conspiracy. Tresham was sent to the Tower, where he died.

The natural result of the plot was the framing (1606) of far severer statutes against the Romanists than had previously existed, and the framing of the oath of allegiance, which is solemn abjuration of the doctrine whereby princes, excommunicated or deprived by the Pope, may, without sin, be deposed or murdered by their subjects. So ended the Gunpowder Plot.

If James had broken faith with the Catholics, he equally

showed himself regardless of his word to his Scottish subjects; upon whom, in the plenitude of his bigotry, he imposed Episcopacy. For the rights of conscience, this king had not the smallest regard. Moreover, feeling, as Bayle tells, "*qu'il y allait de sa gloire, en qualité de Défenseur de la Foi, mettre hors la Loi et consigner aux enfers tous les hérétiques abominables,*" he rekindled the fires of Smithfield, and burnt therein, as obstinate Arian heretics, Bartholomew Legate and Edward Wightman, who were consumed, and their ashes scattered to the winds, in 1612. But these were the last burnings in England, and James was the last of our sovereigns who signed the writ "*de heretico comburendo.*" For so great were the sympathy and admiration excited by the sufferers' courage, that Fuller informs us that "henceforth the king preferred that heretics should privately and silently waste away in prison."

And now we turn to a brighter side of the picture. To King James we owe the foundation of our colonial empires.

In 1607 the first permanent settlement of the English in North America was effected, at James Town, in Virginia, the colony which Raleigh had endeavoured to plant in the preceding reign, and which he had named Virginia, in honour of Queen Elizabeth, having proved a failure. In 1609, the charter granted by that sovereign (1600), to the East India Company for fifteen years, was renewed for an unlimited period, and English merchants were permitted to establish a factory at Surat, whence trade soon extended itself to Java and Sumatra (1611). In the same year, an ambassador from Great Britain, Sir Thomas Roe, was sent to the court of the Great Mogul at Agra, a commercial treaty having been already made by Sir Thomas Shirley, an English adventurer, ambassador to the Shah. In 1610, the king granted a charter for the colonisation of Newfoundland. Ten years after, the celebrated "*Pilgrim Fathers,*" a band of Nonconformists, who had first become exiles in Holland, and who "*saw the finger of God point-*

ing to a pleasant land, where they might enjoy liberty of conscience," landed in Massachusetts Bay, and there formed the germ of the New England States.

But Ireland was the true scene of James' glory; for the king (we quote Baker), having care for the quietness of Ulster, which had escheated to the Crown through the attainder of rebels, and especially through the treason of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, bestowed on the City of London the possession and planting (or what we should call the colonisation) thereof, "which straightway sent thither, together with other Scotch and English Protestants, men of repute, 800 handy craftsmen." By means of these settlers, Ulster, from being the wildest and most barbarous province in Ireland, quickly became the most civilised and prosperous, and has ever since continued the stronghold of Protestantism in that island. Courts of justice and assize were instituted, also the English law of succession superseded the tanistry and gavelkind of the old Breton law; and, to complete the whole, a regular House of Commons was established.

In order to provide funds for defence, a new order of nobility between knights and barons was created (May, 1611), at the skilful suggestion of the manœuvrer Cecil, who also saw a mode of thereby enriching the royal treasury. The patents for this dignity (baronetage) were sold for £1,000 each, and might be purchased by any bidder. They were accordingly bought by ninety-three gentlemen, to whom it was granted to bear upon their shields the arms of Ulster—"a bloody hand," the cognizance which still marks the escutcheon of a baronet. But the price thus nominally paid for the military defence of the colony was soon diverted, by the king's increasing pecuniary needs, to other purposes. In fact, the extravagance of King James, who squandered enormous sums on entertainments, one of which alone cost the exchequer £3,000, the prodigious cost of the

royal sports and pleasures, of his brutish baiting of wild beasts, and his almost as brutish hunts, when he would plunge his arm up to the shoulder in the entrails of the slain deer,—his cock-fights, solemnly held twice a-week, the salary of the master of which amounted to £200 a-year, —his riotous carousals, his indolence, spending the whole afternoon in bed, “over-gorged with feasting, and filled with strong wine”;—his taste for buffoonery, mixing unseemly jests with even his gravest conversation, nicknaming himself and his courtiers, and permitting his favourite, George Villiers (whom he styled “my Dog,” and “Steenie” from a fancied resemblance to the beautiful head of St. Stephen), to call him “dear Sow, Dad, and Gossip,” and to address him as “your Sowship”;—his violent temper, much given to swearing, as Bishop Goodman tells us;—his derision of his stately predecessor, “for whom,” says Tully, “I was soon compelled to doff my mourning, and never mention at Whitehall, seeing that it was not liked of the king”;—and, above all, the immense treasures which he lavished upon his worthless favourites, “by setting up of which golden calves” (to use the quaint phraseology of Osborne) “he cost England more than Queen Elizabeth spent in all her wars”—these and similar acts not only exhausted the richly-stored coffers of the previous reign, but had the effect of changing into disappointment, nay contempt, the joy with which the nation had first welcomed “our Cousin of Scotland,” as Elizabeth was wont to style Mary Stuart’s son.

The court became so dissolute that, in the words of a contemporary, “now the gunpowder fright is over, things go on as if the devil were contriving that every man should blow himself up with riot and excess.” Ere James had reigned quite three years, he could neither pay his servants, nor decently support his own table; and indignation was felt at “the Pauper Monarch,” whose hands were ever in, or seeking to be in, his subjects’ pockets.

The creation of baronets was Cecil's last expedient for defraying his royal master's obligations, for on May 24th, 1612, this trusted minister of two sovereigns, courtier from his cradle, master of all subtlety, the wise son of a wise father, died. "Though a good statesman, and no ill member of the commonwealth," according to Sir Simon Dewar, "he was generally hated." He was quickly followed to the grave (November 6th) by Henry, Prince of Wales, a youth only eighteen years * of age, but of the highest promise, the idol of the people, and the especial hope of the religious portion of the community, who saw him pure and holy in a vicious court, and whose grief at his loss was unbounded. He was the more regretted, because his brother Charles, "Baby Charles," as the king called him, was a sickly and retiring boy, of unpopular manners. Henry died of putrid fever, contracted by taking cold after violent exercise. But an outcry was raised that he had been poisoned by Lord Rochester, the king's ruling favourite; and accusations were levelled at James himself of complicity in the crime. Baseless as the horrid suspicion might be, it was too certain that the father had felt little affection for him, and "spent small time in sorrowing."

Only three days after the event, the king directed his ambassador in Paris to renew, for Prince Charles, the same matrimonial treaty for Christina of France (daughter of King Henry IV.) which had been commenced for his brother.

In ten days more he prohibited the wearing of mourning at court. He celebrated Christmas with unparalleled festivities; and on Valentine's Day, 1618, he gave his

* Carleton tells us that it was for this prince that Sir Walter Raleigh composed, while in the Tower, the first part of his "History of the World." At the death of the royal youth, Raleigh, to use his own words, cast aside the second and third parts, having hewn them out, but wanting the heart to finish them. Prince Henry had always taken the liveliest interest in the noble captive; of whom he was wont to say, "Surely no king, save my father, would keep such a bird in such a cage."

daughter Elizabeth in marriage to the Elector Palatine, Frederick V., with such splendid pomp as had never been seen in England. From the twelfth and youngest child of this union, the House of Brunswick inherits the crown of this kingdom.

These three events, all occurring within a year—namely, the deaths of Cecil and Prince Henry, and the marriage of the princess—were fraught with the gravest consequences to England. Cecil's successor was a young Scot, of good family, named Robert Carr, who had come to court in 1609, been quickly installed as the king's minion, and created Viscount Rochester in 1611. His sole recommendation was a handsome and graceful person, for his education had been much neglected; and though the king, on finding "the bonnie lang lad" deficient in the more "scholastic part of his breeding," strove to remedy it by giving him a daily Latin lesson, "there was more need," in the opinion of Sir Thomas Howard, "that one should teach him English; for being but a Scottish loun, he hath much want of better language. Moreover, he knoweth naught." In spite, however, of all defects, Carr's influence over his royal master was boundless; and when, on the death of Cecil, he reached the pinnacle of power, friends and flatterers, the fairest dames and haughtiest nobles, alike vied in homage to him. Among the former was Sir Thomas Overbury, a man of learning and ability, to whom Lord Rochester owed more than to any other person, whether as regarded his advancement or his reputation.

The odious circumstances, "incomparably," says Hallam, "the most disgraceful scene of profligacy which this country has ever witnessed," which attended Rochester's shameless marriage to the beautiful but abandoned Lady Frances Howard, must exonerate us from dwelling upon it. Especially as, in the words of Carlyle, "it does not much belong to the History of England, and carrion ought to be buried." Suffice it to say that King James not only en-

couraged his favourite's passion for the young countess by divorcing her from Essex, but promised him, as a wedding present, the title of Earl of Somerset. Then followed a terrible tragedy, the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury; who, as the friend of Carr, had strongly remonstrated with him touching the baseness of the woman he sought to wed. Overbury's counsel proved fatal to him, for the incensed countess induced Rochester to cause the king to imprison Overbury, on the ground of his refusing to accept an embassy to Russia. Once within the ill-omened walls of the Tower, the victim was at her mercy, and she caused him to be secretly poisoned. His body was hastily flung into a pit, near the Beauchamp Tower; and, whatever men might think of the deed, naught was spoken. There is reason, too, to fear that the king was implicated in this diabolical murder, for Overbury was believed to hold some important state secret.

The enemy despatched, the countess's marriage with Rochester soon took place (Dec. 20, 1613). Though viewed by the people with horror and disgust, the king and his wanton court celebrated it with even greater cost and parade than the nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth. The jewels worn by the bride were valued at £80,000; and Bacon spent £2,000 on a play, called "The Masque of Flowers." The Corporation of London, in their sycophantish mood, gave the newly-wedded pair a sumptuous banquet at Guildhall; and when the countess desired, in order to attend this festival, the loan of four splendid horses, belonging to Sir Ralph Winwood, the Secretary of State, wherein he took delight, her request was followed by his offer of them for her acceptance, as so great a lady should use nothing borrowed.

Pass two years, and we find this same Sir Ralph labouring to bring this very lady to justice, as one of the murderers of Overbury. Somerset's sin did indeed find him out. From the time of his too faithful and outspoken friend's

death, settled melancholy seized upon him. The still small voice of conscience, which would make itself audible, even amid the gaities of the court, rendered him silent, sullen, and morose; so that the king began to be weary of the favourite, once dressed in smiles, but now too careworn to amuse his royal master. Still Somerset might have retained his ascendancy, if his enemies had not subtly thrown a newer minion in the monarch's way, namely, George Villiers, the son of a Leicestershire knight, a youth of twenty-one, handsome, graceful, gay, and accomplished, before whose rising star the ineffectual ray of Somerset paled. The loss of the royal favour sealed the fate of the once-omnipotent earl; and Secretary Winwood now ventured to declare to the king that the secret of Sir Thomas Overbury's death was brought to light by the free talk of the apothecary's apprentice who had prepared the poison, and who scrupled not to attribute the crime to the earl and countess. James, who required only a decent excuse for deserting the man whom he had once loved, intrusted to the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Edward Coke, the charge of unravelling the labyrinth of guilt, and of arresting Somerset, who was then hunting with the king at Royston. When the officer of justice arrived, James was leaning on Somerset's shoulder, and replied to his indignant protest at being arrested in his sovereign's presence, "Nay, man, if Coke sends for me, I must go."

He then embraced the earl affectionately, and charged him to return immediately, adding, "for, in good sooth, I cannot live without thee." But no sooner was the favourite out of hearing, gone to his trial, perhaps to his death-doom, than the faithless king exclaimed, "The devil gang with thee; for I will never see thy face more."

Only that morning, and Somerset seemed at the zenith of his power. Before night, he was in the Tower. In May, 1616, he and his wicked wife were separately tried by their peers. The Lieutenant of the Tower, and three

land. I am an old king, and not to be taught mine office." He then delivered a long address, alike blasphemous and ridiculous, to prove that kings were justly called gods, having Divine power on earth; and concluded by dissolving Parliament, "for that he had much patience, but would have asinine patience no longer."

In April, 1614, when the second Parliament assembled, matters were still worse; Cecil being dead, and "that little beagle" no longer there to bring the rest of the hounds to a perfect tune, the Commons were utterly unmanageable. The spirit of liberty prevailed in the House; and though the king declared, in his opening speech, that his integrity was like the whiteness of his robe, pure as the gold of his crown, firm and clear as the precious stones he wore, and that his affections were natural as the redness of his heart, these high-flown similes failed to induce the Commons to grant supplies, until illegal impositions, levied on the king's sole responsibility, and other grievances, were redressed. This was the first clear and direct use of the constitutional "power of the purse." James' remedy was summary. He immediately and angrily dissolved the Parliament, without suffering them to pass a single act. In consequence of which the nickname of the "Addled Parliament" was applied to it. For seven years he ruled without one, and sent to the Tower five members of the House of Commons who had most strenuously opposed his demands. But, as money must be had (for the king pathetically remarked to Buckingham, "Steenie, your puir Dad has na a bodle"), he attempted to raise it by a benevolence. But this illegal exercise of the prerogative was now met by individual resistance;* and a gentleman, named Oliver St. John, not only refused to con-

* It was on occasion of a similar opposition, as the Poet Waller tells us, that the king, while at dinner, demanded in a loud voice, of Bishops Neale and Andrews, who stood behind his chair, "whether it were not lawful for him to take his subjects' money, for his necessities, without consulting Parliament." Neale replied, "God forbid that you should

tribute, but set forth in a letter his reasons for the refusal. For this offence he was fined £5,000 in the Star Chamber, although he had on his side the first legal authority in the kingdom, Lord Chief Justice Coke, whose defence of St. John put the finishing stroke to his own downfall.

Coke had already displeased the king by defending a clergyman named Edward Peacham, who was charged with high treason for the possession of a sermon, never, however, preached, on the king's extravagance and the oppression of his ministers. The unfortunate man, seventy-six years old, was put on the rack, and examined in torture, and after torture ; but no confession was elicited by this horrible severity, and he was then tried and condemned, but died in prison before execution. Coke had on another occasion given the king umbrage by saying that his Highness was defended by the laws. James reprimanded him sharply for this, saying that he spake foolishly, for that the king was not defended by the laws, but by God. For this offence the proud lawyer had to fall on his knees and beg his royal master's pardon, which was granted, though his error was neither forgiven nor forgotten ; for in November, 1617, he was dismissed from his office, and Sir Francis Bacon, who had been more complaisant in upholding the royal prerogative, was put in his place. Bacon was afterwards made Lord Keeper, and in the following year Lord Chancellor, and created Viscount St. Albans.

Both in religious* and civil matters, James was incessantly labouring to assert his supremacy, and always in the same petty and ineffective, though irritating way, meddling and muddling, to use the language of the present day, whatso-

not, sire ; for you are the very breath of our nostrils." The king then turned to Andrews, who hesitated ; but on being commanded to answer, demurely replied, " Why then, I think your Majesty may lawfully take my brother Neale's money ; for he offers it."

* On the 13th November, 1618, was held the celebrated Synod of Dort, at which five English divines were present. Its object was to condemn the doctrines of Arminius.

over he touched. By his proclamation, which enjoined that "public sports, such as archery, morris-dancing, leaping, and May-games should be held on Sundays, after Divine service," he exasperated the Puritans, and earned for himself a rebuke from the venerable Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, who forbade the reading of the proclamation in his cathedral. The matter was dropped by the king but revived by his successor.

In 1617, James visited his native country for the first time since his accession to the throne of England; but only, as it seemed, to impose Episcopacy upon the reluctant people; for the Scots, connecting this measure, in their own minds, with the setting forth of the "Book of Sports," began to inveigh bitterly against prelatic rule, and to cherish that spirit of discontent which, in a few years, broke out in bitter hostility. In fact, James was now sowing the wind, and his ill-fated son was to "reap the whirlwind." By his ill-judged "Book of Sports," he deemed himself to be cultivating pleasant plants. But what was the result? That "the harvest should be an heap, in the day of grief and desperate sorrow."

His foreign policy was also becoming a root of bitterness. In 1615 he had made peace with Spain, and abandoned those ancient allies of England, the Hollanders, whose republican government he held as "of ill example for a monarch to cherish." In 1609 he mediated a twelve years' truce between Spain and Holland, of which the unfortunate, though scarcely to be foreseen result, was to send the English and Dutch privateers, hitherto occupied in ravaging the Spanish coasts, and plundering their vessels, into the seas of the West Indies, where some of them became "pirates of dreaded name, fell buccaneers," while others joined the Barbary corsairs in the Mediterranean. But there was yet a more unacceptable measure in the eyes of the English, who had not forgotten the disastrous Spanish alliance of Queen Mary, and whom the murder of Henry IV,

of France, by the fanatic Ravallac, now rendered more averse than ever to a connection with the Roman Catholic powers ; and that was the king's purpose of cementing the union with Spain by the marriage of his son and heir, Prince Charles, to the Infanta Maria, second daughter of Philip III. The negotiations for this alliance were pressed on by James, but artfully protracted by the Spanish ambassador, Gondomar, in order to prevent the king from aiding the German Protestants, whose cause was rapidly becoming one of the greatest peril.

On the decease of the Emperor Matthias in 1619, Ferdinand II., Archduke of Styria, had claimed the throne of Bohemia as his own, by inheritance. But as he was a zealous Roman Catholic, the Bohemians, who had heartily embraced the Reformation, and who maintained that their crown was elective, offered it to Frederic, the Elector Palatine, whose marriage with Elizabeth of England made him son-in-law to King James, and who was nephew to Prince Maurice of the Netherlands. This act it was which occasioned the direful Thirty Years' War, which continued till 1648, when it was terminated by the Treaty of Westphalia. After some hesitation, the Palsgrave, as Frederic was termed, accepted the perilous dignity, and was crowned at Prague (1619). His coronation was the signal for a general outbreak in Europe, many Protestant princes leaguering together for his defence. England was all on fire to espouse the cause of Frederic ; and the House of Commons issued a protestation that they would spend their lives and fortunes in defence of their religion and the Palatinate. But the king did not share in this enthusiasm. He professed, it is true, an ardent desire to assist his son-in-law, and to support the true faith ; but none the less did he vow to the Spanish ambassador that his dearest wish was to cement his alliance with Spain by the marriage of Prince Charles and the Infanta. In the words of the chronicle, there were in him two persons. As King of

England he had difference with Spain, as King of Scotland he was in perfect amity with Philip; and as at the beginning of his reign he had proclaimed "Peace at home and abroad; above all things peace," and had adopted as his motto, "*Beati Pacifici*," so he was now all for the olive-branch. Gondomar, the while, assured the Duke of Lerma (Prime Minister of Spain), that "so fast had he lulled King James asleep, that neither the tears of his daughter, the cries of her babes, nor the passionate solicitations of Parliament would waken him." So fierce, however, was the cry to arms among both English and Scotch, that he was reluctantly compelled to send 4,000 volunteers, not to support Frederic on the throne of Bohemia, but to defend his hereditary dominions of the Palatinate. But this scanty and tardy aid came too late. Defeated by the Austrians at Prague (November 7th, 1620), the progenitor of the future sovereigns of England fled for his life to Holland, leaving his unfortunate country to the tender mercies of the Spaniards, under Spinola, who ravaged it unresisted, save for the small English force under Sir Horace Vere. The battle of Prague gave the death-blow to Protestantism in Bohemia and Southern Germany; and James, as if he really sought to aggravate public indignation at his supineness, had the folly to issue an edict forbidding his subjects to discourse of state matters either foreign or domestic.

On the 30th January, 1621, Parliament re-assembled, in no complacent mood. Anxious to speak them fair, for he lacked money, the king, in his progress to Westminster to open the session, spoke lovingly to his people, who stood thick on all sides to behold him, saying, "God bless ye, God bless ye," unlike his former hasty custom, when he would call a plague on such as flocked around him. But Parliament was not to be so cajoled. His unwontedly gracious speeches elicited only an unwontedly small subsidy; and then they went boldly to work at

"grievances." The king had been in the habit of selling the offices of state, and granting monopolies and patents, in order to raise a revenue. And this system had been so grossly abused, that the Commons began by impeaching Sir Giles Mompesson and Sir Francis Mitchell, who had flagrantly offended in obtaining patents for the licensing of alehouses, and also for the manufacture of gold and silver thread, which they made of copper and other base metal. Mompesson fled beyond seas, and Mitchell was banished.

Encouraged by this success, they next expelled one member for "reflecting on the Puritans," and vindictively attacked Edward Floyd, a Roman Catholic barrister, whom, without a hearing granted, they sentenced to be whipped, to have his ears nailed to the pillory, and his tongue bored through, for expressing his joy that good-man Palsgrave, and good-wife Palsgravine (the Elector and his consort) had been driven from Prague. Floyd denied the charge, and appealed to the king, who demanded of the Commons, "How they dared to erect themselves into a court of judicature, and judge offences which touched not their privileges?"

The case was brought before the Lords, but they confirmed the sentence of the Lower House, and on its being transferred to the Star Chamber, Floyd was fined £5,000, and imprisoned for life. "Surely," says Hallam, "there is no instance in the annals of our own, or of any civilised country, where a trifling offence, even if it were one, has been visited with such outrageous cruelty."

But a far worse crime and a worse criminal remained unpunished—the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind—the sole survivor of the sage statesmen of Queen Elizabeth, her then young Lord Keeper,*

"Son to the grave, wise Keeper of the Seal,
England's Lord Chancellor,"—

* From the "State Worthies" we learn that when he was a child

the famous and infamous Francis Bacon. He was impeached by the Commons, before the Lords, and charged with no fewer than twenty-two acts of bribery and corruption; to all of which he pleaded guilty, only urging in excuse that the gifts he accepted had never swayed his decisions. When asked by a deputation of the Peers whether a written confession, to which he had set his hand, was his own voluntary act, he replied, with a burst of tears, "It is my act, my hand, my heart: oh! my Lords, spare a broken reed." The sentence passed upon him by Parliament was, that he be fined £40,000, imprisoned during the king's pleasure, and never suffered to come within the verge of the court, to hold any state office, nor sit in Parliament. In consideration of his great merits, the king remitted the fine, and released the fallen man from the Tower after a few days' imprisonment, granting him also a pension of £18,000 per annum. Bacon spent the five years, during which he survived his disgrace, in those philosophical studies which immortalise his name, and which have gained him a higher and wider reputation than any writer of any age or country. His own comment on his disgrace was this: "I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years; but my sentence was the justest that was in Parliament these 200 years." D'Ewes tells us that when the Commissioners received from him the Great Seal, he resigned it with the words, "The king's favour gave it me, and it is through mine own fault that he hath taken it away." And the king, on its restoration, muttered impatiently, "Where shall I find a successor? for my lawyers be all knaves." Bacon was succeeded by Lord Chancellor Williams.

Queen Elizabeth asked Bacon his age, to which the boy, with happy readiness, replied that he was "two years younger than her Majesty's glorious reign." In later years, the queen, who visited him at his mansion of Redgrave, remarked on the smallness of his house, and was answered, "Madam, my house is small; but it is you who have made me too large for it."

At the next meeting of Parliament, the Commons, indignant at the cruelties inflicted by the Imperialists on the Palatinate, prayed the king that the laws against Papists be enforced, that war be made against Spain in defence of the Elector, and that Prince Charles be married to none, save a Protestant princess. To which the king, who had already concluded the treaty for the prince's espousal to the Infanta, and for the toleration of Popery, wrote (April 27th, 1620) to the Speaker, sharply rebuking the House as fiery, turbulent spirits, and bidding them remember the time-honoured axiom, "*ne sutor ultra crepidam*," and refrain from matters concerning government and state mysteries, which are (he said) far beyond their capacity. But this reprimand only roused the mettle of the Parliament; and they reiterated their claim to freedom of speech, and to discussion of all matters in such order as they thought meet; asserting, in conclusion, that to the House alone were its members responsible for their conduct and language. It is alleged that when the approach of the Committee, bearing this protest, was notified to the king, he ordered twelve seats to be brought, "for," said he, with grim humour, "twelve kings be coming." His reply then was, that "this right of speech was, like all other privileges, derived from the grace and permission of his ancestors and himself." A reply which, after a spirited debate, prolonged till the unusually late hour of 5 P.M. ("being continued even by candlelight"), brought forth the memorable protestation that the liberties and privileges of Parliament are the ancient and undoubted birthright and inheritance of the people of England, and depend on the pleasure of no king or potentate whatever. The king sent for the journal of the proceedings of the House, and in full council tore out with his own hand the obnoxious protest. He then instantly prorogued, and in two months dissolved the Parliament (February 8, 1622). The authors of the protestation, Coke, Pym, and

Selden, were imprisoned. So was the Earl of Oxford; for he it remarked that the Peers sided with the Commons in their opposition to the king. Mighty events were indeed "casting their shadows before," and well might a courtier of the period thus write to Harrington: "Your queen did talk of her subjects' love and good affection; and in truth she aimed well. Our king talketh of his subjects' fear and subjection; and herein I think he doeth well too; *so long as it holdeth good.*"

Left to his own counsel, James publicly declared that he would govern according to the common *weal*, but not according to the common *will*, and proceeded, in defiance of public feeling, to press on the Spanish match: eager not only to secure the £2,000,000 (?) of Spanish gold which the Infanta was to bring, but hoping also, by thus gaining favour with Philip IV. (who had succeeded his father on the throne of Spain), to obtain the peaceable restoration of the Palatinate.

Such was the state of affairs, when Prince Charles, attended by the Duke of Buckingham, waited on his father, and implored on his knees the permission to travel secretly to Madrid, there to woo and win his promised bride, and to procure the restitution of the Palatinate to his sister and her husband. The prince's passionate demand was met with consent; but the king, presently learning from Sir Francis Cottington, one of the prince's intended followers, that the expedition was unsafe and ill-advised, flung himself on his bed in an agony of tears, and vehemently declared that he "was undone, and should lose Baby Charles for ever." His royal word was, however, plighted, and, overpowered by the earnest importunity of his son, and by "the rougher dialect" of the imperious favourite, whose iron will James durst in no wise gainsay, he suffered "the two sweet boys and dear venturous knights, worthy to be put into a new romanso," to use the king's own words, to set forth in disguise

(February 18th, 1628), under the names of John and Thomas Smith. At a court-ball at Paris, whither he went incognito, John Smith fell in love with the dark, bright eyes of Henrietta Maria, sister of Louis XIII., and daughter of Henri IV.

But none the less did he pursue his course to Madrid, where, according to Count Olivarez de Guzman, he watched the Infanta as a cat doth a mouse. The progress of Prince Charles' affection is described in a letter from Buckingham to King James, which begins, "Dear Dad and Gossip," and is signed "Your humble Slave and Dog, craving your blessing, Steenie."

"Baby Charles is so touched at the heart, that he confesseth all that he ever saw is nothing to the Lady Infanta, and he swears that if he wants (Scotice; *goes without*) her, there shall be blows."

For half-a-year the pair remained at the Spanish court,* where so merrily sped the time, there was nothing but ringing of bells, making bonfires and fireworks, feasting, fencing, religious processions, hunts, bull-fights, and tilts. Concerning the last King James, in a paternal letter, says, "I pray you, my Baby, take heed of being hurt at the tilt;" while as to the balls, he besought his son and Buckingham not to forget their dancing, though they should whistle and sing to each other, like Jack and Tom, "for lack of better music." The travellers in every letter asked for money, which the poor king in reply charged them to be sparing in spending, and also for jewels, "the Portugal diamonds," "the king's best hat-band," his "pendant diamond," his "best rope of pearl,"

* The people of Madrid were much struck with the romantic gallantry of the English prince's visit; and from every guitar in the streets were heard the strains of the famous *Lopez de Vega*, in verses beginning—

"Carlos Estuardo soy;
Que siendo Amor mi quia,
Al Cielo di España,
Per ver mi estrella, Maria."

"Charles Stuart I am;
Love has guided me far,
To the heaven of Spain,
To Maria, my Star."

jewels for the Infanta, jewels for the prince, and jewels for Buckingham's own decoration, "else," he says, "your Dog must want a collar." To follow the vexatious delays which ensued, and the intrigues to which they were due, would far exceed our limits. Enough to say, that after all preliminaries had been completed, after the prince had appeared so desperately in love that all believed he would die for the Infanta, after he had climbed walls to get speech of her, and had sat with eyes fixed on her for half-an-hour at a time, "surely tedious, if affection had not sweetened it," after he had learned Spanish, and his lady-love English, even after she had assumed the title of Princess of Wales, and the marriage treaty had been so far arranged that the early education of her children was assured to her, the whole negotiation was utterly defeated, mainly by the grossness, insolence, and dissolute conduct of Buckingham. The prince and duke, abandoning the suit so fiercely sought, returned, *re infectâ*, home, and were received with no less gladness than the sun after an eclipse. Within two months the marriage was finally broken off; and so ended all James' hope of the princess's large dowry, and of recovering the Palatinate for the Elector.

On the 19th February the king met his Parliament for the last time. He was all graciousness. So were the Commons; for the relinquishment of the Spanish alliance caused universal rejoicing, while the garbled account of the recent negotiations given by Buckingham, who cast the blame on the Spaniards (a version corroborated by Prince Charles, who thus made the first public exhibition of that insincerity which afterwards so mainly helped to bring him to the scaffold), coincided so exactly with the prejudices of both Parliament and people, that for a time both the prince and Buckingham were the idols of the nation. War was declared against Spain, in order to recover the Palatinate; and £800,000 were voted for the purpose. An Act was

also passed, declaring monopolies illegal, and an impeachment preferred, at the instigation of Buckingham, against the Lord Treasurer, the Earl of Middleton, for corruption in his office. The Peers found him guilty and fined him £50,000.

When Parliament dispersed (May 29, 1624), James found himself crossed in all his favourite projects. He was involved in his advancing years, most reluctantly, in a war with the Spaniards, who despised his pusillanimity, ridiculed his wrath, and likened his declaration of hostilities to a revolt of the mice against the cats. His own son, completely swayed by Buckingham, treated him disrespectfully, and extorted his consent to the marriage with Henrietta Maria. The war was ill conducted; and although 6,000 men were immediately dispatched into Holland to assist Prince Maurice, the son of the Elector and of Elizabeth of England, and were speedily followed by 12,000 more, commanded by Lord Mansfield, and destined to co-operate with the King of France, half this army perished from sickness, due to their being long cooped up in foul and crowded ships; and Mansfield was not strong enough to undertake any offensive measures. So ended King James' first and last attempt at war.

On the 12th November, the marriage treaty with France was concluded, and Henrietta Maria prepared for her journey to England. But James did not live to see his daughter-in-law. Early in the following year, he sickened of tertian ague at his favourite hunting-seat of Theobalds, near Cheshunt, and died (Sunday, March 27, 1625), in the 23rd year of his reign over England, and the 59th of his age: "going to his rest on the day of rest, and presently after sermon." He was buried in Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey.

Touching the king's character, says his panegyrist Baker: "He was of admirable pregnancy of wit, a

skilful pilot, seeking peace, both *marte et mercurio*, if not by preventives, then by lenitives; in the liberal sciences a master of arts, in divinity so skilled in scholastic disputes, that next to being a king, he was a scholar so judicious that, though he could not prophesy, he could presage; and his conjectures were as oracles. And as to politics, '*regere imperio populos*,' by himself called king-craft, he resembled Jove—so wise that he could dissemble without seeming so to do." James was easy-tempered and indolent, leaving the charge of state to his ministers, but kind, and averse to bloodshed. His better qualities were neutralised by an overweening conceit of his own sagacity, and of his royal authority. "Never had a sovereign," says Hume, "a higher notion of his dignity; never was any less qualified by nature to sustain it."

By his queen, Anne of Denmark, who died March 2nd, 1619, he had seven children. Only two survived him—Charles, his successor, and Elizabeth, wife of Frederic V. the Elector Palatine, whose youngest daughter, Sophia, wife of the Elector of Hanover, was mother of our King George I., as before mentioned.

The growing intercourse with Italy under this reign gave a new direction to art, and the style of architecture invented by Palladio on classical models, was cultivated by our Inigo Jones, who designed the new Palace of Whitehall, a vast edifice, of which the Banqueting House (now the Chapel Royal), soon to be the death-scene of James' ill-fated son, was the only finished part.

"Touching the men of this age," says Baker, "the Trojan horse was not fuller of Grecians than this king's reign of learned men. Bacon, Viscount of St. Albans, hath written Henry VIII.'s reign in so sweet a style, that, like manna, it pleaseth all. William Camden describes Great Britain and the Queen Elizabeth in such lively colours as to bring our realm from darkness into light, and to keep

the queen alive after death." To these we may add Selden, the learned lawyer and the first Hebraist of his day, and Napier, the Scotch mathematician and the inventor of logarithms.

In this reign, Hugh Myddelton brought into the City, in troughs of young elms, pure water from springs in Hertfordshire, commonly called the New River, and made that "dirty place, Smithfield, fair and sweet, sequestering it with strong rails, so as to render it the pleasantest walking place in the city, and bringing it," according to the chronicler, "to the perfection we now see."

By the attempts to discover a North-West Passage (into the Pacific Ocean) by Hudson, Baffin, and other intrepid navigators, a new scene of maritime enterprise was opened in the Arctic regions; commerce flourished, and the recently-commenced trade with India steadily advanced.*

* Besides the "Basilicon Doron," King James was the author of various polemical and controversial treatises, of an essay on Demonology, of some sonnets, and of a poetical version of the Psalms, which he left unfinished, being occupied with it, said Bishop Williams in his sermon preached at the king's funeral, when God called him to sing psalms with the angels in heaven. The "Counterblast to Tobacco" is perhaps the best known of all his strange literary performances. The Indian weed, which Sir Francis Drake had introduced into England in the previous reign, was as hateful to the king as a pig or a Puritan. He thus addresses the consumers of it: "Are ye not ashamed of this dirty novelty? so basely grounded, so foolishly received, and so grossly mistaken in the right use thereof. By your abuse of it, ye sin against God, and harm yourselves both in body and goods; making chimneys of your mouths, and destroying, some gentlefolks £300 and some £400 a-year on this precious stink. A custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, and dangerous to the lungs."

CHARLES I.,

SECOND SON OF JAMES I. AND ANNE OF DENMARK.

Born at Dunfermline, November 19, 1600: ascended the throne March 27, 1625: beheaded January 30, 1649.

1625—1649.

"First Charles reigned sixteen twenty-five (1625),
Whose neck the Puritans did rive."

PART I.

From Charles' Accession to the meeting of the Long Parliament,
A.D. 1625 to 1640.

WITHIN a quarter of an hour after the breath was out of his father's body, Charles was proclaimed king at Theobalds' Court-gate, "albeit it were Sunday."

The fact that this proclamation was made on a Sunday; that Sir Edward Zouch, the knight-marshal, in setting forth Charles' title, called him "the dubitable" instead of "indubitable" heir to the crown; that a mighty blazing star, appearing at mid-day, sorely disquieted men's minds, though its true portent be known to God only; that the young king was proclaimed in London next day amid such storm and rain as blew down the herald's banner and drenched it in the mire; and that ere night tidings had reached the Council that a grievous plague had set in, whereof in one week 8,090 persons died, so that the bell tolled every minute and all day long—these five circum-

stances, all related by chroniclers as occurring on the 27th and 28th March, were held by the common people to be fraught with prognostics of disaster to England and her king.

Thus unpropitiously in one way, but propitiously in another, "considering," says Meade, "the virtue, goodly grace, and hopefulness of our sovereign, whom God long preserve," commenced the reign of Charles I., the hero and martyr of one party, the tyrant of another, the king justly styled, in Baker's epitaph,

"Britain's shame and Britain's glory."

The character of the new monarch—temperate, chaste, and serious, zealous for God's truth, a diligent hearer of prayers and sermons, anxious to pay his father's, mother's, and brother's debts, to lessen the unnecessary charges of the court, by disparking most of the royal chases, and also to discourage recusant Papists—presented a marked and most hopeful contrast to the undignified conceit, childish frivolity, and low sensuality of his father. According to Mrs. Hutchinson, Cromwell's daughter, and therefore a most impartial testimony, the face of the court was changed with the change of king, and the grossness of James grew out of fashion. In person, Charles was tall, stately, and handsome, of a noble countenance, but with an expression of sadness which seemed to foreshadow his future doom, and which caused the Italian sculptor, Bernini, when executing the well-known bust of this sovereign, to exclaim, "By all the rules of art, this prince must needs die a bloody death."

Charles' first appearance in public was as chief mourner at his father's burial. Young as he was, he had followed two similar funerals, those of his mother and his brother Henry. The death of the latter, on whose demise Charles became Prince of Wales and heir to the crown, was the

first poignant sorrow of the king's youth.* And the first great misfortune of his reign was the evil influence of Buckingham, who swayed the proud and dignified Charles of twenty-five years of age as absolutely as he had done the vain and vulgar James of fifty-nine. His pernicious counsels, coupled with the young sovereign's overweening ideas of the royal prerogative, and his strange mixture of vehemence, irresolution, and duplicity, quickly dispelled the hopes which his worthier subjects had entertained of being from henceforth religiously and quietly governed.

On the 18th June, his marriage, by proxy, with "that most absolute delicate lady of France," Henrietta Maria, the sister of Louis XIII. and third daughter of "le Roi Gaillard," was celebrated. Two centuries had elapsed since France had given a royal consort to England. The last was Margaret of Anjou, that "queen of tears." The wife of Charles I. subsequently styled herself "*la reine malheureuse*." On the 24th June she crossed the Channel, meeting her royal husband the following morning at Dover. According to the memoirs of her, published in 1671, she

* From Ellis' "Original Letters," and from the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, we give two specimens of Charles' juvenile letters to his father and brother:—

"Sweet, sweet father, I learn to decline substantives and adjectives. Give me your blessing. I thank you for my best man.

"Your loving son,

"YORK.

"To my father the king."

"Sweet, sweet brother, I thank you for your letter. I will keep it better than all my graith, and will send you my pistols by Master Newton. I will give anything that I have to you, both my horses and my books, and my pieces, and my cross-bows, or anything that you would have. Good brother, love me and I shall ever love and serve you.

"Your loving brother to be commanded,

"YORK."

hasted to meet the king, and would have knelt and kissed his hand, but he folded her in his arms with many kisses. Then said she, "Sire, je suis venue en ce pays de votre Majesté pour être commandée de vous." But the sentence ended in a burst of weeping. Whereat the king, much moved, led her apart and kissed off her tears, protesting that he would go on to do so till she left off grieving, telling her, with fond words, that she was not fallen into the hands of enemies and strangers, but, according to the will of God, that she should leave her kindred and cleave to her husband. He added that he would be no longer master than while he was servant to her. The bride took courage from these words of loving comfort, and, seeing the king cast his eyes downwards at her feet, marvelling that she stood so high as his shoulder, higher by half-a-head than he had expected (perhaps when he had seen her in Paris she was not full-grown), she guessed his thought, and, showing her shoes, spake thus: "Sire, I stand on mine own feet; I have no helps from art. Thus high am I, neither higher nor lower."

Not only was the king enraptured with this "his brave lady," but the beauty, vivacity, and gracious bearing of Henrietta Maria at her first arrival gained the admiration of all. Little by little, however, and ere long these bright impressions faded away. The French princess had brought twenty-nine Romish priests in her train. Mass was daily said in the palace, and for her sake concessions were made to the Romanists greater than were permitted by the laws of the land. Moreover, radiant as were the beautiful black eyes of "this loveliest thing in nature, this noble new queen, who was gifted with as much sweetness and bewitchment as any woman under heaven," had yet such a temper as was far from amiable: nay, she was self-willed, haughty, and overbearing. On one occasion, the room being somewhat overheated, she drove all the courtiers out of her presence with "such a scowl as

none," said one of them, "save a queen could give." And by refusing to share the coronation of her husband she dealt a death-blow to her popularity, the English people never pardoning the contempt which this "Belle des belles" evinced towards their crown. The ceremony took place without her on Candlemas Day, 1626, and was accompanied, as the king's proclamation had been, with incidents which seemed to foreshadow his sorrowful career. The text of the coronation sermon, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," was judged fitter for a monarch's burial than for his crowning. Then his garb, a white robe, emblem of purity, instead of the regal purple, presaged that he would have to rely on his own innocence rather than on his kingly power. The wing of the Golden Dove was found to be broken, and when placed in the sovereign's hand it fell to the ground, betokening the departure of peace. And, as a climax of ill-omen, the king neglected to ride in state through the City, as his forefathers had always done. All which things were noticed as alike portentous and ill-advised.

Troubles had indeed already begun, for in June of the previous year Charles had met his first Parliament; and wanting money, he plainly told them so. His father's debts amounted to £700,000, and the supplies for the war with Spain were long since swallowed up. The Commons, niggard and unruly, voted unwillingly two very small subsidies, and demanded an account of those formerly granted; also redress of grievances, touching religion. Charles vainly urged his necessities; for the spirit of opposition was increased by the discovery that Buckingham, acting as Lord High Admiral, had lent seven ships, intended to be used against the Genoese, to the King of France, who had actually employed them against the Protestants, now defending themselves in their last stronghold of Rochelle. The Parliament was still composed of men who had been James' strongest opponents.

The old popular leaders, Coke, Selden, Pym, and Sandys, to whom were added Sir James Eliot and Sir Thomas Wentworth, resolved to make the king's necessities the means of reducing his prerogative. As the plague was raging in London, they adjourned to Oxford, and commenced by censuring the mismanagement of public affairs under Buckingham; at which the king waxed wroth, and, disgusted at the attack upon his favourite, for whom he showed a constancy of affection more due to his own faithful heart than to the duke's deserts, he availed himself of the pestilence appearing in Oxford to dissolve a Parliament from which he received not one farthing (August 12, 1625). After an attempt to raise money by a forced loan, and an abortive attack on Cadiz under Lord Wimbledon, —which failed because the undisciplined soldiers fell on the cellars of sweet wines, in which the Spaniards, finding them drunk, cut off their ears and put out their eyes, so that many died and others fled to their ships and returned home wasted with disease,—Charles was compelled, by his pecuniary difficulties, to summon another Parliament.

And a "great, warm, ruffling Parliament," says White-locke, "was this, and not at all such as the king desired." By a stretch of his prerogative he had desired the sheriffs to exclude from this new assembly the chief patriots, as they were styled, and to issue no writ of summons to the Earl of Bristol, the late ambassador to Spain, who had made himself obnoxious both to the king and to Buckingham in the affair of the Spanish marriage. But these stratagems recoiled on himself, for Lord Bristol appealed to the Lords, who insisted on his being summoned; and when the writ reached him, accompanied by a letter ordering him, in the king's name, not to appear in Parliament, he still took his seat, amid the triumphant cheers of the Lords, and laid the letter before them, and accused Buckingham as the author of the war with Spain.

Meanwhile the king vainly demanded supplies, and

threatened the Commons that "if they hasted not, it would be the worse for them, for that he would try new courses." Nowise daunted, they locked their doors, and presented to the Upper House an impeachment of Buckingham, whom they accused of disgracing the national flag and "corrupting the time." Resolute in his determination to protect the companion of his youth, Charles sent them a peremptory message: "I will not suffer any of my servants to be questioned by you; least of all such as be of eminent place and nigh unto me." He then committed to the Tower Sir Dudley Digges and Sir John Eliot, the framers of the impeachment, but released them when the House refused to proceed to business, "lacking them." This was one instance among many of the rash haste with which this king commenced and then abandoned his projects. On the 15th June this Parliament was dissolved, being the second within one year from King Charles' accession.

Among other unconstitutional devices adopted for raising money was a general loan, "for refusing contributions to which divers gentlemen," says Clarendon, "of prime quality, were rigorously imprisoned under extraordinary circumstances." The subsidies voted by the Commons at the commencement of the session had not passed into law by reason of the hasty dissolution of Parliament, and yet they were levied. The city of London and the seaports were commanded to supply ships, seamen, and soldiers. This impost, though originally levied under the name of ship-money by Queen Elizabeth, caused violent discontent; and to complete the whole, under the pretext of checking disorders, martial law was proclaimed. Now, all these measures were so many direct violations not only of the privileges of Parliament, but of Magna Charta, and therefore contrary to the law of the land; and when the judges sanctioned these illegal exactions by deciding that the king's mandate authorised them, and sate in Westminster to persuade the people to pay subsidies, 5,000

tumultuous voices shook the roof with the cry of "A Parliament, a Parliament, else no subsidies." In June, 1626, the king pleaded his need of aid, being threatened with a French invasion: a true plea, for a quarrel was commencing with that nation. Charles had resolved on the dismissal of all the queen's foreign attendants,—her "Monseers," as he called them,* alleging that they not only bred discontents between the royal pair, but were sore displeasing to his people. Wherefore, in July, 1626, they were all shipped off to France, causing much ill blood betwixt the two realms. Early in 1627, while Cardinal Richelieu, Prime Minister of Louis XIII., was besieging the Huguenots in La Rochelle, England, already at war with the whole Austrian power in Germany and Spain, declared hostilities also against France, and sent an army, commanded by Buckingham, to the relief of Rochelle. But the Huguenots, distrusting the proffered aid, refused to admit the duke within their walls. He then made a descent on the adjacent island of Rhé, and besieged for three weeks the Fort St. Martin. But finding his efforts fruitless, he precipitately returned to England in October, 1627, by which rout, without a foe, he is stated by Clarendon to have lost two-thirds of his army and all hope of military credit.

Successful or unsuccessful, war must be paid for, and Buckingham's unfortunate expedition compelled the king to summon his third Parliament in March, 1628.

* Charles' letter to Buckingham, in which he commanded the dismissal of the queen's foreign attendants, is as follows:—

"Steenie, I have received your letter by Dick Grome. This is my answer: I command you to send all the French away to-morrow out of the town: if you can, by fair means; but stick not long in disputing. Otherwise force them away, driving them like so many wild beasts; and so the devil go with them. Let me hear of no answer, but of the performance of my command. So, I rest your faithful, constant, and loving friend,

"Oaking, on the 7th August, 1626."

The House of Commons was at this time remarkable for the station, learning, and abilities of its members, among whom were many gentlemen who had suffered for resisting the general loan. Such had been the rise of the third estate, and so great was their wealth, acquired by commerce and industry, that it was said "they could buy the House of Peers thrice over." But "their temper was in no manner changed," as the king soon discovered. In his opening speech he repeated his demand for supplies, and repeated his former menace of "other means" if his necessities were not speedily relieved. "Not" he said, "that this is a threat, for I threaten only my equals, but rather an admonition from him who both from nature and duty cared most for their prosperity." The Lord Chancellor, Sir Miles Coventry, added a yet severer harangue, to the effect that if his Majesty's good and gracious request were neglected, the sword might make way for other means, and ending, "Remember his Majesty's admonition—I say, remember it." But not so were the Commons to be moved from their purpose. They commenced by recording their unanimous disapprobation of military imprisonment, forced loans and benevolences, taxes imposed without consent of Parliament, and the billeting of soldiers in private houses. They then voted five subsidies, a proportion which, Clarendon says, was unheard of; but before confirming this grant they framed the memorable Petition of Right, the second great charter of the English people. By this they demanded, to use their own words, no new thing, but only their ancient, legal, and vital liberties, the redress of grievances, and the observance of the privileges of the people, embodied in Magna Charta.

The king vainly strove to shake their resolution by beseeching them to trust him for their rights and liberties, for preserving which he held himself as much in conscience bound as for upholding his own rights. The struggle was hard and long; and not till Parliament threatened to im-

peach Buckingham did Charles yield, and by those momentous words, "*Soit fait comme est désiré*," he made the petition law (June 7, 1628). The subsidies were immediately granted; and bell-ringing and bonfires proclaimed the good hope of the people that the old days of evil rule had passed away.

But within a fortnight the Commons, unable to let well alone, drew up a remonstrance against the levying of tonnage and poundage without consent of Parliament. The king replied that these rights were his, and should not be questioned. To prevent further proceedings against Buckingham, who was again impeached for having said, at his own table, that "it mattered not what the Commons might do, for that, without his leave, they should not touch the hair of a dog;" moreover, to silence their censures of two prelates of the Court party—Laad, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Neile, Bishop of Winchester—both accused of favouring Popery, the king prorogued Parliament (June 26, 1628). And so ended the hope which he had entertained of "a sweet parting" between him and his Commons. But Buckingham was no longer to trouble the kingdom, for he was assassinated at Portsmouth on the 28rd August, while preparing for another expedition to Rochelle; and, numerous as were his enemies, it may be deemed a marvel that he had lived so long. The queen, whose influence over her husband he had always endeavoured to lessen, and whom he had once insolently told that she would yet repent of not following his counsel, and that queens of England ere now had lost their heads, hated him. So did the Londoners, who, on the day that Parliament denounced him as the curse of the nation, barbarously seized his physician, Dr. Lambe, an aged and feeble man, and, calling him witch, devil, and the duke's conjuror, tore him to pieces, and then sang about the streets this doggrel rhyme—

"Let Charles and George do what they can,
The Duke shall die, like Doctor Lambe."

Only a few days after this shocking event, Buckingham received this anonymous warning: "Look to it, for we will shortly use thee worse than thy doctor;" and affixed to a post near his house was the following pasquinade: "Who rules the kingdom? The king. Who rules the king? The duke. Who rules the duke? The devil." Nor was this all. The famous Lady Eleanor Davies sent him a written prophecy that he should not outlive the month; and Clarendon does not deem it beneath the dignity of history to relate a ghost story of Sir George Villiers' (the duke's father) appearing to warn his son of his approaching violent end. It fell out thus. On the 28rd August, Buckingham rose in high good humour, and having gaily cut a caper or two (the Scotch would say he was fey), prepared to enter his carriage, when suddenly one Felton, a man of a gloomy, silent temperament, who had served under Buckingham at the Isle of Rhé, and been disappointed of promotion, came behind him in the crowd, and stabbed him to the heart with a knife. "The villain hath killed!" these were the duke's only words, and, plucking out the weapon, dropped down dead. In the confusion, the hand which dealt the blow was unobserved, and Felton might have easily escaped; but in reply to the outcry, "Where is the assassin?" he calmly answered, "Here! I am the man." He was immediately removed to the Tower, and thrust, heavily laden with irons, into a dungeon. On his examination, he not only boldly avowed the deed, but said that he had come seventy miles to do God service, inasmuch as Parliament had declared the duke to be the cause of all the evils of the realm. Threatened by the Earl of Dorset with the rack, in order to elicit the names of his accomplices, he quietly replied that he had none, but that if further questioned by torture, he would accuse the Earl of Dorset of being in a conspiracy with him. The judges to whom the inquiry was referred whether Felton could legally be

put upon the rack, decided in the negative. And thus ended in England the horrid practice of extracting evidence by torture.

The conduct of Charles, when apprised of his favourite minister's tragic end, is touchingly related by Heylin. The king was at public prayers in church, when Sir J. Hippesley, unheeding the sacredness of the occasion, went straight to him and whispered what had chanced. Controlling his grief and commanding his countenance, he continued until prayers were ended. Then suddenly hastening to his chamber, he passionately and with many tears deplored the death of his servant, and remained in great melancholy for many days, ever showing his affection to the duke by tender care of his widow and children.

Meanwhile, the distress of La Rochelle had reached the utmost extremity. The fleet, prepared by Buckingham, sailed under the command of the Earl of Lindsey; but nothing was effected, and the miserable Protestants, after enduring famine and pestilence, by which 15,000 persons perished, were compelled to surrender (Oct. 28, 1628).

When Parliament assembled in the following January, much discontent was expressed at the fall of Rochellé, and the Protestant and popular party were still more embittered by the king's favour shown to Neile, the Arminian Bishop of Rochester, and to Laud, who was subsequently advanced to the see of London, and invested with the powers of the primacy, Archbishop Abbot having been suspended on account of his opposition to the Court party. Throughout England, indeed through all Europe, the Protestant body was divided into two chief doctrinal sections, Arminian and Calvinistic. They took opposite views of the doctrines of free-will and necessity. The Arminian, or High Church party, to which the king inclined, consisted of "men zealous for ceremonial observance and for the reverent performance of Divine worship; they held the doctrine of passive obedience to princes, and the Divine right of kings." To the Calvinistic, or

Puritan party, the main body of the commons, and especially the Kirk of Scotland, belonged. The leader of the High Church division was Laud, a man of rare truth, courage, and piety, though with more zeal than discretion, and overmuch given to wielding the scourge. He had accompanied James to Scotland, and having aided in restoring Episcopacy, he was made (1621) Bishop of St. David's, and translated, by the present king, to the see of Bath and Wells (1626). Parliament had repeatedly, to use the words of Welwood, "fallen foul of this man, and sore rated him." In 1628 he and Neile were accused of favouring Popery, to which Charles, who never forsook a friend, especially if in trouble,* injudiciously responded by advancing Laud to the bishopric of London, and appointing Neile one of his own chaplains. Against the latter prelate a complaint was lodged during this Parliament by a then obscure but afterwards too well known individual, thus described by Sir Philip Warwick: "He was a gentleman of good stature, with a swollen and reddish countenance, and a sharp, untuneable voice. His linen was common, and not clean, and I noticed a spot of blood on his band. Apparellled was he in a plain cloth suit, made by an ill country tailor." That gentleman was Oliver Cromwell, the member for Huntingdon. It was his first speech.

And now Buckingham's place at the Council Board was taken by one whose hand had always been specially high against him, but who, dangerous adviser as that minister had been, became eventually more dangerous and even more fatal to his master, through his nobler qualities. This was Sir Thomas Wentworth, "the stately Strafford," a Yorkshire gentleman of good family, who had distinguished himself in Parliament as one of the most eloquent of the country party, and had endured imprisonment for

* To this fidelity there was one mournful exception, of which the recollection haunted the king even on the scaffold; to wit, his desertion of Strafford.

refusing to contribute to a forced loan. The offer of a peerage gained him over to the king's side, and after being created Baron Wentworth (1628) he was (1640) made Earl of Strafford. His defection was a severe blow to his former colleagues, Coke, Selden, and Pym; the latter of whom said to him, "You are going to be undone. But remember, though you leave us now, I will not leave you so long as your head is on your shoulders." How faithfully Pym kept his word is shown by Strafford's subsequent fate.

Meanwhile stormy debates were going on in Parliament. Though urged by the Court party, the House of Commons had for a month steadily refused to grant supplies until they had discussed grievances. On the 2nd March, Sir John Eliot, curiously mingling things temporal and spiritual, brought forward a motion that whoever should bring in any innovation of religion, Popery or Arminianism, or advise the taking of tonnage or poundage not granted by Parliament, or who should pay the same, should be accounted enemies to the kingdom and commonwealth. Strange confusion ensued. The Speaker, Sir John Finch, soon afterwards made Lord Chief Justice, refused to read the protestation; so did the clerk at the table; upon which Eliot himself read it, and desired that it should be put to the vote. Again the Speaker refused, saying the king commanded an adjournment; and he rose and left the chair. The whole House was in an uproar. Swords were drawn, and two members, Holles and Valentine, dragged the Speaker back to the chair, exclaiming, "He shall sit here till it pleases us to rise!" and he was forcibly held down till the protestation was carried, not by vote but by acclamation. During this disturbance the doors were locked, and the gentleman-usher of the House of Lords, sent by the king to fetch away the mace, a symbol almost as important as the Speaker, and without which there equally could be no House, was kept waiting

outside. He now entered and removed the mace, a token that the sitting was ended. Eight days later (March 10th), the king dissolved Parliament in person, saying to the House of Lords that he never came on so unpleasant an occasion, the dismissal of Parliament being forced upon him "by the seditious carriage of some vipers of the Lower House." Thus ended Charles' third Parliament; and it is said that when he put off his robes on his return to Whitehall, he vowed never to wear them more. On the 22nd of the same month he issued a proclamation, intimating that he would henceforth govern without a Parliament, an intention to which, unhappily for himself and his subjects, he adhered. Sir John Eliot, Holles, and Valentine, on their refusal to answer for their conduct in the Court of King's Bench, pleading that they could not be called upon to answer out of the House for aught in it, were sent to the Tower. It was afterwards intimated that if they would petition for their discharge, and find sureties for their good behaviour, they should be released. But they refused, and were therefore imprisoned and heavily fined. Sir John Eliot died in captivity (Nov. 7, 1692), regarded by his party as a martyr to the liberties of England. The other two were released after eighteen months' imprisonment.

The fatal course of absolute rule to which King Charles had now committed himself lasted eleven years, from 1629 to 1640, during which the queen, Laud, and Wentworth, were his chief advisers. In lieu of Acts of Parliament, Royal Proclamations, asserted to be of equal force, were issued. The taxes, condemned by Parliament, were levied; patents were sold; Popish recusants were permitted to purchase toleration; and Clarendon declares that many were the unjust, ridiculous, scandalous, and very grievous projects set on foot; while, for want of money, peace was concluded with France (April 14), and with Spain in November. The courts of High Commission and the Star

Chamber became more active and tyrannical than ever, inflicting heavy fines and cruel punishment for sedition, libel, and non-conformity. Two examples may suffice. Prynne, a barrister, who had written an enormous quarto volume of 1,006 closely printed pages, entitled, "*Histriomastyx* (or the Player's Scourge)," denouncing "stage-plays, music, dancing, hunting, Christmas-keeping, bon-fires, May-poles, and other public festivities," was indicted for libel in the Star Chamber, his book being held to reflect upon the court and queen. He was sentenced to be put from the Bar (disbarred in the technical phrase), to be set in the pillory at Westminster and Cheapside, one ear being cut off at each place, to pay a fine of £5,000, and to have the book burnt under his nose ("whereby he was nearly suffocated," and no wonder) "by the common hangman" (1633). Again, Alexander Leighton, a Presbyterian divine (whose son, Robert, afterwards became the eminently learned and holy Archbishop Leighton), was put in the pillory (1630) for writing a book, called "*Zion's Plea against Prelates*"; in which, besides stigmatising the queen as a Canaanite and idolatress, he attacked Episcopacy. Twice he was scourged and branded, his ears were cut off, and his nose slit; and he remained in prison eleven years, till released by the Long Parliament. The Puritans attributed these merciless sentences to Laud, whom placards publicly accused of persecuting the saints and shedding the blood of the martyrs. The blame did not, however, as afterwards proved, rest with him; and Prynne's own comment on his sentence demands attention. "Had right been done," said he, "King Charles ought to have taken my head, when he took my ears." In Elizabeth's time, the honest but ill-judging fanatic would have assuredly suffered as a traitor.

The Book of Sports was re-issued, and all the clergy were commanded to read it in their churches (1633), after Divine service. Garrard tells us that one London clergy-

man, after publishing it, presently repeated the Ten Commandments, adding, "Dearly beloved, ye have now heard the Commandments of God and of man. Obey which ye please."

While Laud, now Archbishop of Canterbury, who had been succeeded in the see of London by Bishop Juxon, was thus ruling the Church, putting down Puritanism with a high hand, and rigorously maintaining the forms established in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; "that great firebrand," as Wentworth was called by the Commons, was similarly ruling the state and maturing his plans for making the king absolute. Wentworth's rise was rapid. He was created a Viscount in 1629, and placed in an office of almost despotic authority, as President of the North. Great as was his sway beyond that of all former presidents, it did not, to quote the opinion of Clarendon, satisfy him. Therefore he was, in 1633, removed by his own desire to Ireland, where, as Lord Deputy, he practised the mode of government which he designed to introduce into England. In 1635 he thus writes to Laud: "I know not why you should not rule the common lawyers of England as I, poor beagle, do here: which thing I do, and will do, in my master's service, though at the peril of my head; being confident that the king can carry any just and honourable action *thorough* all imaginable opposition." Wentworth and Laud were perfectly agreed upon the principles of government, both in England and Ireland; and "*thorough*" was their watchword: "*forthwith thorough*," says the former, "ye may govern as ye please." Alas! it was with thorough tyranny. Again, the king's third counsellor, Henrietta Maria, agreed too perfectly in these "high doings" of Wentworth and Laud. "Be a king," said she to her husband, "like the King of France." But happily for us, that was simply impossible in England.

Passing by numberless instances of the hard dealings of

this despotic Government, we arrive at the great act of opposition to it, by which John Hampden has been immortalised. None of the grievances of which the nation complained was more detested than ship-money, *i.e.*, a tax levied on sea-port towns for the support of the navy. It was a war-tax, and originally only collected in war time. But Sir John Finch, who, as Speaker of the House of Commons, had refused to read Eliot's protest, suggested to King Charles its extension to the entire kingdom and its perennial duration. Hampden's estate in Buckinghamshire was charged 20s. for ship-money. He refused to pay, considering it illegal, and was consequently cited before the Court of Exchequer. For six consecutive weeks the case was tried before all the judges, who finally decided against Hampden (June 9, 1637). But this judgment proved more advantageous to the gentleman condemned than to the king. For he at once became the most famous man in England, the pilot that was to steer the vessel of the state through the rocks and tempests that threatened it, and though Wentworth, in his grand way, recommended that Mr. Hampden, and others like him, should be well whipped into their right senses, adding, "and if the rod smart not, I am the more sorry," the resistance to ship-money became general. Many were punished for refusal, but not silenced. The press was placed under rigorous surveillance by the Star Chamber, and a proclamation followed, which restricted emigration to North America, thus cutting off from the oppressed people their last sad refuge beyond seas. It is said that Hampden himself, Cromwell, and Pym, were about to embark for the New England States, when a royal order stopped the sailing of the ship. They remained, and with them remained the Nemesis of the House of Stuart.

King Charles and his ministers were now fulfilling the latter part of Sir John Peyton's lines :

"Tolle Libertatem—incende Civitatem."

Still, matters might have gone on unchanged for a while, had not a crisis supervened, through the king's unfortunate determination to force the English ecclesiastical system upon Scotland. In the summer of 1688, when Charles went to Edinburgh for his coronation (June 18), he found the people averse to the use of a Liturgy; and being unwilling to interfere himself with the independence of the Scottish Kirk, of which he had never been recognised as the head, he refrained from introducing a form of prayer. Now, however, in a fatal hour, and without consulting the General Assembly, he issued a set of canons and a service book, little differing from that of the Church of England, which was henceforth to be the rule of Divine worship in Scotland. It was used for the first time on Sunday, July 23, 1686, in the Cathedral of St. Giles's, Edinburgh. But no sooner did the bishop and dean, arrayed in their surplices, commence the service, than such a riot ensued as was never heard since the Reformation. Baillie informs us that it was headed by the servant-maids and enraged women of low degree, who shrieked, clapped their hands, cursed and swore, and filled the church with hideous noise. The bishop vainly urged the sacredness of the place, for he was silenced by a stool hurled at his head, accompanied by the yell of an old woman, who cried, "Fause thief, dost thou say the mass at my lug?" (ear). Sticks, stones, and dirt followed the stool, accompanied by vehement exclamations of "A Paip (Pope)! Antichrist! Pull him down, stone him." The organ, which they denominated "a kist (chest) fu' of whistles, and an abomination to the Lord," was demolished and the windows smashed. Nor was this all. They assaulted the prelate in the street, cast him down, and nearly trode him to death, his life being with difficulty saved by the Lord Privy Seal, Roxburgh, who, bidding his retainers draw the sword, carried him home in his carriage, pelted and pressed on by a savage mob, shouting

"Slay the Priest of Baal!" Such was the issue of this rash experiment. The nobles and gentry of Scotland mostly sided with the people; and when they found the king inflexible, organised a provisional government, called the four tables, consisting of nobility, gentry, ministers, and burgesses, who ruled the whole country, and framed the celebrated instrument called the Covenant. This Solemn League and Covenant contained a renunciation of Popery, an engagement to maintain the pure evangel, and an agreement to stand by one another in resisting all religious changes. It was signed by almost the entire nation, without distinction of rank, sex, or age. Charles made great concessions, but all too late. He offered to withdraw the canons and the Liturgy, and to limit the power of the bishops. The flame which he had thoughtlessly kindled, and which was fast involving the land in civil war, was not so to be quenched. Without hearkening to his proposal, or respecting his authority, or awaiting his consent, the Scotch elected a General Assembly (November 21, 1638), abolished Episcopacy, the High Court of Commission, the canons, and the Liturgy, and, arrogating to themselves the functions of that very Pope whom they abhorred, excommunicated four of the bishops. They then prepared for war, seized the fortresses of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton, and opened communications with the French, and with the malcontents of England.

"Certain it is," says Clarendon, "that the Scotch are grown a most obstinate and rebellious set. Daily they fall more and more from their obedience. God turn their hearts!"

In February, 1639, Charles levied a large army, and marched at its head. But when he reached Berwick, and saw "through a prospect" (the name then given to a telescope) 12,000 men encamped on Dunse Law, the hill-top crowded with cannon, and the hill-side swarming with young ploughmen turned "sojourns," before each

captain's tent a banner, inscribed, in golden letters, "For Christ's crown and covenant," he shrank from making his own native country a scene of bloodshed, and yielded to the petition for peace, which was conveyed to his camp by the Earl of Dunfermline. Only requiring the rebels to dismiss their forces, and to restore the royal forts (both of which they promised but never performed), he graciously acceded to all their demands, and engaged that a General Assembly and a Scotch Parliament should be convoked to compose differences (June 18, 1639). These bodies accordingly met in August. But the king's mildness had but served to encourage the unyielding spirit of the Scotch, who rejected his concessions with such insolence, and so stubbornly strove to limit his lawful power, that the Marquis of Hamilton, the Royal Commissioner, decided upon their prorogation. They continued to sit, in defiance of his authority, and the war re-commenced.

Lowered in the eyes of his English subjects by the pacification of Dunse, Charles was compelled, in order to obtain the sinews of war for a new campaign, to call a fourth Parliament. On the 18th April, 1640, after an interval of eleven years, the Houses met, and Charles opened the session with a conciliatory speech and an offer to remit the obnoxious tax of ship-money. Finding this Parliament, however, as resolute as the former ones in refusing supplies till it had discussed grievances, he dismissed it, after only three weeks' session, in a moment of irritation, which he, when too late, bitterly lamented. This Parliament was called "the Short Parliament."

This abrupt and distasteful measure was attributed by the people to Laud, whom they regarded as the primary cause of England's misrule. They accordingly wreaked their vengeance upon him by attacking and plundering his palace at Lambeth (May 11th). By the judges this riot was held to be treason, "a levying of war," and one of the leaders suffered death.

Meanwhile the Scots entered England with an army of 25,000 men, in order, as they said, "to lay their most humble and loving petition for the redress of grievances at the royal feet of their most sacred sovereign." Such, in the Puritanical phraseology of the day, was the name they gave to their rebellion, and under such submissive and flattering epithets did they veil their treason to the king whom they were about to dethrone and destroy. They passed the Tweed on the 20th of August, led by the grim old Leslie, "a man of many battles." On the 27th they defeated a detachment of 4,000 of the royal troops, men described by Clarendon as of no zeal and little discipline, under Lord Conway, at Newburn-upon-Tyne, "an infamous, irreparable rout." They then took Newcastle.

Wentworth, now Earl of Strafford, was with the king at York, and by his suggestion Charles adopted what Clarendon calls "a new invention, or rather so old that it had not been practised for some hundreds of years," namely, the summoning a great council of peers to meet him at that city. By their advice the king consented to a treaty with the rebellious Scotch, and commissioners from either side were appointed to meet at Ripon. An armistice of two months was agreed upon (October 20th), to give time for discussing the demands of the Covenanters, whose army was to receive a subsidy of £850 a-day while they remained in England.

The system of governing England without a Parliament had now finally failed. "Thorough" for the State had answered no better than "thorough" for the Church, and the king, hopeless of stemming the torrent, at last yielded to it, and announced to the peers at York that he would call another Parliament. This step was virtually a surrender of government to the popular party, and a commencement of the *first English Revolution*. The approaching change was heralded by popular commotions throughout England, gusts of the coming storm. On the 22nd October,

the mob burst into St. Paul's, where the Court of High Commission was sitting, and smashed the benches, crying, "No Bishops, no High Commission." And this was the end of that tyrannical and odious tribunal. Strafford and Laud were specially menaced. Even the former, dauntless as he was, saw his danger and petitioned the king, who vowed that not a hair of his head should be touched, for permission to return to Ireland; while Laud, a stranger to fear as regarded perils of this world, but timid as a babe touching terrors of a supernatural kind, writes thus in his diary (October 27th, 1640): "In mine upper study I saw my picture, taken by the life, fallen on its face on the floor. Daily am I threatened with my ruin in Parliament. God grant this be not an omen."* Both these men had real cause for trepidation. The temper of the people was alarming.

Amid ominous signs of the times, that memorable assembly, the fifth Parliament of Charles I., met. Its aspect—for it included all the surviving popular leaders, Pym, Hollis, Vane, and St. John—augured no halcyon days. From its unusual duration, it has obtained the name of "the Long Parliament." Commencing on November 3rd, 1640, it sat, after accomplishing the destruction of its sovereign, until turned out by Cromwell in April, 1653, and was not finally dissolved till 1666. For nearly thirteen years it formed the real Government of Great Britain, for the power of Charles ceased with its first assemblage, though his nominal reign was prolonged till his unhappy death, nine years afterwards (January 30th, 1649).

* The falling of the Episcopal arms in Canterbury cathedral, the predictions of the mad prophetess, Lady Eleanor Davies, "that he should not outlive November 5," and the apparition of his father, excited real distress in his mind; as did two dreams related in his diary.

CHARLES I.—(*continued.*)

PART II.

From the meeting of the Long Parliament, November 3, 1640, to the raising of the royal standard at Nottingham, August 22, 1642.

ON the 3rd November, 1640, King Charles once more, and for the last time, assembled his Parliament—the most memorable Parliament in our history, both for the good and the evil it has done. Clarendon records that the king, depressed and sad of heart, went not to Westminster in his usual state, but privately and in his barge.

His address was conciliatory. After saying that, the honour and safety of the nation being at stake, he cast himself upon the love of his people, he thus concluded: “One thing more I desire of you, that you, on your parts, as I, on mine, lay aside all suspicion one of another. As I promised my lords at York, it shall not be my fault if this be not a good and happy Parliament.”

But it was too late. Confidence, both on one side and the other, was irrevocably destroyed. And even had it not been so, the first act of the Commons would have annihilated it. It had ever been customary to consult the sovereign's inclinations in the choice of a Speaker, and Charles had desired that Gardener, Recorder of London, should be elevated to that office. But now, in opposition to his wishes, the Commons elected Lenthall. Their next act, after releasing Prynne, Leighton, and others, from

captivity, was to impeach his Prime Minister, the Earl of Strafford.

On the morning of November 11, Strafford's "evil genius," Pym, the same who, ten years before, had promised "never to let him go so long as he had a head upon his shoulders," rose in his place, and saying that he had matter of grave import in hand, desired that the doors of the House might be locked and the keys laid upon the table. Then, after recapitulating the miseries which the nation had endured, in the attempt to deprive them of the liberty and property which were their birthright, he declared that there was one more signal than the rest in causing these calamities, the greatest enemy to freedom and the greatest promoter of tyranny that any age had ever produced ; and that man was Strafford. After several hours of keen investigation into the earl's actions and bitter invective against him, it was moved that he should be impeached of high treason ; and it is a noteworthy circumstance that even such moderate men as Lord Falkland, and Hyde, afterwards the celebrated Lord Clarendon, concurred in the motion which was passed. The debate lasted long, even until candle-light. But late as it was, the Peers were still sitting ; and Pym, followed by 300 members, proceeded to the bar of the Upper House, and in the name of the Commons of England accused Thomas Earl of Strafford of high treason, and demanded his arrest. While the accuser was speaking, Strafford came to the door, and we copy from Baillie, one of the Scotch Commissioners in London, the account of what ensued. "The keeper of the black rod opened ; and his lordship, with a proud and gloomy countenance, made for his place at the Council-board, but was bidden by many to void the House. So, in confusion, he was forced to go to the door till called. When summoned, he stood, but was commanded to kneel, and so to hear his sentence. Afterwards he would have spoken, but was desired to be gone, without a

word, and to deliver his sword to the usher of the black rod, by whom he was taken into custody," and on the 25th committed to the Tower. Madame de Motteville tells us that the king, mindful of his royal promise that not a hair of Strafford's head should be hurt, and indignant at the malignity of the earl's enemies, proposed to bring the impeachment to an end, by putting his veto on the proceedings of the House. But he was dissuaded by the earl himself, who boldly exclaimed, "Let them take their course and do their worst." The king too timidly assented; and suffered Strafford to be immured in the Tower.

The Lord Keeper, Finch, and Sir Francis Windebank, Secretary of State, were next attainted; but they fled the country. Then came the turn of Laud, whom the Scotch Commissioners denounced as "the great Incendiary," and who, after scarce half-an-hour's deliberation, was accused of high treason, and sent, like Strafford, to the Tower. When he quitted Lambeth his diary records an affecting tribute to his character. "As I went to my barge," he says, "hundreds of my poor neighbours stood there, and prayed for my deliverance and safe return to my house. For which I bless God and them." But on his way from Westminster to the Tower, a rabble, whose conduct is described as past brutality, received him with shouts and revilings. The aged primate, 71 years old, passed along, calm and undismayed, looking, he said, to a higher cause than the tongues of Shimei and his children. Thus, within six weeks, these terrible reformers, so denominated by Clarendon, had caused the two greatest councillors of the kingdom, whom they most feared, and therefore most hated, to be removed from their sovereign and imprisoned for high treason; while the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, and one of the chief Secretaries of State, had been frightened, for fear of the like usage, into foreign parts.

But "the terrible reformers" did not stop here. They

next attacked; under the name of Delinquents, five judges who had declared for the legality of ship-money, the sheriffs who, in obedience to the royal mandate, had levied the tax, and all persons who had concurred in the sentences of the Court of Star Chamber and High Commission. Then they proceeded to occupy themselves with the affairs of the Church, and deputed commissioners to remove "all images and superstitious ornaments." In their overweening zeal these men not only committed vile and barbarous profanation, desecrating churches and hindering public service, but they also destroyed many beautiful monuments, among others Cheapside and Charing Crosses, and the Cross at St. Paul's, where Latimer, Hooker, and other holy men had preached. Nor did the bishops and clergy escape. They were abominations in the eyes of the Puritans; who brought in a bill (March, 1641) to prevent clergy from holding any civil office and bishops from sitting in the House of Lords. The Peers, however, who were beginning to be alienated by the intolerant spirit of the self-termed religious party in the Commons, rejected this bill, which is sometimes called "the root and branch bill." This was the first instance of any serious difference between the two Houses of Legislature. To complete their "good and godly work," the Commons presently issued a Commission, styled "the Committee of Scandalous Ministers," to inquire into the personal characters of the clergy. By this Commission, as arbitrary and tyrannical in its way as the Star Chamber itself, much cruel oppression was perpetrated; for many of the High Church clergy, though men of godly and pious life, were imprisoned and deprived of their livings, because their opinions tallied not with those of their judges. On the 19th January, 1641, the Triennial Act was passed, to prevent any future attempt to govern without a Parliament. It provided that Parliament should meet at least once in every three years; that if the Chancellor did not issue the writs, any twelve

peers might do so ; and failing the peers, the sheriffs and mayors should summon the voters, who, again, in default of any higher power, should choose representatives of " their own right." Nor could Parliament be adjourned, prorogued, or dissolved, save with its own consent, within fifty days after its meeting. On January 25th, 1641 (?), Charles very reluctantly gave his assent to this bill. The trial of the Earl of Strafford now drew near. The charges against him, twenty-eight in number, had been laid before the Lords on the 30th January, and his case had been referred to a joint committee of the two Houses sworn to secrecy. The three kingdoms, England, Ireland, and Scotland, united to accuse him. Proceedings commenced on the 28th March, in Westminster Hall—that hall which had witnessed the condemnation of Sir Thomas More, and of Protector Somerset, and which was now to behold a yet stranger sight, the arraignment of the great Minister who was identified with the acts of the sovereign, a trial of strength between the Crown and the people. The noble edifice was fitted up with great state. The peers sat, as judges, on raised benches, Lord Arundel, as High Steward, on the woolsack. The Commons, as accusers, occupied other benches. The throne was vacant. But in a closed gallery beside it were the king and queen, who watched each day's proceedings with the most painful interest, and evening by evening met each other with tearful eyes, as we learn from Madame de Motteville.

The accusation, of which Pym was the leader, set forth all Strafford's illegal and high-handed measures ; his attempts to rule Ireland and the north by military power ; his supposed plot to subvert the fundamental laws of the realm by the help of an army raised in Ireland, and to overthrow the constitution by counselling the king to dispense with a Parliament. For twelve days did Strafford's evil genius, his former friend, but now his bitterest foe, labour to sustain these allegations ; but he was answered

with such ability and majesty that it became doubtful whether, after all, the earl might not get the best of it. In the words of Whitelocke, no favourer of the accused, never did a man act such a part on such a theatre with more wisdom, constancy, and eloquence, with greater judgment and temper, nor with a better grace in all his words and gestures, than this great and excellent person did.

On the thirteenth day of the trial, Pym, who began to be apprehensive of its result, and who plainly saw that the charge of treason could not be maintained against the earl, with a view to ensure his condemnation, moved, in the House of Commons, that the proceedings should take the new form of an Act of Attainder; that is, to quote Clarendon, an Act to make his conduct treason, since they could not prove it such. The Lords, fearing to oppose the Commons, who were backed by a clamorous populace, unwillingly agreed, though by a very small majority. Many peers vehemently opposed it, among them Lord Digby, who passionately protested: "Mr. Speaker, my hand shall not be to this despatch; for, as my conscience standeth, I would rather it were off." Never had Laud or Strafford, in their days of power, been guilty of a more unjust measure than this Act of Attainder.

To prove Strafford's scheme of using the Irish army to coerce England, Pym produced a paper, in the handwriting of Sir Henry Vane, who had been one of the Secretaries of State in the previous year. It was entitled, "Copy of Notes taken at the Privy Council for the Scots Affairs," and it had been pilfered by Henry Vane, Sir Henry's son, now a rising member of the present Parliament, from his father's cabinet. When it was produced in court, the aged Minister burst into tears; whether out of shame for his son, or grief for the earl's peril, is not known. Probably both. The document consisted of a deliberation in the Council, in which Laud, Hamilton, and Strafford had been speakers, and the words upon which Pym relied

to substantiate the charge of high treason were these : “ ‘ You have an army in Ireland, sire,’ said Strafford, ‘ which you may employ to reduce this kingdom to obedience.’ ” The words were admitted in evidence, and the earl was called on for his defence.

For nearly two and a-half hours, though suffering from illness, did this great man, now hunted nearly to his last gasp by those who thirsted for his blood, speak with an acuteness and courage never surpassed even in Westminster Hall. His address, which was replete with impassioned eloquence, ended thus : “ My Lords, I have troubled you longer than I should have done, but for these dear pledges ” (turning to his children) “ that a saint in heaven left me.” And here, says Baillie, his breaking off in weeping, when he spake of his wife, moved all hearts, some few excepted, to pity. “ What I forfeit for myself is nothing,” the earl continued, “ but that my indiscretion should extend to my posterity wounds me to the very soul. You will pardon my infirmity. Something I would have added, but am not able ; therefore let it pass. And now, for myself, I have, by the blessing of God, been taught that the afflictions of this present life are not worthy to be compared with the eternal glory which shall be revealed. And now, my Lords, with all tranquillity of mind I freely submit to your judgment ; and whether it be of life or death, *Te Deum laudamus.* ”

There was not one soul in that great assembly whom these burning words did not move. Even the pitiless Pym betrayed some feeling as, in his concluding harangue, he met the eye of the friend of his earlier days steadily and sadly fixed upon him, for he faltered, tried to recover himself and to utter the conclusion of his speech, but failed and sat down.

No defence, however, could avail a man whom his judges were predetermined to condemn. Strafford was sentenced to be beheaded ; and the king’s assent was

argently demanded by the mob, who broke into Westminster Abbey, pillaged it, and came thronging down to Whitehall, 6,000 in number, armed with swords, cudgels, and staves, yelling for the head of Strafford like fiends from hell. The king's distress was extreme. Fear had already prevailed with the Lords. But could the King of England, who had so lately pledged his royal word that Parliament should not touch a hair of Strafford's head, break his promise? Could the earl's friend, who tenderly loved him, sign the death-warrant of his faithful servant? He earnestly strove to save him, and made every effort short of that which alone could have preserved the earl's life and his own honour, namely, a resolute refusal. On the 1st May he summoned both Houses of Parliament, and passionately desired of them not to deal harshly with the earl, whom he promised never again to employ, declaring that he was so satisfied of his innocence that neither fear nor aught else should move him to consent to his death. Again, on the 11th, the very day before Strafford's execution, he sent the Prince of Wales to the House of Lords, with a letter written in his own hand, "humbly to entreat them, for his sake," to use their endeavours with the Commons to spare the earl's life.

At this juncture an officer named Goring betrayed to the House of Commons a plot, to which he averred the king had assented, for bringing up the army of the North, ostensibly to protect Parliament, but really to overawe and dissolve. He added that 200 soldiers were to be introduced into the Tower, in order to effect Strafford's escape. Hereupon the Commons immediately drew up a protestation, "to defend the Protestant Church, his Majesty's person and power, and the lawful rights and liberties of the people." This document was signed by every member of both Houses save two peers, and by multitudes of the people. They also passed another bill, declaring that the present Parliament should not be dissolved or adjourned

without its own consent, thereby rendering themselves independent of their constituents as well as their sovereign, and making themselves masters of the kingdom for life instead of representatives of the people. "The House," says Rushworth, "was aflame against the king on account of Goring's disclosure, and such a spirit of vengeance was roused against Strafford that nothing but his blood could satiate." The king's request was refused.

The prisoner's life was now truly in jeopardy. Charles, finding all entreaties to Parliament fruitless, summoned the bishops and judges, desiring that they would aid him with their counsel in this grievous strait. One only, the honest and stout-hearted Juxon, who had wielded the staff of Lord Treasurer without reproach and laid it down without regret, boldly advised the sovereign not to sanction the death of a man whom in his heart he believed to be innocent. All the others, with this single exception, urged Strafford's execution, as the sole means of averting civil war, and in all probability utter ruin. They said that the question was not whether the Earl of Strafford should be saved, but whether the king and his servants should die with him. Thereby, to quote Clarendon, they consulted their own safety more than their master's honour. Meanwhile the palace was surrounded by an infuriated mob, and the queen, terrified with their howling menaces, flung herself at her husband's feet, and implored him to abandon the earl and save her and their children.

A more terrible conflict can scarcely be conceived; notwithstanding which, the king would never have yielded but for the famous letter which the earl himself sent, in which, with noble generosity, he set Charles' conscience at liberty by releasing him from his promise, and prayed him to consent to his death as the only mode of reconciling himself with his people. The letter ended thus: "Sire, my consent shall more acquit you to God than all the

world can do besides. To a willing mind there is no injury done."

When eventually Charles affixed his signature to the death-warrant, he did so with the words: "My Lord of Strafford's condition is more to be envied than mine." Nor was this feeling transient. "The king wept heavily," Bishop Saunderson tells us; and it is well known that in all his subsequent calamities he looked back to this one great fault as the cause why the judgment of God was heavy upon him, and that the bitter recollection of it haunted him, even upon the scaffold, when he uttered those memorable words: "An unjust sentence, which I suffered to take effect, is now punished by an unjust sentence upon me."

It had been happy for this sovereign if he had remembered the saying of Charles the Wise: "If honour and truth were to be banished from the world, they ought to find an asylum with princes."

When Secretary Carleton, whom the king sent to Strafford to acquaint him with the act which necessity had wrung from him, informed the earl of his doom, he started from his seat, raised his eyes to heaven, and, laying his hand on his heart, exclaimed: "Put not your trust in princes, nor in any son of man, for in them is no salvation." He then prepared for death with piety and resignation. He tried hard, on the night previous to his execution (according to Rushworth, whose narrative we quote), to gain a last sight of his old friend and fellow-prisoner Laud, but was refused. He then sent the archbishop a message, begging his prayers, and asking for his blessing when he should come forth on the morrow. Accordingly, when in the morning he marched toward Tower Hill, more like a general at the head of his army than a condemned prisoner, as he drew near that part of the Tower where Laud was confined, "Master Lieutenant," said he, "though I see not the archbishop, give me leave

to do my last observance towards his rooms." But Laud, advertised of his approach, came to the window. Then the earl bowed himself to the ground and said, "My Lord, your prayers and your blessing." The archbishop lifted up his hands, blessed him and prayed for him; but, overcome with grief and the weakness of age, fell down, and the procession moved on. Again did Strafford bend lowly, saying: "Farewell, my Lord; God protect your innocency." At the Tower Gate the lieutenant wished him to take coach, lest the people should tear him to pieces. "No," replied he; "I dare look death in the face, and I hope the people too. Have you a care that I do not thus escape you, and I care not whether I die by the executioner or by the madness of the people. If that may better content them, it is all one to me."

The assembled multitude was reckoned at 100,000 persons, but all preserved an awe-stricken silence. Mounting the scaffold with firm step and stately air, the earl said that he had come to submit to the judgment passed upon him, and that he did so with a quiet and contented mind, though his conscience bore him witness that he was innocent, and that he freely forgave all the world. He then sent an affectionate message to his wife and children,* and, after praying about half-an-hour, laid his head on the block, and gave the signal to the executioner by stretching out his hands. His neck was severed at one stroke, and

* Both Whitelocke and Rushworth state that Strafford sent his blessing to his son, charging him "to continue firm in the doctrine of the Church of England and in duty to his king; to bear no thought of revenge against his father's enemies, and to aim at no greater thing than doing justice on his own estate." "Carry also my blessing," said he to his chaplain, "to my daughters Anne and Arabella; charge them to serve and fear God, and He will bless them; not forgetting my little infant, that knows neither good nor evil, and cannot speak for itself. God speak for it and bless it! I have well-nigh done. One stroke will make my wife husbandless, my dear children fatherless, my poor servants masterless, and separate me from my dear brothers and all my friends. But let God be to them and you all in all."

the bleeding head held up with the words "God save the King: probably the appointed formula in a case of high treason." "He died," says Whitelock, "with charity and courage; and for natural abilities, improved by experience, wisdom, faithfulness, and gallantry of mind, left few who could rank as his equals." "So mad," Warwick tells us, "was this bloody and brutish City of London, that, on the evening of the earl's execution, the rabble expressed their joy by bonfires; while many who came from the country to behold the sight, rode back in triumph, crying, 'His head is off!—his head is off!' So ignorant and brutish is a multitude." But when the sage statesman, Cardinal Richelieu, heard of Strafford's death, he observed, "What fools be these English, who would not let the wisest head among them stand on its own shoulders!"

Strafford being thus removed, Parliament pursued unchecked their various measures, some good, some bad. Among the former may be reckoned the abolition of the Courts of Star Chamber, High Commission, and the Earl Marshal; also the despotic jurisdiction of the King in Council, the Councils of the North, of the Welsh Marches, and of the Counties Palatine of Lancashire and Cheshire. Again and again was the knell of arbitrary taxation rung; and although Parliament granted the king a subsidy of tonnage and poundage, they expressly stipulated that it should last only from May 25 to July 15; thereby keeping the king in dependence upon their sovereign will and pleasure. They also voted, "as a friendly relief towards our brethren of Scotland," the sum £800,000, and imposed a poll-tax for the payment of both the Scotch and English armies, which were then (Aug. 6) disbanded. Before adjourning (Sept. 8), the Commons took the unprecedented step of appointing a committee of both Houses, to sit during the recess; and to this committee they entrusted large powers. On the 10th August the king was permitted by Parliament to proceed to Scot-

land, according to his earnest desire, hoping to find friends in his native land. But chosen members of both Houses were sent with him, to act as spies, watching and reporting his proceedings to Parliament, and keeping up intercourse between the malcontents in each kingdom. Charles, while in Edinburgh, made large concessions to the Covenanters, of whom several were sworn into the Privy Council, and granted all the demands of the Scots, even to the abolishing of Episcopacy and the conforming, in his own person, to the Presbyterian worship—humiliating enough for a king. But though, in the words of Baillie, he was, while in Scotland, a contented sovereign among a contented people, yet an eye-witness tells us it would “pity any man’s heart to see how he looks, for he is never in quiet, and is only glad when he meets any one whom he thinks doth love him. What will be the issue God only knoweth, for never was king so insulted.” While Charles was in Edinburgh a frightful rebellion broke out in Ireland (Oct. 28, 1641). During the iron rule of Strafford, only murmurs and secret confederacies had betokened popular discontent. But now that the earl was no more, and the king’s authority truly extinct, the smouldering rebellion burst forth, and the disbanded Irish army joined the disaffected Roman Catholics in a rising, which began at Ulster and soon overspread the whole country. Even the Catholics of the English pale took part in it, and ruthlessly murdered the other English settlers, sparing neither sex nor age. Death was the least of the cruelties inflicted on them. The number of victims was estimated at from 40,000 to 200,000; and Dublin was the only spot of Irish soil preserved to England.

In this emergency Charles was again compelled to appeal to Parliament, from which he obtained little assistance, for they rather strove to fix the guilt of the insurrection upon him, whom they accused of instigating or at least conniving at it, than to save the miserable Irish Protestants from cruelty and massacre. And though

they voted £200,000 for the purpose of suppressing the outbreak, they employed most of the money in supplying themselves with means to oppose their sovereign. At length, after long months of horror, troops were sent from England, and the rebellion was quelled.

"And now," says Baker, "*in pefora ruunt.*" For no sooner did the king return from Scotland than the dissensions between him and his Parliament became bitterer than ever. The Commons, furious at the Roman Catholics on account of the Irish revolt, greeted their sovereign, not with joyous welcome, but with a remonstrance, in which they upbraided him with all the real and supposed errors of his reign, which they ascribed to his Popish inclinations and to the Papist faction in his Council, who, they alleged, after sixteen years' efforts to introduce their superstition into England and Scotland, had now excited a fierce and bloody rebellion in Ireland. This document, given by Rushworth *in extenso*, is very like, in general tone, a declaration of war between one potentate and another. It was carried in the Commons, after a stormy debate of fourteen hours, by the small majority of eleven. "At three in the morning," says Warwick, "when it was voted, we sate, to say sooth, in the valley of death, ready, like Joab's and Abner's young men, to catch each other by the locks and sheathe our swords in one another's bowels." Among its opponents were Viscount Falkland, Hyde, and Sir John Colepepper, one of the ablest of the Parliamentary leaders, who now joined the Royal party. On September 1st, the remonstrance, without having been sent to the Peers for their concurrence, was presented to the king at Hampton Court. In fact, it was not so much an appeal to him as a vehement invective against him, addressed to the people, whom to excite to sedition was its sole object. Charles received it with indignation, and charged Hyde with drawing up a counter-statement, desiring of the Commons that their paper be

not published till his own should appear with it. But disregarding this request, the remonstrance was within a few hours widely circulated through every street and lane of London.

Two days after the presentation of this memorable document, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London arrived at Hampton Court with an address, praying the king that he would be pleased to return to his capital, there to keep Christmas and give a good quickening to the retail trade. He agreed, and returned (December 14th) to Whitehall—the last time that he and the queen made it their residence. Christmas and New Year were alike awful. Throughout the City was tumult and confusion. Mobs of the popular party and of apprentices—always a turbulent and ungovernable crew—beset Whitehall, insulting with shouts and opprobrious epithets the members of the royal household, and especially the newly appointed body-guard, which consisted of several reduced officers and broken-down gentlemen of the Inns of Court, who in this time of danger had offered their services to the king. They were commanded by Colonel Lunsford, a good officer, but a man of bad character and a Papist. Between this guard and the populace affrays quickly ensued, and no little blood was shed; and from these contests the terms of Roundhead and Cavalier came into use. The apprentices, whose hair was closely cropped, were reproachfully nicknamed Roundheads by their blustering and gaily attired opponents, whose long locks floated in ringlets on their shoulders, and who called themselves Cavaliers. The terms soon came to be applied to the two parties in the approaching contest, the Royalists styling the Parliamentary men “rebel-rogues and roundheads” and “the three evil A’s,” while the Parliamentarians called the king’s men cavaliers and malignants, arrogating to themselves the titles of “the Godly,” “the Honest,” “the Faithful,” “the Saints,” and so forth.

In these riots, the bishops, whom the mob accused of favouring the Papists, were so repeatedly insulted and beaten (the aged Archbishop of York being nearly murdered on his way to the House of Lords) that on December 28th thirteen bishops petitioned the king, declaring that they could no longer with safety attend Parliament, and protesting against the legality of all Acts passed during their absence. They were at once impeached by the Commons, whose hatred against the hierarchy was inveterate, and, in the words of the pious Robert Hall, Bishop of Norwich, called to their knees at the Bar, charged severally with high treason, and despatched in all the extremity of haste, at eight o'clock on the dark evening of December 30th, to the Tower. Thus there were thirteen more prelates sent to join Laud in his captivity. The popular cry was fierce against them, and, to quote Hudibras,—

“The oyster-women locked their fish up,
And trudged away to cry ‘No bishop;’
Butchers left old clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the Church.
Some cried ‘The Covenant,’ instead
Of puddings, pies, and gingerbread.
Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
‘A Gospel-preaching ministry;’
And some for old suits, coats or cloke,
‘No surplices or service-book.’”

On the 14th February the bishops were expelled from their seats in the House of Lords, to which they were not restored till after nearly twenty years.

On the day following the impeachment of the bishops, the Commons petitioned the king to grant them a guard for their security, under the Earl of Essex, the late commander of the army, who, with Lord Holland and the Earl of Leicester, had decidedly espoused the popular side. The king refused, unless the guard were under an officer appointed by himself, adding: “We do engage

solemnly, on the word of a king, that the security of all and each of you from violence is, and ever shall be, as much our care as the preservation of ourselves and our children." What words could be clearer, fuller, and more gracious? But in fact the Commons suspected and loved not their king, nor did he trust his Commons.

Amid these signs of trouble the year 1641 closed, and the ominous 1642 began.

Up to this time the king had granted every requirement of Parliament, even consenting (though most unwillingly) to the exclusion of bishops from the House of Peers. He had also changed his ministry, and bestowed office on the conscientious Falkland, the prudent Colepepper, and the honest and upright Hyde—men whose presence at his Council-board might have seemed a security against any rash or despotic act on his part. But now he suddenly changed his tactics, and made an attempt to regain his lost power by a bold stroke, which would in modern times be called a *coup d'état*, but which Clarendon justly denounces as the wildest and most unfortunate resolution ever taken. Consulting with no one save Lord Digby, an eminently unfit person for a counsellor, being addicted to sudden enterprises, and as suddenly startled when they were entered upon, Charles sent Sir Edward Herbert, the Attorney-General, to the House of Lords (January 3rd) with charges of high treason against Lord Kimbolton and five members of the House of Commons, namely, Hampden, Pym, Sir Arthur Hazelrigg, Hollis, and Strode, whom he accused of holding treasonable communications with the Scots while in arms. He also caused their houses to be entered and their papers sealed up. At the same time he sent the Serjeant of Arms to the Commons, to require the Speaker to deliver the accused persons into his custody. When the Serjeant entered, these men were all in their places, and sat in still silence during the delivery of his message; which finished, the Speaker commanded the

Serjeant to retire, and sent a deputation to say that such an important message should have their most serious consideration, and that the members should be held ready to answer any legal charge against them. The Commons then sent orders that the seals which by royal mandate had been set on their papers should be removed, and issued a warrant for the apprehension of those who had affixed them.

Irritated by this opposition, the king came next day in person to Parliament, attended by 800 or 400 armed men, to arrest the five members. They were, as before, in their places, when word came (says Sir Ralph Verney, one of the members of this Parliament, whose narrative of the transaction we borrow) that the king was coming down the street from Whitehall, and was even then entering Westminster Hall. Some drew their swords, but the more and wiser part urged the accused, by withdrawing, to prevent bloodshed, whereupon the five gentlemen went out of the House. A little after the king came with all his guard, and, knocking hastily at the door, brought his nephew, the Palsgrave, in with him, but commanded the soldiers on their lives not to enter. Then came he up towards the chair with his hat off, and the Speaker stepped to meet him, the king saying: "By your leave, Mr. Speaker, I must borrow your chair a little," stepped up to his place, and stood on the step, but sat not down. The mace was now removed, and the whole House rose, uncovered. After he had looked a great while, he said that "he would not break our privileges; but treason," saith he, "hath no privilege. Wherefore I am come to tell you that I must have those five gentlemen, wherever I find them." Then called he Mr. Pym and Mr. Hollis by name, but there was no answer. Then he asked the Speaker if they were there, or where they were. Upon which the Speaker fell on his knee and prayed the king's excuse, for he was but a servant in the House, said he, and had neither eyes nor

tongue to see or say aught but what they commanded him. The king replied that his eyes were as good as his, and that he saw the birds were flown; but he expected the House would send them to him, and if not he would himself seek them, for their treason was foul, and such as we should all thank him to discover. And so, telling us that they should have a fair trial, went he out, taking off his hat till he came to the door. For a few instants after the king's departure, the members all sate in mute astonishment, and then raised loud cries of "Privilege! Privilege!" so that he might hear them.

Meanwhile the five impeached members had taken refuge in the heart of London, where the night was spent in alarms, citizens patrolling the streets armed, for a cry was raised that the Cavaliers were about to fire the City. But though the good City was disquieted, it was gayer than Whitehall, where terror and consternation prevailed, the king perceiving too late the imprudence of his conduct, and acknowledging the too much passion under which he had acted; while the queen, who had indignantly said to him in the morning, "Go, coward, and pull those rogues out by the ears, or never see me more," was thunder-struck at the result of "*sa malheureuse indiscretion*," the first overt ground of all their future miseries. After a night of painful doubt and debate, Charles went in person, attended by only six lords, to Guildhall (January 5th) to address the Common Council and demand the surrender of the accused, saying that he trusted none would shelter those arraigned of treason; to which they made no answer. But on his way from the City he was received with sullen silence, only broken by cries of "Privilege of Parliament!" while one insolent individual flung into the king's coach a paper, on which was written, "To your tents, O Israel!" the watchword among the rebellious Hebrews, when they abandoned their princes. Foiled for a second time, and not

knowing, in his perplexity, on whom to rely—the tidings speedily came that the Lord Mayor and Aldermen were preparing to protect the five members on their return to the House—the king re-entered Whitehall, to wear away another long and anxious night. The House of Commons, meanwhile, passed an unanimous vote that the king's coming among them in warlike manner was a high breach of privilege, and that his order for the apprehension of the five members was "false, scandalous, and illegal." And they appointed a committee, to sit at Merchant Tailors' Hall, "where," they alleged, "we can with more security deliberate than at Westminster," in order to organise plans of defence. The mariners and seamen of the Thames, whose "affections" "the king had lost by a hastily-dropped word, calling them 'water-rats,' and the apprentices," says Lilly, "flocked by hundreds to the committee, proffering to escort the accused to Westminster in triumph. Lord Digby and Colonel Lunsford, on the other hand, volunteered to the king to lay hands on them, and bring them alive or leave them dead on the place." "But the king," says Clarendon, "liked not such enterprise."

After four more days of vacillation and regret, Charles retired to Hampton Court (January 10th). As he quitted Whitehall, that palace of the English kings, which he never again entered till the fatal morning when he walked thither across the Park, attended by Bishop Juxon and guarded by a regiment of foot-soldiers, he passed through several thousand Roundheads, each holding a staff on which was a white paper placard with the word "Liberty."

Next morning (January 11), the five accused members were conducted back to Westminster by water. The river could not be seen for the multitude of boats and vessels, laden with ordnance and prepared for fight. Along the Strand an armed force of the trained-bands of London, bearing on their pikes the protestation and on their breasts the Commons' declaration of the king's breach of

privilege, marched, thick and threefold, headed by their commander, Skippon, ready to assist the little fleet. Behind came a throng who choked the streets, roaring, "Down with the bishops, down with the Papists!" and exclaiming contemptuously, as they passed Whitehall, "What has become of the king and his Cavaliers? whither have they fled?" Amid all this uproar outside the House of Commons, and a great silence within, Mr. Pym rose and described the kindness with which he and his companions had been welcomed in the City; upon which the sheriffs were called in and thanked by the Speaker, and requested, for the time to come, daily to guard the House.

On January 12th, 4,000 men on horseback, freeholders of Buckinghamshire, each wearing the famous protestation in his hat, presented a petition to the king, complaining of the accusation against their county man and member, Mr. Hampden, and praying for his restoration to the privileges of Parliament. On the same day Lord Digby and Colonel Lunsford appeared in arms for King Charles at Kingston. They were immediately proclaimed traitors by the Commons. The former fled beyond seas; but Lunsford was seized and committed to the Tower.

Charles now listened to the wiser counsels of Falkland, Hyde, and Colepepper, and sent (January 20) a message to the Commons, offering to consider their grievances. But they rejected all amicable proposals, unless the king would surrender to them the command of the militia and of the chief fortresses, castles, and garrisons of the realm. As this would have been equivalent to laying his crown at their feet, Charles gave an instant and decided refusal. But he was quickly informed that the Commons, without waiting for his reply, had already (January 12) taken possession of the Tower, and directed Goring and Hotham, the Governors of Portsmouth and Hull, to hold their fortresses for the King and Parliament (such was their

hypocritical parlance), and to surrender them to none, save under authority of the Houses.

As a last concession, Charles now sanctioned the Bill for excluding the bishops from the House of Peers—(mentioned before as being granted, see p. 88); and then, turning with a sad heart from his rebellious capital, he escorted the queen to Dover, whence, under pretext of conducting her daughter* Mary, the betrothed of William, Prince of Orange, to the country of her future husband, she passed over to Holland. She carried with her the crown jewels, which she pawned to buy arms and military stores for the king. Very pathetic is the description given by Madame de Motteville of Charles' desolation at the queen's departure. "He stood on the beach, watching with tearful eyes the sails of the ship which conveyed away her whom he dearly loved, and doubting if he should ever see her more. He then rode four leagues along the shore, still keeping the vessel in sight;" and when it could no longer be descried, he retired to his palace of Theobalds (February 28). Thence he proceeded to the north, taking with him his sons, Charles, Prince of Wales, and James, Duke of York. Parliament had petitioned him to remain in or near London. But they also again demanded (and this time not as a request, but a threat) that the raising of the militia and the entire control thereof should be placed in their hands; adding that if the king would not be pleased to grant their humble address, they should be constrained to prevent future fears and jealousies and to settle that necessary business of the militia without him. We give their sovereign's reply in his own words. "I am so amazed at this message that I know not what to answer. You speak of jealousies and fears. Lay your hands on your hearts, and ask yourselves whether I may not be likewise so disturbed.

* William III., afterwards King of England, was the son of this princess and of the Prince of Orange, afterwards Stadtholder.

Touching the militia, I thought so much before I sent my former answer, and am so assured that I therein granted all that you could in justice or reason ask; or I in honour grant, that I shall not alter it in any point: For my residence near you, I wish that it were so safe and honourable that I had no cause to absent myself from Whitehall; ask yourselves whether I have not. To conclude, I assure you, upon my honour, that I have no thought but of peace and justice towards my people, which I shall, by all fair means, seek to procure and maintain; relying upon the goodness and providence of God for the preservation of myself and my rights."

At Newmarket* he was again pressed by a deputation from the Commons, headed by his "revolted courtiers," the Lords Pembroke and Holland, to give up the command of the militia, "were it but for a while." To which he resolutely replied, "No, not for an hour. Ye have asked of me that which never was asked of any king before, and with which I would not trust my wife and children." Thus ended this stormy conference. He then moved on to York, and reached it on the 19th. There he was greeted with passionate demonstrations of loyalty. From all quarters the nobility and gentry flocked "to lay their humble duty at his feet;" exhorting him to save himself and them from that vile slavery wherewith they were threatened, and raising a guard of 600 gentlemen for the protection of his person.

"In London," says Clarendon, "things went otherwise, and loyalty seemed fled for ever." Step by step the Commons were depriving the king of every lawful right, and arrogating to themselves the sovereign authority. To prevent the landing of stores from the queen, they directed the Earl of Northumberland (the Lord High Admiral) to take command of the fleet. They next seized upon the

* Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, says that the race-course at Newmarket was established by King Charles, "a thing much to be regretted, and whereof I do not approve, seeing there is much cheating in the running of horses."

power of the sword, named lieutenants for all the counties, on whom they conferred the whole military command of the kingdom, declared the royal commissions of lieutenancy null and void, published an ordinance, assuming to themselves the command of the militia, and proceeded to levy, in Charles' name and by his authority, those very forces which they employed against him.

On the 23rd April began the first growling of the coming storm. The king, desirous of securing Hull, where there was a large store of arms and ammunition, presented himself before the town and demanded admittance. It was refused by the recently-appointed governor, Sir John Hotham, who closed the gates, and is alleged to have mounted the ramparts and fallen on his knees, begging the king to excuse his compliance, as he was sworn to keep the place for the Parliament. Mrs. Hutchinson well remarks that this act made it apparent to most men that the kingdom was about to blaze with the long-conceived flame of civil war. Day by day was the contest coming to a fearful crisis. Charles complained to Parliament of Hotham's act. The two Houses voted their approval of it. He summoned his loyal lieges of Yorkshire to repair to him. Parliament forbade them so to do. Thirty-two peers, among them Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, and sixty-five members of the Commons, Hyde among the latter, withdrew from London, and made their way to York. They were all, as absentees, deprived of their seats by the resolution of the House. The Lord Keeper Lyttelton sent the Great Seal to the king; the Commons caused another to be made. In opposition to the laws sanctioned by the sovereign, they now issued ordinances of their own, which were to have the force of laws. They voted Charles' acceptance of the guard an act of treason against the realm, a breach of trust towards his people, and contrary to his oath; and they denounced as traitors all who should aid him. Lastly, they levied an army, nominally for the

defence of the King and Parliament, to which London furnished 4,000 men in one day, besides large contributions of plate, money, and female ornaments. Over this army they appointed the Earl of Essex commander.

But there was yet a pause ; for not only did the king shrink with abhorrence past expression from strife with his people, but there were also moderate men in both Houses of Parliament who protested against the levying of the army, and shuddered at the thought of "letting slip the dogs of war"—civil war too ! The prophetic warning of Sir Benjamin Rudyard was couched in these words : " Mr. Speaker, it behoves us to call up all the wisdom we have about us, for we are on the brink of combustion and confusion. If blood begins to touch blood, we shall presently fall into certain misery, and must expect uncertain success ; God knows when and God knows what. Every man here is bound in conscience to prevent bloodshed, which is a crying sin, and pollutes the land. Let us save our liberties and our lands, yet so as we may save our souls too. Now I have clearly delivered mine own conscience, and I leave every man freely to his."

On the 18th April, Charles sent a conciliatory message to Parliament, informing them that he had prepared a bill concerning the militia, which should be laid before them. They vouchsafed no reply. But (June 2) eleven propositions, which they must have anticipated could meet with nothing but rejection, were sent to York. Their import was this : That the Privy Council, the officers of State, the governors of the king's children, the commanders of the army, fleet, and fortresses, should all be appointed by and be under the control of Parliament ; that the education and marriages of the royal family should be in their hands ; that Papists should be punished by their sole authority ; that the Church and Liturgy should be reformed at their discretion ; and that no peers should be admitted to the House of Peers without their consent.

These proposals, which would have made the king but a counterfeit of majesty, and moulded the Government into a democracy, were, happily for posterity, rejected. "Should I grant these demands," said Charles in his reply, "I might be waited on, bareheaded, I might have my hand kissed, the title of Majesty might be continued to me, and *the king's authority signified by both Houses of Parliament*, might still be the style of your commands. Swords and maces might be carried before me, and I might please myself with the sight of a crown and sceptre (though even these twigs would not long flourish, when the stock upon which they grew was dead); but as to true and real power, I should remain but the outside, but the picture, but the sign of a king." War on any terms was preferable to such an ignominious peace. "Whereupon, heavy of heart," says Clarendon, "the king resolved to take the field; and Parliament prepared for open war with marvellous despatch and right good-will."

Never was contest more unequal than this appeared to be. In every respect the popular party had, at first, the advantage. They had appropriated the king's revenue, and seized every sea-port town, save Newcastle; by which means they possessed themselves of all the custom dues which these could supply. The fleet was at their disposal, and all magazines of arms and ammunition appropriated to their use. After one more fruitless attempt at peace, and denunciations of treason to the adherents of one party against those of the other, the king issued, on the 2nd August, a proclamation, "inviting all whose hearts God had touched with a true sense and apprehension of his sufferings, to meet him with aid and assistance at Nottingham." He then marched southwards, and on the 22nd August, in a fatal hour for himself and his people,* set up his royal standard on the castle of that town, an open

* This standard is described by Rushworth as like one of the City streamers, having about twenty supporters; on the top of it hung a

signal of discord and civil war. Such a ceremony had not been witnessed in England since Richard III. raised his banner at Bosworth.

The evening was stormy, and night coming on apace, when the great streamer was placed on the highest tower, with a blood-red battle-flag waving over it. After the herald had read the king's proclamation,* the trumpets sounded; and the loyal gentlemen who were gathered round the castle shouted, "God save the king!" But general sadness covered the town, and Charles himself was more sad and melancholic than ever.

The stormy evening was followed by a stormy night, and the standard was blown down; "whereon men's minds misgave them, seeing that the very winds of heaven gave presage of King Charles' approaching overthrow and ruin. God defend the right!"

flag, whereon were the king's arms, quartered with a hand pointing to a crown, with this motto, "Render under Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

* The king's manifesto was as follows:—"I do promise, in the presence of Almighty God, and as I hope for His blessing and protection, that I will, to the utmost of my power, defend and maintain the true reformed Protestant religion, established in the Church of England, and in the same, by the grace of God, will I live and die.

"I desire that the laws may ever be the measure of my government, and that the liberty and property of the subject may be preserved by them with the same care as my just rights. And if it please God, by His blessing on this army, raised for my necessary defence, to preserve me from this present rebellion, I do solemnly and faithfully promise, in the sight of God, to maintain the just privileges and freedom of Parliament, and to govern by the known statutes and customs of the kingdom, and particularly to observe inviolably the laws to which I have given my consent this Parliament. Meanwhile, if this emergence and the great necessity to which I am driven beget any violation of the law, I hope it will be imputed, by God and man, to the authors of this law, and not to me, who have so earnestly laboured to preserve the peace of the kingdom.

"When I fail willingly in these particulars, I shall expect no aid nor relief from man nor any protection from above. But in this resolution I hope for the cheerful assistance of all good men, and am confident of the blessing of Heaven."

CHARLES I.—(*continued.*)

PART III.

From the raising of the royal standard at Nottingham (August 22, 1642) to the ending of the first civil war, by the surrender of the King to the English Commissioners (January 30, 1647).

IN this limited history it is impossible to do more than indicate the leading points of that lamentable conflict, which for five years set father against son and brother against brother, and deluged fair England with kindred blood.

On the king's side were most of the peers, the chief gentry, the chivalrous youth of the higher ranks, and all the clergy who loved the Church and feared its overthrow by Presbyterianism and other forms of dissent. With these were too often mingled

“The bravos of Alsatia, the rufflers of Whitehall” —

adventurers, men of broken fortune, with whom the cry of “Church and King,” was only a name, and who disgraced the banner under which they served by their vices. His necessities made King Charles also fain to accept the services of many Papists, a thing sufficient of itself to create a prejudice against his party.

On the other side, fighting for “the cause,” which, in their earnest but fanatical belief, they deemed the cause of Heaven, were Dissenters of the wildest form of faith,

Puritans, Presbyterians, Independents, Millenarians, Seekers, Fifth Monarchy men, &c., together with the inhabitants of the large towns, who greedily adopted the democratical principles of the House of Commons, and more especially the citizens of London, whose trained-bands formed a very effective infantry in the Parliamentary army.

"The king," says Clarendon, "was almost without men and money." The supplies sent by the queen from abroad were inadequate. His infantry scarcely exceeded 800 men; and even his cavalry, in which he was strongest, were but 800, and ill provided with arms. In generals, too, he was inferior to the Parliament. Previous to the breaking out of the civil war, his two nephews, Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice, the sons of his sister Elizabeth by the unfortunate Palsgrave, had come over and tendered their services. The king entrusted the command of the horse to the eldest, who was an impetuous and hot-headed youth of twenty-three, admirably suited for a dashing cavalry officer, but whose only notion of war was to rush into combat at all expedient and inexpedient seasons, and "lay about him like a Tartar." To Prince Rupert's rashness and insubordination many of the disasters of the war were due. Lord Lindsey, a gallant and experienced soldier, was general of the Royal army; under him were the Marquis of Hertford, the husband of the unfortunate Lady Arabella Stuart; Lord Falkland, Sir Jacob Astley, who commanded the foot; Sir Arthur Aston, the leader of the dragoons; Sir John Haydon, who was over the artillery; Sir Marmaduke Longdale, and the Earl of Northumberland, who headed the troops in the North.

All the chief fortresses of the land, with their magazines of arms and ammunition, were in the hands of Parliament. The Earl of Essex was general of their army, and its principal officers were Lords Say, Kimbolton (afterwards Earl of Manchester), Stamford, Rochford, Brook, and St. John;

Sir Thomas Fairfax, Sir Hugh Cholmley, Sir William Constable, Sir Arthur Hazelrigg, and Sir William Waller; Hampden, Hollis, Ireton, Colonel Pryde, and last, but not least, Oliver Cromwell. The Parliamentary forces numbered about 6,000 men, well armed and appointed. Of cavalry, there were fewer than in the king's army. But some gentlemen, such as Lord Brook and Hampden, raised troops from the young farmers on their estates, whom they accoutred in colours and weapons of their own choice. Lord Brook's men wore purple, while Hampden's gallant company was known, not only by their green coats and buff doublets (though not sword yet cudgel-proof), but by their standard, which bore on one side the watch-word of the Parliament, "God with us," and on the other, the patriots' own motto, "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*." Other leaders, who brought tenants and retainers, pursued the same course as Oliver Cromwell, who now began his military career as captain of a thousand horse-soldiers, levied by himself. These were the Ironsides, so called from the cuirasses they wore, men thoroughly in earnest, thoroughly well-disciplined and armed, perhaps the best soldiers that ever trod an English battle-field. Cromwell was careful, according to his own words, to enlist none save men who had the fear of God before them, and made conscience of what they did. Not that in this civil war, so eminently a war of religious opinions, was real godliness entirely; or even principally, on the side which made the loudest profession of it. Men of the purest piety, as Bishop Ken, were among the Royalists; and beneath the essenced love-locks and gold-laced doublets of the Cavaliers were often clear heads, bold hearts, and godly consciences. "But," says May, "the 'pious and movement party,' as they called themselves, were of many esteemed the more godly, seeing that they had ever the Word of God in their mouths, if not in their hearts." Such men, not wholly fanatics, nor wholly hypocrites, whose

hatred of Popery and arbitrary power made them ready to destroy both king and Parliament, that they might establish a republic in England, and to overthrow the Church, that they might set up their own wild frenzies of religion on its ruins, were very terrible in their stern resolves ; and as soldiers, actuated by a resolute determination to carry them through even unto death, they were all but invincible.

The king's first step, after raising his banner at Nottingham, was to offer terms of accommodation to Parliament (August 29th). But the Commons and a large proportion of the Peers refused to entertain them, until, said they, your Majesty shall have taken down your standard and recalled the proclamations which styled the Earl of Essex and both Houses of Parliament traitors. They also again demanded the control of the militia. On September 8th Charles sent a fresh message, offering to recall his proclamation, if Parliament would do the same. But the second offer met with no better success than the first. They replied by publishing an account of the cause of the war, and by despatching Essex, at the head of the trained-bands of London, to Northampton, there to assume command of the forces, now amounting to 15,000 men. The king, whose troops were only 10,000 (some say only 2,000 !), fell back upon Shrewsbury.

And now civil war had commenced in earnest, if indeed it had not begun a fortnight previously, when the king's banner was displayed, and when that double-distilled traitor, Goring, who had again gone over to the Royal side, faithless alike to both parties, took no thought to defend the citadel of Portsmouth, and surrendered that fortress to Parliament.

Prince Rupert opened the campaign by seizing Worcester, and discomfiting a troop of Essex's horse ; and Charles, encouraged by this success, and by the increase of his army, which now numbered 10,000 men, resolved to march upon the capital. On Sunday (October 23, 1642) he

fell in with the Parliamentary forces at Edgehill, near Keinton, in Warwickshire; and, though the day was far advanced, determined to give them battle. He appeared in the ranks, says Weston, wearing his star and garter, with a black velvet mantle over his armour, and, addressing his troops, declared his vow to the whole kingdom and his sore grief at his present position; while at the same time he asserted his royal authority "derived from God; whose governor, under Christ," said he, "I am."

The troops were led into action by Lord Lindsey, who advanced, pike in hand, to meet the foe, at the head of the foot-guards. Under Lindsey was Sir Jacob Astley, who, before the charge of battle, made a most excellent, pious, short and soldierly prayer. Lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, he said, "O God, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee, oh, do not Thou forget me." And with that he rose up, crying, "March on, boys."

At the onset, fiery Rupert carried all before him, and threw the enemy's left wing into complete disorder; but following their flight with headlong rashness, three miles from the battle-field, through the Vale of the Red Horse, a name suited to the colour which that day was to bestow upon it, he left Lord Lindsey unsupported and sorely pressed by the horse and foot of Essex. So that the prince, on his return, found the left wing of the king's army broken, the centre in great confusion, his Majesty with few men around him, and all the glorious hopes of the day vanished. By this imprudence he lost, ere the day ended, all that his daring valour had at first gained. The royal standard was captured, but recovered by a stratagem. Two of the king's officers, putting on the orange scarf of Essex, demanded the trophy from his secretary, who had it in charge. Brave old Lindsey was mortally wounded and made prisoner.

In almost all respects, Edgehill was a drawn battle,

bloody but indecisive; 1,200 men are said to have fallen.* Both hosts lay under arms that night. In the morning, after facing each other awhile, they withdrew without renewing the combat: the one party to attack London and the other to defend it. Essex retired upon Warwick; and the king, after taking Banbury, advanced to Oxford, on his way to the metropolis, seized Reading, and after a sharp conflict defeated a Parliamentary detachment at Brentford,† November 12th. But Essex, who, by forced marches, had reached London, and there received the

* The gossiping chronicler, Aubrey, relates the following little incident of Edgehill fight. When King Charles quitted London, he took with him one of his physicians, the celebrated Harvey, who, during the battle, had charge of the Prince of Wales and Duke of York. "He told me," says Aubrey, "that he withdrew with the boys under a hedge, and there sate and read a book. But he had not done so long, when the bullet from a great gun grazed on the ground near him, which made him flee fast from his station, gathering up the boys as he fled."

† Among other prisoners captured at Brentford was the famous John Lilburne, once a London apprentice, and commonly called "Sturdy John," from the stoicism with which he bore (April, 1638) a severe whipping and imprisonment for disseminating the books of Prynne. Being released by the Long Parliament, he took up arms in their cause, fought desperately at Edgehill, and, when made prisoner at Brentford, conducted himself so violently to Prince Rupert that the latter threatened to hang him, but was deterred by Essex's declaring that for every Parliamentary prisoner executed, he would, in reprisal, hang three Royalists. Lilburne's subsequent career was like its commencement. His general, the Earl of Manchester, sent him to the Tower for insubordination; but Cromwell released him, and was, in turn, himself attacked for "tyranny and hypocrisy," in a book called "England's New Chains." After being acquitted on a charge of high treason, he was banished by Parliament (1652), and when called to the Bar to receive sentence, he refused to kneel. When the Parliament was overthrown by Cromwell, Lilburne returned, but was again tried for writing a seditious book, and acquitted; but Cromwell sent him to Jersey, and at length granted him a small pension. Next Lilburne joined the Quakers, "where," says Ludlow, "his end was as stormy as his life had been, for, being buried among them (August 31, 1657), his funeral caused a quarrel which led to blows, on the question whether a pall should or should not be laid over his coffin."

thanks of Parliament and a gratuity of £5,000, met his sovereign at Turnham Green, heading 24,000 stout, gallant and proper men, of good courage to fight. The trained-bands of London were under Skippon, who thus addressed his Cockney troops: "Come, my honest, brave boys, pray heartily, fight heartily, and God will bless us." However, they did not fight at all that day, but, after facing the foe, sat down and made merry with the wine and good cheer which their housewives sent them; while the king, whose forces were inferior to those of Essex, and whose ammunition would not have lasted a quarter of an hour, drew off his troops and ordnance, and retired, unmolested, to Oxford. In this "right loyal city" which, so long as he could call any part of England his own, became his permanent headquarters during the entire war, he established a mint in New Inn Hall, where the readily granted plate of the colleges was coined for his use.

The Common Council of London, who had seen war so close to their gates, and who, though the City was fortified, "nothing liked its aspect," now sent (January 2, 1643) commissioners to the king, requesting him to return to his capital, when all differences should cease. But as the disbanding of the royal army, banishment of evil counsellors, relinquishment of Episcopacy, and the cession of the command of the militia to Parliament, were coupled with the request, Charles would not adventure himself among them. Guildhall became the scene of many a stormy debate between the citizens and Parliament. But "the Godly Party," as they now termed themselves,—the rebels, as they might be more correctly styled,—prevailed over the pacific portion of the community, and the war was carried on with renewed vigour.

On the 27th April, Essex, after defeating the Royalists at Caversham Bridge, took possession of Reading, and Sir William Waller obtained, more than once, a slight success in the west. The contest then began to languish, and the

only action worth record is a skirmish at Chalgrove, near Oxford (June 18), where Colonel Hampden was mortally wounded. He was seen riding off the field before the fighting was over, his head hanging down, and hands leaning on his horse's neck. A shot had broken his collar-bone, and it was with difficulty he reached Thame, where, after six days' agony, he expired. "O Lord, save my bleeding country!" were his last words. Clarendon declares the loss of Hampden to have been irreparable, and the sorrow and consternation quite unparalleled. It was to his party as if their whole army had been cut off by his death. So exemplary was his character and so eminent his abilities, that even his enemies bewailed his fate, and the king no sooner heard of his wound, than he sent his own surgeon to aid in its cure. But before Sir Theodore Mayerne could reach Thame, Hampden was dead.

Other disasters befell the Parliamentary army. At Atherton Moor, near Bradford, their commander, Lord Fairfax, and his son, Sir John, afterwards the celebrated general, were completely defeated by the Marquis of Newcastle, who opened a correspondence with Sir John Hotham and his son, the two latter agreeing to admit the Royal troops into Hull, and to garrison that town for the king. Both the Hothams had done the Parliament good service at the beginning of the war; the father by holding Hull against his sovereign, and the son by conveying the Parliament's orders to that effect. When the Commons requested Mr. Hotham, one of their own body, to undertake this somewhat perilous errand, he is said to have risen in his place and stoutly declared, "Mr. Speaker, fall back, fall edge, I will go and do your command." But on the 10th December, 1648, the design of surrendering Hull being discovered, they were both committed to the Tower on the charge of high treason. The axe was now to "fall edge"; for, on January 1, 1644, the younger son was beheaded

on Tower Hill, and his father at the same place on the next day.

The chief scene of the rebels' defeat was in the west, where a bloody but indecisive battle, at Lansdowne, near Bath (July 5), was followed by a Royalist victory (July 18), at Roundway Down, near Devizes, over Sir William Waller, who was compelled to surrender to Prince Rupert the town of Bristol, then next in importance to London, both for commerce and population.

Hitherto this miserable war had been favourable to the Royal cause, and the queen, who had landed (February 22) at Burlington with supplies, but had hitherto been unable to join him, now met her husband (July 18), near the field of Edgehill, with a small army. This lady had given abundant proof of courage and ability ever since the commencement of the contest. After selling the crown jewels in Holland, and purchasing military stores, she embarked for England (February 2). Her little fleet of six ships had no sooner sailed than a tremendous gale arose, and, during nine days' tossing on the wintry sea, hourly destruction was imminent. But the queen never lost heart; like a true daughter of Henri IV., she comforted her ladies, who wailed incessantly, assuring them that "*les Reines d'Angleterre ne se noyent jamais.*" After a tempestuous fortnight, in which two of her vessels foundered, she was driven back to Schevening, but sailed again within a week, and landed at Burlington. Her perils by sea were over; but those by land were yet to come. At 5 A.M. she was roused by the thunder of cannon and the rattle of shot. The Commons having impeached her of high treason (a charge in which the Lords refused to join), their admiral was endeavouring to take away her life. "Before I was out of bed," she writes to the king, "the cannon-balls whistled so loud about me, that, both the next houses being beaten down, and two bullets having struck the house wherein I slept, I clad me as I could, and ran, bare-foot and bare-legged,

to some little distance from the town, to take shelter in a ditch, like that at Newmarket.* But before she had gone far, she remembered that an old and ugly dog, named "Mitte," whom she loved much, was left at the mercy of the Parliamentary admiral, lying on the bed she had just quitted. Back she hied, and, rushing up-stairs, seized and carried off her favourite, "the balls singing round us, and a sergeant killed only twenty paces from me." In the ditch already mentioned, she and her ladies crouched down, the shots passing over their heads; while one dangerous ball grazed the edge of the ditch, covering the fugitives with earth and stones.† At last the Admiral of Holland, the famous Van Tromp, sent the English fleet word that, if they ceased not, he would fire upon them as enemies. So they gave over.

In his indignation against Parliament, for first impeaching and then seeking to kill her whom, with manly simplicity, Charles always called "my wife," he now refused to acknowledge the Lords and Commons sitting at Westminster to be "a free Parliament." He joined the army in the west,

* In an illustrated copy of "Heath's Chronicles" (published 1663), against the passage that "Queen Henrietta had risen from bed and got under a hill to save her life," is this marginal MS. note in a contemporary hand, "and was glad to rest in a poor woman's house; where, being hungry, she caused some milk to be boyled for her, and said it was the sweetest meat she ever did eat in her life. I heard it from her own lips." (Extracted from *Notes and Queries*, Fourth Series, March 28, 1868.)

† Bossuet, in his fine oration at the funeral of Henrietta Maria, mentions the following fact. While the queen yet remained near Burlington, one of the captains of the vessels which had bombarded her house was seized, tried by a military tribunal, condemned, and led out to die. The queen, meeting the procession, and learning that her loyal subjects were about to punish the man who had aimed at her life, exclaimed, "Ah! I have forgiven him! and as he did not kill me, he shall not be put to death on my account." Then turning to the captain, she entreated him not to persecute again one who would not harm him when she could. So touched was the officer by her generosity, that he not only came over himself to her cause, but persuaded many of his shipmates to join him in so doing.

and besieged Gloucester (August 10), a city well-garrisoned and resolutely defended. But, fearing to risk an engagement with Essex, who was approaching to relieve the place with an army of superior strength, he raised the blockade and retired. Four days afterwards, having received an accession to his forces, he pursued the Parliamentary general, who was returning to London, as far as Newbury, where a bloody battle was fought, which lasted all day. Like Edgehill, the fierceness and courage of both sides failed to gain a decided victory, which each party claimed. But the loss of Royalists of rank was unusually great, Lords Carnarvon and Sunderland being slain. Here, too, fell the devoted Falkland, one of the noblest and purest of the king's adherents, of whom his friend Clarendon says, that "ever since the outbreak of this civil war he had fallen into deep dejection, even with sighs, mournfully ingeminating 'Peace, peace,' and declaring that the very agony of foreseeing the calamities which his country must endure, took his sleep from him, and would soon break his heart. On the morning of the battle he had observed to a friend, 'I am weary of the times; but I believe I shall be out of these miseries ere night.' Sore and sad was the loss at Newbury, but that of him was sorer far." *

Falkland's cry for peace was echoed in London, where the Lords had come to resolutions upon a proposal of the king's, which were far more moderate than any previously entertained. But the Commons were resolute for war, and, though the popular cry was for a cessation of arms, and though women surrounded the house, demanding that the traitors who were against peace, especially "that rascal

* Whitelocke mentions that among the banners taken by the Parliamentary army at Newbury, was one which bore the figure of the Parliament House, with two traitors' heads standing on the top thereof, and beneath it the words "Ut extra sic infra," which caused much irritation.

Pym," should be given up to them, to be torn in pieces, and though men ventured to sing, even in London streets—

" Plague take Pym and all his peers ; *
Huza for Prince Rupert and his Cavaliers ; "

and though many of the Upper House, among whom was Lord Holland, left Parliament, and joined the king at Oxford, the Commons continued inflexible. Among other attempts to compel them to accept reasonable terms, and restore peace to the nation, was a conspiracy formed by the poet Waller, himself a member of the Lower House. But (May 31st) the plot was discovered, and Waller, with a few others, was arrested. To save himself, he shamelessly sacrificed his friends—two of whom, Tomkins and Challoner, were hanged before their own doors ; while he, after abject and almost frantic submissions to Parliament, purchased from them his own pardon for £10,000, the first time that a Parliament was ever so bribed.

Disappointed in their hope of rapidly crushing the king, the Houses now called to their aid the Scots, with whom they entered into a " Solemn League and Covenant," binding themselves thereby, not only to aid each other in mutual defence, but also to extirpate Popery and Prelacy. The Scots, who hoped, by this alliance with the Puritans, to overthrow the Church of England and establish Presbyterianism in its room, eagerly accepted the overture, especially as it was accompanied with a subsidy of £100,000. " Plus despots que les despots," this Presbyterian Parliament of England, compared with whose bigotry that of Laud was as nothing, now insisted more vehemently on uniformity than even the Court of High Commission, by them destroyed, had done. They compelled all persons holding civil or military offices, and all beneficed clergy, to

* On the 8th December, 1643, Pym died. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, Parliament having voted a sum of money to pay his debts, and inter him with honour.

sign the Covenant or give up their appointments, and ejected from their livings 2,000, some say many more, clergymen, for refusing the oath.*

In January, 1644, "up to their knees in snow," the Scots entered England with an army 40,000 strong, under the Earl of Leven, and in February took possession of Sunderland, where they were immediately blockaded by the Marquis of Newcastle.

The king, perceiving the tempest which was gathering from Scotland, sought aid from Ireland, where the Marquis of Ormond commanded 50,000 men. Concluding a peace with the Irish (September 15, 1643), Ormond sent a large force, which landed at Mostyn, in North Wales, but was defeated at Nantwich (January 25, 1644) by Fairfax, who then joined the Scots, and laid siege to York, whither the Marquis of Newcastle had retired. But Prince Rupert was not far off. He had been engaged in relieving Latham House, which the heroic Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby, had held against a detachment of Fairfax's army from February to May. For eighteen weeks did this gallant lady make good her castle walls: herself pointing the cannon, and commanding from tower and barbican like a brave general. Her sole reply to the summons of Parliament "to surrender her stronghold, and submit herself to their mercies," was that "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."†

* Not only were they expelled from their benefices and deprived of all they possessed, even to household furniture, but those clergy who were only plundered and turned out were the least ill-treated; for many were so misused that they died, while hundreds perished in jails or in the holds of ships where they were shut up.

† Charlotte de la Tremouille was not the first lady in England who, during the absence of a husband, had defended her mansion against an enemy. In the previous year, the wife of William Porefoy, a Member of Parliament, gallantly held Coldest Manor-house against Prince Rupert and 400 Cavaliers. Her little garrison consisted of the brave lady and her two daughters, her son-in-law, eight male servants, and a few females. Their sole arms were eight muskets, which the women

After triumphantly relieving Latham, Rupert, with his 20,000 men, advanced upon York, from which Fairfax and Leven, raising the siege, retreated to Tadcaster, pursued by the prince, in defiance of Lord Newcastle, the general in command at York, who counselled him not to hazard an engagement. But, ungovernable as he was courageous, Prince Rupert was resolved to fight; and the two armies met at Marston Moor. The sun was in the west when the prince gave the word, "God and the King," and set on. Had it not been for Cromwell, who, for the first time, headed his Ironsides in a pitched battle, and who bore down upon the enemy with the cry of "God for us," the issue would have probably been different. For the right wing of the Parliamentary army was scattered like dust. But while the impetuous and rash Rupert was pursuing and slaying the Scots cavalry, and while the infantry on each side were fighting with the sturdy resolution of Englishmen, Cromwell's charge decided the day.* The Royalists fled, with the loss of 1,500 prisoners, more than 100 banners (the prince's among them), and all their artillery and baggage. A remarkable circumstance is recorded concerning this engagement. After Cromwell's Ironsides had completely routed the right wing of the Royalists, and Lucas, who commanded the Royalists' left wing, had equally discomfited the Parliamentary right wing, the two victorious parties, retreating from the pursuit,

loaded and the men discharged from the windows. At length the house was set on fire, and would have been destroyed had not the lady gone forth and claimed the protection of the Cavaliers. Prince Rupert respected her courage, and would not suffer her property to be plundered.

* It was in this battle that Cromwell's troopers, from their invincible bravery, obtained their name of Ironsides. At the first play of the artillery, their leader narrowly escaped a cannon-ball, which almost grazed his head. For a moment his men thought him killed, but, instantly recovering his self-possession, he said that "a miss was as good as a mile."

faced each other, and renewed the combat more fiercely than ever. So that the face of the battle was counter-changed, the king's forces standing where those of the Parliament had been, and the latter occupying the same ground and the same front as those of the king when the battle had begun. Rupert retreated to Chester with the wreck of his army, and the Marquis of Newcastle, deeply aggrieved by the rejection of his advice, and seeing all his two years' labours lost in one day, flung up his command, and retired to the Continent.

On the 16th July, York surrendered to Fairfax, and on the 29th October the Scots took Newcastle. And thus the north, hitherto the Royalists' stronghold, fell completely into the hands of Parliament.

Meanwhile the queen, afflicted with illness, and no longer able to act the "She Majesty Generalissimo," as she had called herself in spring, was preparing to seek refuge in Exeter, whither Charles had summoned his faithful household physician to attend her, by this one emphatic line, "Mayerne, for love of me, go to my wife. C. R." The king escorted her as far as Abingdon, where the royal pair parted "with streaming tears, and woe unspeakable," never to meet more on earth. After giving birth at Exeter to a princess, the ill-fated Henrietta Anne, the queen fled to France (July 14th, 1644), broken in health, crushed in spirit, and destitute of all things.*

* By both Madame de la Fayette and Mademoiselle de Montpensier we are informed that when Henrietta Maria found that Essex was advancing upon Exeter, and had offered 50,000 crowns for her head, she, with a courage worthy of her father, Henry the Great, left her sick-bed, though less than a fortnight after her confinement, and, passing in disguise through a detachment of the Parliamentary army, tried to escape to the sea-coast. But three miles from the city gate her strength failed, and she was compelled to take refuge in a hut, where, under a heap of litter, and without a morsel of food, she lay for two days, hearing Essex's troopers pass her hiding-place swearing that they would carry the Frenchwoman's head to Parliament and receive the offered reward. At nightfall of the second day she ven-

We must now return to the south and west.

Early in this year (1644) the king had, by the advice of Hyde (Clarendon), summoned Parliament to meet at Oxford. Most of the Peers obeyed, but more than half of the Commons continued to sit at Westminster—the first time England had seen two Parliaments in session at once. This “shadow of a Parliament,” this “mongrel,” this “Anti-Parliament,” as the House at Oxford was called, sat from January 22 to April 16, and after vain endeavours to bring about peace, it voted levies of men and money, and raised supplies by means of an excise.

And now all moderate men having retired from the Commons House, their measures became more outrageous than ever. They had five armies (including the Scots), and 56,000 soldiers, under Essex, Waller, Manchester, and Fairfax. In April the two former generals coalesced, and marched to besiege the king in Oxford; but, by a skilful manœuvre, Charles secretly quitted the city by night, with all his cavalry and a considerable body of infantry, and safely passing between the two hostile armies, fell back upon Worcester. He then suddenly returned, and after defeating Waller, who had parted company with Essex, at Cropredy Bridge, near Banbury (June 29), marched westward in pursuit of Essex. That general retreated into Cornwall. But finding himself surrounded by the Royal troops, and in danger of utter annihilation,

tured out, and, after spending the night in a wood, embarked in a friendly Dutch vessel for France (June 30, 1644). The little bark was pursued and fired upon by a Parliamentary cruiser; whereupon, seeing small chance of escape, she made the captain swear that he would fire the powder-magazine and destroy her and the ship together, rather than deliver her to the enemies of her husband. Just as the danger was most imminent, a French ship hove in sight, and the cruiser sheered off. Still her perils were not over, for a storm beat her disabled craft over to the harbour of Dieppe. Nor was it till July 3rd that she found refuge on the coast of Brittany.

he effected his escape to Plymouth by sea. His infantry, under Skippon, gladly accepted the honourable terms offered by the sovereign, and surrendered with all their arms, artillery, baggage, and ammunition; while the cavalry, under cover of a thick mist, slipped past the royal outposts, and eluded pursuit. Essex owned that so great a blow had never befallen his party.

But the rebels quickly collected another army under the Earl of Manchester, having wherewithal to pay them, which the king had not, and impressing men by means more arbitrary than he, in the worst periods of his government, had ever used. With this army, Manchester, who had Oliver Cromwell as general of his horse, defeated Charles at the second battle of Newbury (Sunday, October 27). Hotly as this action was contested, it failed, like several preceding ones, of producing any definitive results; and Charles retired unmolested into winter quarters at Oxford.

The autumn campaign of this year is memorable for the first appearance of Robert Blake, afterwards the celebrated admiral; he was now a colonel in the Parliamentary army, and distinguished himself at the capture of Taunton.

Meanwhile, three loyal Scottish noblemen were raising the royal standard in the north: George Gordon, Marquis of Huntley; Randal M'Donald, Earl of Antrim; and James Graham, Earl of Montrose. The latter, aided by a body of Irish, discomfited Lord Elcho at Tippermuir, near Perth, and afterwards sacked Aberdeen (September 12).

The year 1644 closed with the condemnation of Archbishop Laud for high treason (December 17). This aged prelate had lain four years in prison. The Scots and Presbyterians being the ruling interest in the two Houses, and the Covenant their idol, they resolved to send their old enemy to a bloody grave, and employed Prynne, who longed for revenge, and now repaid, tenfold, the intolerance with which he had himself been visited, to conduct

the prosecution against him. Once, twice, even thrice was Laud brought to the Bar of the House, and charged, though both his life and death belied the accusation, with labouring to introduce Popery and subvert the rights of Parliament. He defended himself with skill and spirit, and with the courage which innocence and integrity alone can give. As no evidence of guilt, though sought for with malignant industry, could be found, Prynne suddenly entered one night the Archbishop's chamber in the Tower, while he was in bed, and abstracted from his pocket his Prayer-book and private diary, which, a contemporary writer states, he afterwards published, with infamous additions of his own.

When Laud became aware that this base and illegal act had received the sanction of Parliament, and that his own papers would be used as evidence against him, he made no complaint, but answered the inquiry of a friend how he fared in his long imprisonment, by saying, "I bless God that none of my troubles, not even this, hath deprived me of an hour's rest." The Lords feebly strove to prevent the shedding of the old man's blood; it was not till after long delay that they concurred in his condemnation, and even then only seven voted on the question; the rest, from too much shame or too little courage, absented themselves from the House.

When the fatal sentence was communicated to the archbishop, apprehensive as he had always shown himself of a violent death, he received it with composure and fortitude. "No one," said he, "can be more willing to send me out of the world than I am to be gone." He passed to the scaffold as to a triumph; and the bitter revilings of the mob, who hooted him to the last moment, could not ruffle his serenity nor disturb hopes which were not of this world. Observing, through a chink of the boards, that some persons, who were below the scaffold, stood directly under the block, he requested

that they might be removed, "for I would not," said he, "that my blood should fall on the heads of the people." He then delivered what he called his last sermon: in which, after vindicating the king from the charge of Popery, he declared himself as sound a Protestant as any man present.* Kneeling down, he prayed for his sovereign and the realm of England, as well as for his own eternal salvation, through the merits of the Redeemer, and, laying his head on the block, gave the signal to the executioner by saying, aloud, "Lord, receive my soul." His head was severed at one blow.

This prelate's character is thus described by Whitelocke: "He was too full of fire, though just and good. His lack of experience in State matters, and his too much zeal for the Church, would have set the nation in a blaze."† Only seven days before his death, the Liturgy of the Church of England had been abolished by Act of Parlia-

* The chroniclers say that when Sir John Clotworthy, one of the Puritans who were upon the scaffold, asked Laud what text of Scripture was comfortable to die with, the aged prelate calmly replied, "*Cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo.*" "A good desire," was the reply; "but there must be a foundation for that assurance." "No man can express it," said Laud, "it is to be found within." "But," continued the pertinacious Clotworthy, "it is founded upon a word, though, and that word should be known." "It is the knowledge of Jesus, and that alone," was the reply. Then Laud, turning to the headsman, gave him money, saying, "Here, honest friend, God forgive thee; and do thine office upon me in mercy." He then kneeled down, said one more prayer, made the sign, and one blow sufficed. Some friends carried the body to Barking churchyard and there interred it, reading over it the service in that liturgy for which he had laid down his life.

† Of this prelate, Fuller writes that he was admirable in his naturals, blameless in his morals, strict and godly in his whole life and conversation. But, though gentle and amiable in his intercourse with those whom he loved and esteemed, he was uncourteous, nay, sometimes haughty and even rude, "the which caused him to be little liked of people in general." Had he borne in mind the saying of Henry IV. :—

*"Parole douce, et main à bonnet,
Ne coûte rien, et bon est,"*

he might have worn his head on his shoulders to the end.

ment; and the Scots and the Londoners had held a solemn thanksgiving for "the happy change." But their thanksgivings were somewhat premature; for a long existing schism, which had daily gathered strength in the last two years, now became so formidable as to threaten to convert all their rejoicings into woe. The celebrated Assembly of Divines, convened by Parliament at Westminster (June, 1648), had framed a Calvinistic and Presbyterian model, both of doctrine and discipline, to which, as we have seen, Parliament adhered, and which it imposed on all under its control. Now, however, arose the party called Independents, which, like the mighty stone in Nebuchadnezzar's vision, was expected to break its enemies in pieces, and fill the whole earth. The name of this sect correctly described its tenets, for it held that each congregation formed a separate and complete Church; that all men, ordained or unordained, were equally free to act as clergymen, to preach, pray in public, and open the Scriptures; and that the civil power had no authority in matters of religion. Among its ranks were some of the ablest men of the time, Oliver Cromwell, Sir Harry Vane, Nathaniel Fiennes, Oliver St. John, and others. Their political system was republican. With surly pride they sought nothing short of entire supremacy for their own party; and, in order to obtain it, they set themselves to overthrow the monarchy, and even the aristocracy, resolutely adhering to the maxim, that whosoever draws the sword on the sovereign should throw away the scabbard. As their first step, Oliver formally accused the Earl of Manchester of backwardness in the field, averring that, unless the war were more vigorously prosecuted, the people would no longer endure it, but would enforce the House to a dishonourable peace. This speech brought the struggle between the Presbyterians and Independents to an issue. Manchester recriminated; and Essex and the Scottish Commissioners, who had long been secretly caballing against Cromwell, demanded of

Parliament that he should be proceeded against as a disturber of the public peace, and an incendiary.

At length, at the instance of Cromwell himself, who dictated the measure, the House of Commons passed an Act, called the Self-denying Ordinance, which excluded every member of both Houses from any office, civil or military (December 21). The army was then (to use the phrase of the day) put on a new model. It was composed almost exclusively of Independents. Essex and Manchester were excluded. Sir Thomas Fairfax, whose commission, be it remarked, no longer ran, like those of Essex (and of Manchester), in the name of the king and Parliament, but in that of the Parliament alone, was made Commander-in-Chief, and, by his desire (the self-denying ordinance being set aside in his favour), Cromwell was appointed Lieutenant-General and Commander of the Horse. "Thus," as a chronicler expresses it, "did the Independents cut the grass (? the ground) from under the Presbyterians' feet."

During these proceedings, negotiations for peace were carried on at Uxbridge, where a conference was opened (January 80), and a truce for twenty days was arranged. But from the first there seemed small hope of success; for the Puritans, besides insisting on the total abolition of Episcopacy, the Liturgy, and all Church ceremonies, for which they would substitute the Presbyterian form of worship, also demanded the absolute control of the army and navy, and the settlement, by their authority, of Ireland. The king, on the other side, though tenderly compassionate of his bleeding people, and willing to make great concessions, because he desired nothing so much as a speedy peace, refused to yield one hair's-breadth in the points referring to religion, pleading that his conscience forbade him to abandon the Church which he had sworn to maintain. He was also much displeased at the exceptions taken by Parliament to several persons belonging to the

court and the royal army. Among these were his nephews, Princes Rupert and Maurice, who, being present when their names were read as excepted persons, laughed loudly, at which the king bade them be quiet; from all which it might be evident that the difficulties raised by Parliament caused much chagrin to his Majesty, and checked the graciousness of his purposes.

The exorbitancy of the Parliamentary demands, and, alas! the insincerity of the king's concessions,—for his father's boasted kingcraft seems to have influenced his conduct and led him to promise what he never meant to grant,—not only broke off the negotiations, but left both parties more distrustful and inveterate towards each other than ever. It was suspected that Charles' vacillation, conceding one day what he recalled the next, might be due to a communication from Montrose, who had obtained great successes in the Highlands. After remaining some weeks in concealment, he had suddenly re-appeared, ravaged the lands of the Marquis of Argyll, the Parliamentary Lieutenant of Scotland, defeated him at Inverlochy, and sacked Elgin and Dundee. Montrose, in his letter, earnestly besought the king not to treat with his rebel subjects, unless they would disband and submit to his royal mercy and pardon; "For give me leave," said he, "in all humility, to assure your Majesty that, through God's blessing, I am in the fairest hopes of reducing this kingdom to perfect obedience." This communication arrived during the last night but one of the conference; and, when the following day expired without anything being concluded, the Commons peremptorily recalled their commissioners, declared the truce at an end, and the war blazed out again with the greatest fury in both parties.

The campaign of 1645 promised some advantage to the Royal cause. Charles marched from Oxford early in May, relieved Chester on the 15th, and seized Leicester on the 31st. On receiving this intelligence, Fairfax, who had

besieged Oxford during the king's absence, marched in pursuit of the Royal army ; while Charles, turning back to relieve Oxford, encountered the Parliamentary general at Naseby, near Market Harborough (June 14th). Here, on the broad moor, an action took place, which for ever annihilated the king's fortunes, and after which he virtually ceased to be a sovereign.

Prince Rupert and his brother commanded the right wing of the Royal army, Sir Marmaduke Langdale the left, and the king in person the centre.

The reserves were under Lord Lindsey, son of the general killed at Edgehill, and Sir Jacob Astley. The right wing of the Parliamentary force was led by Cromwell, the left by Ireton, the centre by Fairfax and Skippon, and the reserves by Colonels Rainsborough, Hammond, and Pryde. Scarcely had the battle began, when Ireton's troops fell into utter confusion at the furious onslaught of Prince Rupert ; and Ireton himself was wounded and taken prisoner, though he contrived to escape during the day. On the other hand, Langdale's horse fled before Cromwell's battle-cry of " God is our strength." More prudent than Rupert, Cromwell contented himself with scattering his enemy, without losing time in the pursuit, and finding Fairfax, whose helmet had been broken by a shot, and who was riding, bareheaded, from rank to rank, and Skippon wounded, though the brave old man, with characteristic courage, refused to be borne from the field so long as there was one soldier to stand by him, he fell, with his Ironsides, upon the king's centre, and, driving them before him, retrieved the fortunes of the day. When Prince Rupert, who had been chasing and slaying Ireton's squadrons, returned, too late, to the field, it was to find, as at Edgehill and Marston Moor, that all was lost. Vainly had the unhappy sovereign placed himself at the head of his guards, saying, " One more charge, gentlemen, and we recover the day ; " none could be brought to rally ; they turned their

horses and spurred away, each shifting for himself. Clarendon thus explains the cause of their flight:—As the king moved forward at the head of the column, the Earl of Carnwath, who was riding beside him, suddenly laid hands on the bridle of his Majesty's horse, and swearing two or three full-mouthed Scottish oaths (for of that nation was he), and crying, "Will you go upon your death in an instant?" turned the steed round, and, ere the king could understand his meaning or pluck the bridle from his grasp, the guards had wheeled round and fled.

The battle was over, the rebels' victory complete. "The new noddle," as the Royalists contemptuously termed the "newly modelled" Parliamentary army, had proved itself even more formidable than its predecessor; and Cromwell, in a letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, thus describes the engagement: "We, after three hours of fighting, very doubtful, at last routed the king's army, and killed and took about 5,000; very many officers, of what quality we yet know not; also about 200 carriages, all he had; and all his guns, being twelve in number."

But a booty more precious than guns, or even prisoners, fell that day into the hands of Parliament. It was the king's private cabinet,* which disclosed secrets of deeper injury to his cause than any victory of his enemies: furnishing the Parliament with evidence of his determination to rule England by absolute power, to call in the aid of foreign princes to subdue his rebellious subjects, and to

* Clarendon says: "In the king's cabinet were copies of his letters to the queen, writ with great delicacy and fondness, and giving a very advantageous idea both of his Majesty's genius and morals. These, after their barbarous usage, Parliament published in prints, setting forth so much of them as they thought would improve the prejudices against their Majesties, and suppressing those parts which would have vindicated them from aspersions." So clear was the king's conscience as to the contents of this cabinet, that in a letter to Secretary Nicholas he says, "I thank God that, as a good Protestant and an honest man, I need blush for none of those papers."

free the Papists from every restraint, on condition of their giving him such assistance as should reinstate him on the throne. The slaughter at Naseby was terrific: the best blood of the Cavaliers bedewed the broad moor, and no cruelty was unpractised that day; for in the pursuit about a hundred women were slain, some being the wives of officers of rank.

"When all was done that man could do,
And all was done in vain,"

the king quitted the field, with Cromwell's cavalry thundering in his rear. He had fought his last battle, as he ever had fought, with the conduct of a prudent general and the valour of a stout soldier; and now he wandered, without where to lay his head. In his journal, that beautiful and touching memorial of his afflictions, are the following entries: "Lay in the field all night." And again, "Rode hard all night." Once, after being in the saddle from six A.M. till midnight, he dismissed his loyal followers with these pathetic words: "Gentlemen, farewell; go you and take your rest; you have homes to dwell in and families to love and live with; but I have none, my horse is waiting for me to travel all night." Nor was he better off for food than rest. The journal notes, for several successive days, "No dinner," and sometimes, "Dinner in the field." Again, he often fasted entirely, "my rebellious subjects not having left me enough from my revenue to keep me from starving." One entry is: "Sunday, no food; a cruel day." But often as the ill-fated king was thrown upon the compassion of his lowliest subjects, often as he sought refuge in "a very poor man's house," or "with a very poor widow," never was he, never has any Stuart been, betrayed by any individual of the lower class. At length, after perils and privations innumerable, he took refuge in Wales. And there, while Fairfax overran the north, and Cromwell, whose military talent became daily more conspicuous, reduced the midland counties, the Scots advanced

upon him from the north, and, after a vain attempt to relieve Chester (September 28), and having witnessed, from a tower on the city walls, the defeat of his troops at Rowton Heath, he at length made his way with the relics of his broken army to Oxford; where (November 5) he shut himself up for the winter, after the most grievous march that king ever was exercised on. All now seemed against him. From the battle of Naseby, nought was in his favour. By it the Parliament was put in possession of all the strong towns of the kingdom: Leicester, Bridgewater, Sherborne, Bath, Exeter, Pontefract, Scarborough, Winchester, and Chester. Even Bristol, which Prince Rupert had boasted he could hold for four months, was by him surrendered to Fairfax after a feeble defence of only as many days, thereby completing the king's ruin (September 11, 1645); and the king, in the bitterness of his heart and disappointment of his hopes, revoked all the prince's military commissions, and ordered him to quit the country.

The last hopes of the Royal cause in Scotland were finally extinguished at Philiphaugh; where the gallant Earl of Montrose, who had routed Argyle and the Covenanters at Auldearn, Alferd, and Kilsyth, and gained in all seven great victories, was signally defeated by Leslie, and nearly annihilated. He escaped, with two of his followers, from the bloody field; but all the prisoners taken by the Scotch were butchered in cold blood: and even some women, captured several days after the fight, were, it is said, drowned by order of the Covenanting preachers, without any form of trial.

The king was now left alone, with none to befriend or counsel him. Stung to the heart by the pusillanimity, some say the treachery, of his nephew, a mortification sharper than any which his enemies had inflicted: separated from all his family, for the Prince of Wales had obeyed his commands and escaped beyond seas, and his younger children had fallen into the hands of Parliament: his dis-

organised troops reduced to a few hundreds, terrible only when plundering, and resolute only in running away (such is Clarendon's account of them): nothing could be more doleful than the king's situation while abiding at Oxford. To add to his calamities, he received tidings, from Stow-in-the-Wolds, of the defeat of his faithful follower, Lord Astley, who, at the head of 3,000 Cavaliers, was on his way to "the loyal city." The brave old general was taken prisoner; and as, wearied and wounded, he sat upon a drum which the soldiers had brought him to rest on, he thus addressed the captains of the Parliamentary army, who respectfully gathered round him, to gaze upon the hero of so many battles: "My masters, you have done your work and may now go play, unless you fall out among yourselves." When the ominous words were repeated to the unhappy king, whose affairs were now going fast to ruin in every quarter, he observed, with a sigh, "Too true." Once more did he renew his propositions to Parliament—propositions which he trusted might yet be the basis of a happy and well-grounded peace; but his overtures met with no response. Nor were the negotiations more successful which he opened with the Scots and Independents. Lastly, when he offered to return to Whitehall and treat with Parliament in person, provided they would grant him and his attendants a safe-conduct, they not only refused, but issued orders for taking him prisoner if he approached London. In other words, they required him to surrender at discretion.

Under these circumstances, and having the greatest horror of falling alive into the hands of Fairfax, who was drawing nearer and nearer to Oxford, Charles determined to throw himself upon the generosity of his countrymen, the Scots, trusting they would be moved to pity by the sight of their native prince fleeing to them in the extremity of his distress. Before quitting, for the last time, his place of refuge, he wrote thus to Lord Digby:

"Assure all my friends that, if I can no longer live a king, I will die like a gentleman, without doing aught to make honest men blush for me." To his wife he addressed these pathetic words: "I conjure thee, by thy constant love to me, that, if I miscarry and be taken by the rebels, that thou continue, for Prince Charles, the same efforts thou hast done for me; and, like thy father's own daughter, instead of whining over my misfortunes in silence and retirement, do thou vigorously aid our son to recover his rights."

At midnight, Sunday, April 26, 1646, the king, disguised as the servant of Ashburnham, the groom of his chambers, and attended only by him and by his honest and plain-dealing chaplain, Dr. Hudson, who had previously shorn from the royal head the love-lock, that well-known badge of a Cavalier, he escaped from Oxford, and, after a sorrowful and hazardous journey, reached the Scotch head-quarters at Newcastle (May 5).

Here the king was received with protestations of loyalty and joy unspeakable, that he should have so honoured their army as to think it worthy of his presence. But the night had not passed ere he was made to feel that he was a prisoner. A guard, called a guard of honour, was stationed at his door, and as he was in the act of giving them the watch-word for the night, he was interrupted by grim old Leslie: "Pardon me, sire," said he, "I am the oldest soldier here: your Majesty will permit me to undertake that duty." Next morning he was required to order the surrender to Parliament of all his garrisons in England and also in Dublin, leaving him no place in his realm that he might call his own; and to command Montrose to lay down his arms.* He was vehemently, and even with menaces, pressed to take the

* "At the same time," says Wisahart, "he sent to desire his faithful adherent, Montrose, to flee and provide for his own safety." Montrose then quitted the kingdom.

Covenant, to consent to the destruction of the Church of England, and the substitution of Presbyterianism ; and he was shortly involved in a controversy on Church matters with a Presbyterian divine called Henderson,* in which controversy Charles not only showed much learning, but sincere attachment to the Protestant Church of England. Daily, during the eight months in which he remained in the hands of the Scots (May, 1646, to January 30, 1647), did he repent more and more the step he had taken. It might have been that a king, deprived of throne, freedom, wife, and children, would have been compassionated under any circumstances, or, at least, treated with the respect due to misfortune. But the sour and surly Covenanters, lacking taste and humanity alike, insulted him with reproaches on his misgovernment with their unfeeling exhortations and pulpit insolence. The following anecdote is well known : One day, the king being present, the preacher, after setting before him his iniquities, selected, as part of the service, the 52nd Psalm, which commences—

“ Why dost thou, tyrant, boast thyself,
Thy wicked deeds to praise ? ”

As he gave out these words, in a sharp and acrimonious voice, all eyes were turned on the captive monarch ; who, rising, with dignity and meekness, touching even to the fanatical zealots around him, besought them to join with him in the 56th Psalm—

“ Have mercy, Lord, on me,
For men would me devour.”

* From Echard we learn that Henderson thus spoke of the king : “ I do declare, before God and the world, that I found his Majesty the most intelligent man I ever spoke with. I was astonished at the solidity and quickness of his reasons and replies, and his so great knowledge ; while the sweetness of his disposition was such, that whatsoever I said was well taken. Never did I meet with a disputant of so calm and mild a temper, which convinced me that such could not have been without an extraordinary measure of the Divine grace. I dare to say, that had his advice been followed, all the bloodshed and rapine that have been committed would have been prevented.”

The congregation sided with the king, and the latter Psalm was sung.

But, painful as was his position in Scotland—so painful that he wrote to the queen, “I never knew what it was to be so barbarously treated before, and to have such rude pressures against my conscience”—and hard as were the terms which the Scotch would force upon him, the demands of the English Parliament were harder still. Not only the adoption of the Covenant, the abolition of Episcopacy, and establishment of Presbyterianism were required, but also the command of the military for twenty years, and the exclusion of ten of his most faithful adherents from the amnesty. His consent or refusal was peremptorily demanded within ten days. Before, however, this term had expired, they devised a plan for obtaining possession of his person, and at the same time ridding themselves of the Scotch, whose reception of the king had excited their indignation, and whom they had more than once requested to retire to their own land. Had they dared, they would have driven their old allies back at the sword’s point. But, as Leslie refused to quit England till the arrears due to his army had been paid, and for the more safety of his prize retreated to Newcastle; and, as little could be gained by provoking the wary old soldier to go farther and farther north, so long as he retained the royal captive in his own power, they entered into a negotiation with the army to deliver up their prisoner for a large sum of money.

Many and long were the debates on this head, much the haggling as to the price. “An evil deed was it, and evilly done; for the money was raised by the sale of the bishops’ lands.” At length, to their eternal disgrace, the Scots, for the sum of £400,000, betrayed the king who trusted to their honour and fled to them in his hour of peril, into the hands of his enemies (January 30th, 1647), and having, by filling their pockets, quieted their con-

sciences, they returned home, laden with plunder, rejoicing in their good fortune, and execrated by all honest men.

When the tidings of this disgraceful bargain, concerning which the king justly remarked, "I am bought and sold: shame that my price was so far higher than my Saviour's," was first communicated to Charles, he was playing at chess; so great was his self-command, that he continued the game without revealing, either by countenance or manner, the distressing nature of the intelligence. To the entreaties of many Scots nobles that he would flee north into the Highlands, where thousands of hearts were his own, he replied, with a mournful smile, "I think it more honourable to go with those who have bought, than to remain with those who have sold me."

On the 9th February, 1647, escorted by a strong guard of horse, and accompanied by the Parliamentary Commissioners who were sent to take him in charge, he was removed from Newcastle to one of his own royal residences, Holmby, near Althorpe, Northamptonshire; "the whole country flocking to behold him, many with tears and prayers for his safety, and even the most adverse compassionating his fallen estate." Such is the testimony of Sir Thomas Herbert, who, with another gentleman named Harrington, was selected by Parliament to wait upon him, and who soon, be it observed, became one of his most devoted adherents. At Holmby, the king was kept in close custody, cut off from all his friends and family, deprived of every one of his old servants, and even refused the ministrations of his chaplains, because they had not taken the Covenant. The cost of his household was defrayed by the sacrilegious coining into money the altar plate at Whitehall.

With the imprisonment of the king ended the first civil war.

In the previous summer Oxford had surrendered to Fairfax, and ere the close of the year all the Royal garri-

sons were in the possession of Parliament, except Harlech Castle, which held out till March 30, 1647. As Harlech was the last stronghold to open its gates to the rebels, so was the venerable Marquis of Worcester, nearly eighty-five years of age, who defended his mansion of Raglan till reduced to the utmost extremity, the last man in England to lay down his arms.

By the death (September 16) of Lord Essex, who is declared by Clarendon to have lived long enough to regret the part he had taken against his sovereign, and to be more anxious to restore the king to power than he had ever been to exalt the Parliament, the moderate party was much diminished, and the small remains of authority still belonging to the House of Peers nearly extinguished.

Fearful changes were impending, darker days at hand, and fiercer men and fiercer measures hastening on.

"Utrum horum mavis, accipe."

CHARLES I.—(*continued.*)

PART IV.

From the delivering up of the King to Parliament by the Scots (January 30, 1647), to his execution (January 30, 1649).

THE first civil war was over. The king had absolved his followers from their allegiance; and Parliament had now no foe to fear, save the very troops through whose assistance they had climbed to this pitch of power. Three days after the king's arrival at Holmby they took steps to get rid of the army by sending part to Ireland and disbanding the rest, dismissing every officer above the rank of colonel, Sir Thomas Fairfax alone excepted.

Then, in the true and narrow spirit of Presbyterianism, holding every sectary, no less than every prelatist, to be enemies to all godliness, they insisted upon the officers taking the Covenant and conforming to Presbyterianism. This was a blow directly aimed at the Independents, and especially at Cromwell and Ireton, who were now closely united, through the marriage of Ireton with Cromwell's eldest daughter.

But while Parliament was thus bent on carrying matters with a high hand, the army was no less determined on the same course. The soldiers had learned the dangerous lesson, that might, not right, should rule. They felt their power, and resolutely refused to be broken up, unless their

arrears were paid. Persuading Fairfax to advance upon London, with the avowed intent of overawing Parliament, they addressed, from their head-quarters at Saffron Walden, an imperious petition to the House, demanding that their dues be forthwith discharged. At first Parliament returned an equally imperious reply, declaring all concerned in promoting the petition to be enemies to the State and disturbers of the public peace. But their denunciations were disregarded. They had only conquered their sovereign to find fresh masters in their own servants, who were now "rising against them and tumbling them from their high state." They had evoked spirits whom they could not lay, and a tempest which was beyond their control. Accordingly they were fain to conciliate, and sent Cromwell, Skippon, Ireton, and Fleetwood, "to make offers to the army and inquire into their distempers." The expedient was unfortunate, because these very men had been the secret fomentors of the discontent. By their suggestion a council of officers was appointed after the model of the House of Lords, and two delegates were chosen from the privates of each company to represent the House of Commons. This military Parliament, who were styled "adjutators," or by a happy periphrasis *agitators*, at once drew up a statement of their grievances, which Parliament vainly tried to compose by ordering the payment of eight weeks' arrears. "It is eight times eight weeks' arrears we want," was the reply. After more than one petition and counter-petition, a rendezvous of all the soldiers was arranged to take place at Newmarket, to deliberate on matters; and meanwhile it was secretly resolved by the leaders of the Commons, that when Cromwell, who was considered the head of the disaffected party, should come next day to the House, he should be arrested and sent to the Tower. But Cromwell, having heard of this plan, got hastily and secretly out of town, and, while it was scarce light, rode, his horse all of a foam, without stop or stay, to

Triploe Heath, where was the camp. The soldiers welcomed him with delight, and he was instantly invested with supreme command. Ere break of day that same morning, a memorable scene had taken place in Northamptonshire, where Cromwell had formed the audacious design of seizing the king's person. On the preceding afternoon it was rumoured that a large and suspicious-looking body of cavalry was on its way to Holmby; and at midnight the tramp of horse was heard, and a party of 500, it is even said 1,000, troopers surrounded the house. The leader demanded admittance. To the inquiry what was his name? his office? his errand? he replied that his name was Joyce, that he was a cornet in Fairfax's body-guard, and that his errand was a message to the king. "From whom?" demanded the commandant of the garrison. "From myself," was the reply; and when the officer laughed, he was told by Joyce that it was "no laughing matter." "This impudent ruffian," formerly a tailor, was now one of the most furious agitators in the whole army. It was in vain that the commissioners, who had charge of the king, ordered the garrison to stand to their arms and defend the place, for the men on duty flung open the gates and bade the soldiers welcome. Having entered and posted sentinels over the commissioners' apartments, Joyce hastened, with cocked pistol, to the royal chamber. By the king's desire he was admitted, "and spake with his Majesty a brief space, but without disclosing his errand." Early in the morning, with much confidence and few words, he told the sovereign that he must prepare to go with him immediately, for that he was come to remove him from Holmby. "Whither?" "To the army," was the reply.

"Your warrant?"

"Yonder," exclaimed the rude soldier, pointing to the well-armed; well-mounted, and well-accounted troopers who were drawn up in the inner court of the castle.

"Your warrant," said the king, smiling, "is writ in fair characters, legible without spelling. A company of as handsome, proper gentlemen as I have seen a great while."

He then prepared for the journey; but, before mounting his horse, he told the soldiers that force must be employed to remove him, unless he were promised that nothing should be required of him contrary to his conscience or honour.

"Nothing," they exclaimed, as with one voice.

Charles then yielded himself up, and within an hour was on his way to the army. Echard tells us that when Cromwell, the great manager of this *coup d'état*, learned its success, he joyously exclaimed, "Now that I have the king in my hands, I have the Parliament in my pocket."

On the 5th June, 1647, the same day on which the king reached the head-quarters of Fairfax, the appointed rendezvous took place at Triploe Heath, near Newmarket, and it resulted in a solemn engagement on the part of the soldiers not to suffer themselves to be disbanded. They then advanced upon London, preceded by a letter signed by Fairfax, Cromwell, and eleven other officers, and addressed to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, in which, after declaring their "good affection to the City and desire for peace, provided ye assist not that wicked party, which would embroil us and the realm," they demanded a settlement of the kingdom on the basis provided by Parliament before they took up arms.

On June 13 a respectful answer was sent to their head-quarters at St. Albans, requesting them, at the same time, not to approach the capital; and an order was issued for fortifying London. But, emboldened by the awe they had inspired, the soldiers proceeded to impeach of high treason eleven principal members of the Lower House, all of whom were known to be zealous Presbyterians, and to have voted the military petitioners "enemies to the State." The City and Parliament were in

consternation, especially as Fairfax, who was not to be trifled with, was drawing nearer and nearer to the metropolis, and had now taken up his position at Uxbridge. Hopeless of resisting 21,000 armed men, Parliament yielded. The obnoxious members, of whom Cromwell had said to Ludlow, "these men will never leave the House till the soldiers pull them out by the ears," were removed; the statute which had voted the military petitioners "public enemies" was erased from the journal-book, the new fortifications demolished, and commissioners appointed to regulate the affairs of the kingdom with full satisfaction to the troops. Upon which the Lord General fell back to Reading. This was the first instance of Parliament's submission to the all-powerful army. But it was not the last.

This breach between the civil and military power continued for more than three months, embittered and complicated by religious differences between Presbyterians and Independents. The two Houses, as we have seen, belonged to the Presbyterian persuasion; but the army was mainly composed of Independents; and the steel-clad reasoners, who, according to Milton, regarded—

"New Presbyter as but old priest, writ large,"

were as impatient of Presbyterian as of Episcopal supremacy; and were, moreover, according to Jeremy Taylor, "men of such bitterness against those who differ from them, that it were as well plough the sands, or till the air, as persuade doctrines of peace, charity, forgiveness, and permission mutual, to such unquiet souls."

During all this time the king was with the forces; treated by them with greater consideration than while under the rigorous confinement of Parliament, or the insincere protection of the Scots. His friends had access to him; he was allowed to correspond with the queen; his chaplains were restored, and he was permitted the use

of the Liturgy and the service of the Church. He had, moreover, the delight of embracing his children; and Sir John Berkeley assures us that Cromwell, who was present at one of these interviews, described it to him as the tenderest sight he ever beheld, and wept plentifully at the remembrance, saying, that never was man so abused as he in his sinister opinions of the king, whom he thought to be "the uprightest and most conscientious man of the three kingdoms."

But this happy state of affairs was shortly ended by the approaching crisis between Parliament and the army. At the instance of the latter, the command of the militia had been ceded to them, and its Presbyterian officers had been superseded by Independents of their own choosing. This change was vehemently resented by the London apprentices; who, with a loose and disorderly rabble, besieged the House of Commons; and compelled them to reverse their votes, clamorously demanding that the king should be invited to return to his capital with all honour, freedom, and safety. Upon this Fairfax again advanced upon London, and encamped his troops, 20,000 strong, on Hounslow Heath. He was joined by Manchester and Lenthall, the Speakers of the two Houses, who bitterly complained of the violence put upon them by the mob, and demanded the protection of the military. Armed with this show of constitutional authority, the troops, with laurel in their hats, like conquerors, entered London, and, after escorting the Speakers to Westminster and levelling the lines that had been thrown up about the City, restored to the Independents the command of the militia, and placed the whole government in their hands, Parliament quietly submitting, and rescinding all its votes against the army. And thus Parliament reaped what it had sowed, being treated by the army as it had treated the king, and especially in this respect, that the more was granted, the more was demanded.

Charles was now brought to Hampton Court, where he was for three months treated in outward appearance like a king, being courted by the leaders both of Presbyterians and Independents, each of whom sought to conclude separate terms of peace with him. "Here," says Evelyn, "the king being in the power of the execrable villains who not long after murdered him, I had the honour to kiss his hand." And thither did two of Evelyn's "execrable villains," Cromwell and Ireton, oft repair to see and have speech with him. It admits of doubt whether, at this period, the remarkable man who shortly afterward—

"Pushed his anointed sovereign from his stool,
And stept into his place,"

was not disposed, for divers reasons, to serve him. But if Cromwell had any purposes of loyalty in his heart, they endured not long; for, finding his influence with the army declining, and fearing the suspicions of the agitators, he (to use his own words) fell off from his design of making up matters with the king. There was said to be another cause, besides risking the favour of his party, which influenced him. He had learned from a spy that the king bore him no good-will, and had so written to the queen, the letter being concealed in the saddle of a messenger who, on a certain night, was to take horse at the Blue Boar, in Holborn, for Dover. At the appointed hour Cromwell and Ireton, disguised like common troopers, entered the inn, seated themselves, with cans of beer, in a drinking-stall, and lay in wait for the man. His saddle was speedily ripped open, and the letter discovered. Finding therein that the king told the queen that he was courted both by the Scotch Presbyterians and the army, and would close with those who bade him fairest, though he liked the former rather than the latter; "from that time forward," says Cromwell, for it is from his own lips that the story proceeds, "we resolved his ruin."

Whatsoever may be the truth of this extraordinary narrative, which is related in Orrery's State Papers, it is certain that from that period Cromwell's visits to Hampton Court ceased, and that he set himself to devise another subtle scheme for the undoing of his sovereign.

The army contained a large and powerful party, called Levellers, Republicans of the wildest kind, who scorned to be bound by any government, whether in Church or State; and who, violent against monarchy in general, were especially so against King Charles, whom they called "Ahab, the Man of Blood," and whose head they openly demanded. Alarmed, or feigning to be so, at the fierce denunciations of these fanatics, Cromwell wrote to his relation, Colonel Whalley, who commanded the king's guard, warning him that there were rumours of a most horrid intent against the royal person, and directing him to apprise the king of them. Spies were also employed to excite Charles' fears of private assassination, and anonymous letters, advertising him of designs against his life, were daily conveyed to him.*

It can be no marvel if the king, yielding to apprehensions natural in his helpless condition, fell into the pit hidden for him, and by secretly escaping from Hampton Court (November 11) sealed his own fate, and prepared for himself a still closer prison than before. That his flight was attributed to Cromwell's machinations appears from the following passage of Barwick: "Thus did Cromwell, by his holy cheats, seduce the good king into the Isle of Wight, and got him confined in Carisbrooke Castle;" while Andrew Marvel, the friend and panegyrist of the usurper,

* In "Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs" we read that, at this time, the unhappy sovereign looked forward to nothing but a violent death. So that when she bade him farewell, and prayed God to preserve his Majesty and grant him a long and happy life, he answered, "Child, if God willeth, it shall be so. But you and I must submit to His will, and you know what hands I am in."

in his "Ode on the Return of the Lord Protector from Ireland," thus extols the wisdom and dexterity which entrapped the victim in the toils :—

" And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art ;
When, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
As Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrooke's narrow case."

The king's escape from Hampton Court is thus briefly narrated in the *Moderate Intelligencer*, a newspaper, or diurnal, as it was called, of the day. The king, as usual, went to be private a little before evening prayer. But staying longer than usual, it was noticed, and fear increased by the crying of a greyhound within. And upon search it was found that the king was gone by the way of the garden, and about twilight. The crying of the faithful animal, who missed his master, contrasts with the faithlessness of the greyhound of King Richard II., which is said by Froissart to have followed that sovereign constantly during his prosperity, and would know no man else ; but which in the hour of adversity came to the Duke of Lancaster (afterwards Henry IV.), "and made to him the same friendly cheer as he was wont to do to his master."

Ashburnham's account of Charles' escape is rather more detailed. Shortly after midnight, the king, attended by Ashburnham himself and Major Legge, went down the back-stairs, and was met at the garden gate by Sir J. Berkeley with horses. They rode all night through the forest and arrived at Titchfield, the seat of the Earl of Southampton. There the king, being disappointed that the ship which was to have been in readiness for him could not be seen, decided on crossing to the Isle of Wight, where Colonel Hammond, nephew of his favourite chaplain, was governor. To this inauspicious protector, the friend of Cromwell and son-in-law of Hampden, did Ashburnham and Berkeley

address themselves, and with inconceivable rashness permit him to attend them to Titchfield.

No sooner was Charles aware that Hammond was in the house with a strong guard of soldiers, than he perceived that resistance was useless, and, merely saying to Ashburnham, "O Jack, thou hast undone me, for thus I am made fast from stirring," submitted to his fate, and was conducted with external respect, but in reality a prisoner, to the Isle of Wight.

He passed the first night at Cowes, sleeping in a curiously-carved bedstead, at the head of which was wrought, in gilt letters, "Remember thine end." Receiving it as an intimation of approaching doom, the king, before lying down, knelt and prayed long and fervently. The following night (November 14) he slept in Carisbrooke Castle.

Cromwell was now master of King and Parliament. Danger had, however, sprung up to him from the least expected quarter, namely, from the very army whose discontents he had fostered, and of whose power he had been such an unscrupulous supporter. The forces were split into factions, foremost of which were the already mentioned "Levellers," so called because they were for levelling all ranks of men and obeying none, priest nor general, king nor kaiser. They had already expelled all their own officers, and, being jealous of Cromwell and Ireton, whom they suspected of making a private bargain with the king, they plotted to take the lives of "the two renegades."

A review of seven regiments was to take place at Ware, in Hertfordshire. Thither came Cromwell, in what Clarendon calls "a rough and brisk temper." Two more regiments than had been bidden also came: Harrison's troop of horse and Lilburne's company of foot, both in a state of mutiny, and wearing in their hats papers, inscribed with "The people's freedom and the soldiers' rights." After reading to the troops a remonstrance against the proceedings of the agitators, which was received by the

seven loyal regiments with acclamations, while Harrison's men listened in silence, and Lilburne's replied with derisive cheers. "Take that paper from your hats," shouted the future Lord Protector of England; Harrison's troop complied, Lilburne's stood fast, rendering a rough answer. Galloping into the midst of the rebellious ranks, Cromwell seized the ringleaders, held a court-martial, and shot one man dead on the spot. This summary punishment restored discipline, and there was an end to opposition from that moment.

Cromwell was now all-powerful. By his orders a secret council was convened at Windsor, which discussed the two momentous questions of the future settlement of the kingdom and the disposal of the person of the sovereign. At this meeting the daring scheme of bringing Charles to public trial for his part in the civil war was first broached. From his "prison of Carisbrooke," he had, only two days before, renewed his offers of an accommodation to Parliament. But, by the advice of the army, they had been rejected, and the Commons now (December 14, 1647) sent in their turn four proposals, which were these: That the entire command of the army should be made over to them for twenty years; that all proclamations against them should be recalled; that all peerages granted since the commencement of the civil war should be set aside; and that Parliament should have power to assemble at its own pleasure and not adjourn till it thought fit. To these propositions, by which all civil and military power would be vested in the two Houses, Charles returned a decided refusal. On this a vote was passed (January 18, 1648) by the Commons and a few members of the House of Lords, for the peers mostly stood aloof and said and did little, that no more addresses should be made to the king, nor letters or messages received from him, and that it should be treason for any one, without leave from the two Houses, to hold any intercourse with him. Hallam justly observes, that this

was a virtual renunciation of obedience and a virtual dethroning of their sovereign.

Foiled in every endeavour at peace, the unhappy monarch now appealed to his people, by whom the appeal was favourably received. Fresh enthusiasm sprang up for the royal cause ; and Colonel Poyer, once a Parliamentary officer, raised the king's standard at Pembroke, an example speedily followed by Captain Burley, a Royalist, who attempted to effect a rising in the Isle of Wight. But Burley was seized and executed, and Poyer's movements crushed by the iron hand of Cromwell. Charles' position at Carisbrooke was most miserable. To use his own words to Sir John Bouring : " I had a sad time of it ; every hour expecting when I should be murdered." For a very short period he had been treated with some respect ; but days of bitterness soon followed. His chaplains were removed ; all the attendants whom he loved and trusted were dismissed ; correspondence with his wife and friends was prohibited, and himself shut up in close confinement, " no more suffered to go out of the castle beyond a little ill garden which belonged to it." He attempted more than once to escape, but each time his captivity was made more rigorous. To his attendants, Herbert and Harrington,* who had been placed about him by Parliament, and whose strong prejudices against him had been changed, by constant witnessing his piety and virtue, to such a faithful attachment that they would have laid down their lives to serve him, we owe an account of the royal captive's bearing during the ten dreary months of his imprisonment. " Patience, never uttering a word of complaint, a calm unruffled temper, and pious resignation to the will of

* Of Harrington, the author of the "Oceana," Aubrey says : " He was an ingenious man, and the king greatly loved his company ; only he would not endure to hear of a Commonwealth, which Mr. Harrington much affected. Harrington passionately loved his Majesty. They oft disputed about government."

God." They have also told us how he spent his time : " Good part of each day set aside for the study of the Word of God, prayer, and much time spent in reading and writing." His books were these : " The Sacred Scriptures, in which he most delighted ; Hooker's ' Ecclesiastical Polity,' which he oft-times read ; Bishop Andrew's Prayers, and Hammond's Sermons, together with ' Commentaries of the Word of God,' taking also pleasure in Herbert's ' Divine Poems,' and in Tasso's ' *Gerusalemme Liberata*,' in Ariosto, Shakspeare, and Spenser's ' Faerie Queen,'—these last for alleviating his spirits after serious studies." It was also his habit to inscribe mottos or stanzas of poetry on the blank pages of his books ; and in his copy of Shakspeare, still preserved in the Royal Library at Windsor, are many of these interesting insertions ; for instance, his favourite motto, " *Dum spiro, spero*," a Latin couplet from Boethius, and three lines from Claudian.

While Charles thus occupied himself in preparation for that day when there should be time for him no longer, and while Parliament was settling that they would neither treat with him nor allow others to do so, under pain of treason, the Scots, ashamed of hearing ever sounded in their ears the popular rhyme—

" Traitor Scot. Sold his king for a goat,"

and indignant at the contempt with which the Independents stigmatised the Covenant as " an old almanack, out of date," sent commissioners to protest against the four proposals that had been made to the king, and prepared an army to aid him.

The second civil war was fast approaching. A strong reaction in Charles' favour had commenced in England, where every part of the country was full of tumults, conspiracies, plots, and discontent. There were riots in London, where, for forty hours, naught was heard save

"God and King Charles," and insurrections in Wales and Kent, all of which were put down by the energy of Cromwell, Fairfax, and Skippon. The young Duke of York, afterwards James II., escaped from St. James' Palace (April 22), and, more dangerous to the ruling powers than any combination of Cavaliers, the crews of seventeen ships of war, lying at the mouth of the Thames, set their admiral ashore, hoisted the king's flag, sailed for Holland, and put themselves under the command of the Prince of Wales. In accordance with the treaty, or "engagement" as it was called, which had been formed between the king and the Scots, the latter crossed the border (July 5) with a large force under the Duke of Hamilton, and were speedily joined in Lancashire by Sir Marmaduke Langdale, and the Royalists of the north.

But speedy as were their movements, those of Cromwell were more rapid still. On August 17, having put down the insurrection in Wales, and reached, by forced marches, Lambert's army in the north, and while many yet believed him to be before Pembroke, he utterly routed Langdale after a very sharp skirmish at Preston, and, within a fortnight, totally defeated the Scots at Uttoxeter. Following his advantage, he marched into Scotland, united his forces with those of Argyle, and arranged the government according to the views of the more ardent Presbyterians, who had never consented to the engagement, and who, after ravaging the western Lowlands, had seized Edinburgh. This rising, which was called the "Whigamore Raid," from the cry of "Whig" (get on) used by Scotch carters to their horses, has furnished the strange nickname by which the party of progress in Great Britain is still designated; while the opposite title of "Tory," which came later into use, is borrowed from the term used by the native Irish for their banditti.

By the dispersion of the Scotch army, and the restoration of Argyle to power—and never was power so arbitrarily

and mercilessly used as by these champions of liberty—all authority was vested in the violent party; and thus ended the last struggle of the Royalists in Scotland.

In England this second civil war was terminated by Fairfax's capture of Colchester, and the barbarous executions of Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, who had bravely defended the town, under every disadvantage of famine and disease, for nearly three months. When Sir C. Lucas was shot,* Sir G. Lisle bent down and kissed the corpse, and turning to the soldiers who were drawn up to fire at him, bade them "come near and make sure." "I warrant you, Sir George," said one of them, "we shall hit you." "Aye," replied he with a smile; "but I have been nearer you, my friends, many's the time, and yet ye have never hit me at all." When King Charles learned the fate of these gallant gentlemen, he shed more tears than his own sorrows had ever wrung from him.

While Cromwell was in Scotland, the moderate party, gaining courage from his absence, rescinded the vote of non-addresses to the king and sent commissioners to treat with him at Newport (September 18).

The appearance of the captive monarch, his pale and care-worn countenance marked with misfortune and decay, and his hair turned white, more through sorrow than age, was inexpressibly affecting to those of his loyal subjects who thronged the hall of conference in order to have one more sight of their sovereign; while his enemies could not behold the solitary figure of "Majesty in misery, and the grey discrowned head," to use the king's own words, in some verses which he composed at this period, without reverence and compassion. Clarendon informs us that he was not dejected, but carried himself with his wonted

* "Not only," says Baker, "is it credibly reported by eye-witnesses, but I myself can testify that on the spot where these two gentlemen fell, when shot to death at Colchester, there groweth no grass, notwithstanding the ground around be very fertile." The place is now marked with a white stone, bearing their initials.

majesty. The commissioners were fifteen in number, all of whom might speak, debate, ask and answer questions ; while of the king's advisers none might utter a word, not even in reply, "none, save the king alone." Yet under all these disadvantages, Charles' abilities, knowledge, manly dignity, and unruffled presence of mind commanded the admiration of all.

The treaty consisted of several articles, to all of which, though tending to the abridgment of his prerogative, Charles assented. Even in Episcopacy he yielded much, though not all they desired. But nothing could induce him to agree to the last article, which was that all who had taken up arms for him should be declared and dealt with as traitors. On this point he was inflexible. "I may not," he said, while the agony of his countenance testified to his remorse for the abandonment of Strafford, "desert those who stood by me in my need." The discussion was protracted for nearly two months, and was still pending when a storm arose which swept it away like straws before the whirlwind, and hurried on to its dreadful end the struggle between king and people. Cromwell was advancing upon London. Victor in every battle and the idol of the army, which he had already induced to protest against the Treaty of Newport and to demand the punishment of the sovereign, he made sure, by one daring stroke, of success and his prey. He sent Major Cobbett with a troop of horse to arrest Charles at Newport and imprison him in Hurst Castle.

Some intimation of danger had already reached the king, who was passionately urged by his kinsman, the Duke of Richmond, and by his friends, Lord Lindsey and Colonel Cook, to make his escape. But Charles was then on his parole, and peremptorily refused to violate it. "I have passed my word to Hammond and to the House," said he, "and I will not break promise." Before dawn on November 30, he was roused by an alarm at his chamber door ; and some Roundhead officers, rushing un-

ceremoniously in, told him that they had come to remove him to Hurst Castle. "Ye could not have named a worse place," was the unfortunate king's only reply.

He then, without remonstrance or complaint, prepared for the journey which he, and all around him, fully expected to be his last, and, attended by none but Herbert and Harrington, took leave of the three attached adherents whom he was never to behold again. Dark suspicions of secret assassination filled his mind; and this dreary fortress of Hurst, standing out in the sea, desolate and nearly girt by the waves at every high tide, cut off from all intercourse with human life, and containing only a few dog-lodgings for soldiers, was fitter for such a deed of darkness than either Berkeley or Pontefract Castles, where deposed sovereigns had already perished. His accommodations at Hurst were slender in the extreme. His room, or rather den, was so dark, that candles were required to light it at noon-day, "and often," said he to Warwick, "though I never complained, have I been in want even of clean linen." But he was not long to remain even in such a secure spot as this. At midnight, December 14, the wakeful prisoner was startled by hearing the drawbridge let down, and the rattle of horsemen in the courtyard below. Summoning the faithful Herbert, now his sole attendant, for Harrington had been dismissed by the Roundheads, he learned that Major Harrison had arrived with a troop of horse. The king believed that his last hour had come. "Know you not," said he, "that this is the man appointed to murder me?" then, rising from bed, he knelt in prayer and tranquilly awaited the event. The errand of the regicide, whose name appears on the king's death-warrant, and who, bred to the trade of a butcher, had exchanged the slaughtering of beasts for the slaying of men, and who, moreover, believed himself to be constantly pursued by a fearful spirit and dogged by fiends, in retribution for a cold-blooded murder which he had committed, was to take

the king to Windsor Castle; at which his Majesty was pleased, little foreboding that it was another step to the block; and with great joy

"Bade solitary Hurst farewell."

During several days spent on the road the people came forth, blessed him and prayed aloud for him, unheeding the terror of the soldiers. On December 28, Charles was safely lodged in Windsor Castle.

The catastrophe was now nigh, for the last struggle between Parliament had taken place, and Cromwell and Ireton were preparing summarily to set aside the vote by which, despite the overawing presence of the forces, Parliament had courageously, and by a majority of 129 to 88, adopted the concessions of the king as a basis for pacification. But all its attempts were now too late: its days were numbered; for on the very next morning Ireton (Cromwell still being in the north) prepared for action, and sent Colonel Pryde, formerly a drayman, with two regiments to blockade every entrance to the House, to seize fifty-two Presbyterian members who had voted for peace, and shut out 160 more. Among the expelled was the aged Prynne, author of the "*Histriomastix*," no royal favourite nor favourer of royalty, as he called himself, but who had boldly stood up in the cause of fallen majesty, and had denounced the condition of the army as inconstant, mutinous, and unreasonable. He was dragged by the collar from the hall, and violently hurled by the troopers down a flight of steps into an underground chamber of the ancient palace of Westminster called "Hell," where he was left in darkness and alone to meditate on the liberty and privileges of a member of Parliament. This "purging of Parliament," as the army styled what we should rather term an atrocious infringement of its privileges, was facetiously called "pride's purge." The miser-

able remnant of the Commons, nicknamed the "Rump," now consisting of not more than between fifty and sixty members, all of whom were furious and determined Independents, immediately reversed the recent vote, declared the king's concessions unsatisfactory, and sent to prison several leaders of the moderate party. That same evening Cromwell returned to London, sanctioned all that had been done, and—significant and ominous fact—took up his lodging in the palace of Whitehall.

Nothing now remained but to put the king to death, and the first intimation of the approaching close of this terrible drama was given to the startled Londoners, on the Sunday after the purging of the House of Commons, by Hugh Peters, one of the "Levellers," who preached in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, from the significant text, "Bind your kings with chains, and your nobles in fetters of iron," and stigmatised King Charles as the great Barabbas, murderer, tyrant, and traitor. Nor was St. Margaret's the only church in London where such doctrine was promulgated that day. The pulpits and the parks, in which the Independents harangued the people, rang with virulent and inflammatory discourses on the favourite text, "Tophet is ordained of old ; for the king it is prepared." Military orators demanded that Charles Stuart, the man of blood, the oppressor of the saints, should be called to account for the blood he had shed, and be given over to an open and ignominious death. Not only were these opinions advocated from the pulpit, but Cromwell, Ireton, and other leaders of the popular party, feeling that they had gone too far to recede, and that the king's destruction was essential to their own safety, now openly stated their design of bringing him, "as a public enemy, to a public trial."

Under the pretence that two alarming Royalist revolts had just been quelled (with unsparing bloodshed), enormous masses of troops were concentrated in London, till, as the

Venetian ambassador writes, "the City seemed as besieged within and without." The soldiers, with whom it swarmed, and for whom no sufficient barracks could be found, were quartered in Westminster Abbey and other churches,* where they stabled their horses in the chapels, till, said an Italian who passed by St. Paul's and saw it used as a stable for cavalry, with horse-dung a yard deep, "I perceive that in this land men and beasts serve God alike." The troopers also broke down the carved work, smashed the painted windows, tore up the monuments of the dead (mostly effigies of brass), and sold them for the metal they contained, and sat smoking and drinking as if the house of God had been a tavern. Such was the state of the metropolis when Charles I. was dragged from Windsor to die in it.

His condition at Windsor had been truly forlorn. On December 27, the army forbade any to render him reverence as a king. He was henceforth to be addressed simply as Charles Stuart, and the number of his servants and dishes was to be diminished. All external symbols of sovereignty were therefore withdrawn. His own servants were forbidden to wait upon him, and his meals were brought by the common soldiers in their stained and dirty armour. Shocked with this neglect, and struck with a presage of calamity, he is said to have exclaimed, "Is anything more contemptible than a despised prince?" To avoid the troopers' attendance, he ate alone in his bedroom. Even there, nay, during his prayers, he was exposed to molestation. According to Clarendon's heart-stirring account, a guard was forced upon him by night and day, who smoked and drank as in a guard-room. About this period the fanatical buffoon, Hugh

* In Chichester Cathedral the place is still pointed out to strangers where Cromwell's soldiers used to litter down their horses; and the bullet-marks may yet be seen in a picture of St. Augustine which the troopers amused themselves by firing at.

Peters,* pressed his spiritual assistance upon his persecuted sovereign; and when it was declined, declared to Parliament, "I had purposed to preach to the poor wretch, but he would not hear me."

While the council of the army were planning a new republican form of government, under the name of "the Agreement of the People," the mutilated and diminished House of Commons was appointing a committee "to find," as they hypocritically phrased it, "a way of justice against the king" (December 29), and to arraign him of high treason.

On January 1, 1649 (such a commencement of the new year!) the Commons pronounced it treason for a sovereign to levy war against his Parliament, and appointed a high court of justice to try Charles Stuart, King of England, on this newly-invented charge. For two days, however, there was a total stoppage of proceedings; for not only did the judges refuse concurrence in this measure, which they declared to be contrary to law, and not only did the House of Peers, without one dissentient voice, and nearly without deliberation; reject the vote of the Lower House, but, more fatal to their projects, Fairfax himself withheld his assent. Nay, Oliver Cromwell himself, "albeit," says Warwick, "all men knew that the impeachment of the king was brought about by his ambition and malignant enmity," professed himself at first unwilling to sanction the impeachment. But his scruples, if they ever existed, quickly vanished; for on the 4th of January he thus addressed the House: "Had any man, in months bygone, voluntarily proposed to bring the king to punishment,

* This man, who was educated at Cambridge, but expelled for immorality, and who afterwards became a stage-player, contrived, by a profession of deep penitence, to obtain ordination; but his gown being taken from him on account of his "loose life," he fled to Holland. Returning when the civil war broke out, he acted as a military chaplain among the Anabaptists, and ended his disgraceful career by being executed as a regicide, October 19, 1660.

however justly, I had accounted that man the greatest traitor alive. But Providence and necessity have now cast the burden upon us; of which I am the more assured, because when of late, according to my wont, offering my prayers for his Majesty's restoration, my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, Heaven itself, by that supernatural sign, assuring me that the man Charles Stuart was rejected and set aside." So clear and increasing were Cromwell's professed convictions on this point, that the very next day he exclaimed, "Will no one stir? I tell you we will cut his head off with the crown on it."

So long as Cromwell's hesitation endured, so long did that of the House; and no sooner were his scruples at an end than theirs also vanished. On January 6 they passed an ordinance, declaring that the people being the source of all power, and the Commons being their representatives, whatever was enacted by them had the force of law, without the concurrence of the Peers, whose assent was, in this case, unnecessary. The bill for the king's trial was again read and passed; and Colonel Harrison, the most furious enthusiast in the army, was sent with a large squadron of horse, whose loaded pistols were pointed at the royal carriage, to conduct the king to St. James' Palace, the scene of his happier days, and now his last prison.

When informed that he was to be removed to London, there to stand a public trial, Charles merely replied, "God is ever alike in His wisdom, power, and goodness." He then withdrew to his chamber, and there passed some hours alone and in prayer. He had long expected murder, but not under the garb of law, nor to be arraigned as a criminal before his own subjects. "How few," says Berkeley, "of those who, in the fever of those troubled times, had rebelled against their sovereign, guessed whither their rebellion would lead them, and in what it would end!"

As he quitted Windsor Castle (January 19), his kinsman, the Duke of Richmond, who was imprisoned in the

same fortress and reserved for the same fate as his sovereign, obtained leave to bid him farewell, flung himself at his feet, and, passionately kissing his hand, sobbed out, "My dear, dear master!" They were the only words he could utter. To which Charles, tenderly embracing the friend who for his sake had sacrificed "lands, living, and liberty," and was about to forfeit life also, with bitter but pathetic emphasis exclaimed, "I have indeed been a *dear* master to you." And thus parted, to meet no more on earth, the kind monarch and the loyal subject.

Next day (January 20) the self-called High Court of Justice met in Westminster Hall. Its original plan included 150 members, Peers, Commons, and Aldermen of London. But the refusal of the Lords to concur reduced the number to 135, of whom only sixty-nine answered to their names. Among these names of the king-killers—"names damned to everlasting fame"—are those of Fairfax, whose scruples had been somehow removed, Cromwell, Ireton, Waller, Skippon, Harrison, Pryde, Ewer, "the cadaverous, gaunt man, the ill spirit of the army," and others. Three peers, and only three, were present—the Lords Monson, Grey of Groby, and Lisle—most of the members of the "Rump," several citizens of London, and a few country gentlemen. But of all the number never more than seventy met at one time. Sergeant Bradshaw, whom Walker styles "the horse-leech of hell," a lawyer who, for fear of the Royalists, had caused his high-crowned Puritan hat to be lined with steel,* was President, and Coke, Solicitor-General. At ten o'clock, the king, attended by Herbert, who alone was suffered to accompany him, and guarded by Colonel Hacker and thirty-two officers, entered Westminster Hall, and was conducted to a velvet chair, in the centre of that noble building, facing that intended for President Bradshaw. Between them was a table, whereon lay the mace and sword of justice, and at the upper end of the hall were seats for the self-appointed

* This curious relic is still preserved in the Museum at Oxford.

judges. When led in, the king, bearing his usual majesty of demeanour, his glance bright, his gesture calm and composed, silently, and without removing his hat, took the seat prepared for him; the sixty-nine judges also remaining seated and also wearing their hats. Then rising and looking composedly on the guards and the crowd around him, he scrutinised with keen and searching gaze the tribunal before which he was placed, and surveyed the hall. From its roof hung the tattered banners taken from his Cavaliers at Marston Moor and Naseby, and later still, at Preston: memorials of defeat and sorrow for the past, of fear and ruin for the future. But, nothing daunted, his demeanour was that of stern contempt, and he again sat down and listened with a sad yet smiling countenance to the shouts of the people outside (than which no other sound could for some minutes be heard), of "God save the King!" "God bless your Majesty, and preserve you from your enemies!" At length, the exclamations ceasing, Bradshaw's harsh and strident voice broke the silence. His address commenced with these words: "Charles Stuart, King of England, the Commons of England, deeply sensible of the calamities brought on this nation, which are fixed upon you as their principal author, have resolved to make inquiry for blood." And here a little incident occurred, which, as the king afterwards told Juxon, startled him much. Cook had risen to open the arraignment, and was proceeding to charge his sovereign as "tyrant, traitor, and murderer," when his Majesty interrupted him by crying, "Hold, hold!" But "nothing regarding," says Warwick, "he read on;" at which Charles touched him on the shoulder with his cane, and the lawyer glared angrily round. At this instant the gold head of the king's staff suddenly dropped off, and rolled on the floor, which Charles interpreted as portending the fall of his own head. Concealing his emotion, he listened silently and with unmoved countenance till he heard himself accused of shedding the blood of

thousands of the free people of the land, "at which he smiled, nay, laughed outright, not sticking," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "to declare that no man's blood in this quarrel troubled him but one, meaning the Earl of Strafford."

With great dignity and clearness he then replied to the charge, denying the jurisdiction of the court, and demanding by what legal authority he was brought there. "Remember," said he, "that I am your lawful king, and as such cannot be tried by any tribunal upon earth. Tell me by what legal tribunal I am seated here, and you shall hear more from me." He also remarked that "there could be no Parliament without a House of Lords; and where be your lords? nor without a king; and where is your king?"

As Cromwell on the morning of this eventful day, "his purple face turning white as the wall," had anticipated, the king refused to plead before the pretended judges, and was removed by the guard to St. James' Palace. Thrice between the 20th and 27th of January he was brought into court, and each time, by the advice, it was said, of Sir Matthew Hale, he protested against the right of his self-appointed judges to try him. Each day brought an alarming defection from their ranks. On the first day twelve members refused to vote; on the 27th half their number absented themselves. Alarmed at the defalcation of those who had been considered staunch for the bloody task, and at the evidently growing sympathy for the king, the regicides resolved to dispense with any further mockery of justice. They hastily brought forward some formal evidence of his having appeared in arms against Parliament, and when, for the fourth and last time, Charles was brought to the bar, Bradshaw appeared robed in scarlet—a signal of the king's coming doom.

Of the list of the remnant of his judges, only forty-nine answered the summons. When Fairfax was called, a female voice from the gallery, where many masked ladies sat, replied, "He has more wit than to be here." When

Cromwell's name was read the same voice responded, "Cromwell is rogue and traitor"; and when Bradshaw declared that the king was called to answer by the people, "It is false," the voice replied; "not the hundredth part of them." Amid the uproar and confusion which ensued, the brutal Axtell, with oaths and the coarsest epithets against women, roared to his soldiers, "Fire into the box where she sits." Dead silence followed, and a lady rose and quitted the gallery. It was Lady Fairfax, the Lord General's wife. As she stood a minute, confronting Axtell and his myrmidons, as if defying him to execute his threat, not a weapon was levelled at her. Her husband was still in power, and Axtell dared not harm her. This interruption was scarcely suppressed when another arose, proceeding from one of the regicides themselves, Colonel Downes, who, rising in vehement agitation, and with tears, exclaimed, "Have we hearts of stone; or are we men?" He was instantly dragged down to his seat by the members on either side, who exclaimed, "Will ye ruin yourself and us?" while Cromwell fiercely demanded, "Are ye mad? Cannot ye be still?" "Were I to die for it," he replied, "I will not sit still. My lords, I am not satisfied to agree to this judgment: I move that we adjourn." They adjourned, and Cromwell, full of storm, as we learn from the State Trials, furiously rated the colonel for wanting to save his old master, and commanded him to make an end of it and return to his duty. Colonel Harvey, another of the judges, vainly supported Downes: their passionate appeals were powerless to avert the king's doom, and but added another half-hour to his agony. At the end of that time the dark conclave returned, and Bradshaw commanded the clerk to read the sentence. It was that Charles Stuart, as tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy, be put to death by severing his head from his body; to which the commissioners assented by standing up. When judgment was pronounced against him, the court

refusing to give ear to a proposition which he earnestly and repeatedly strove to make, the king was observed sadly to smile and raise his eyes to heaven, as if appealing to the Divine and Supreme Judge. Again, after sentence was passed, he attempted to speak, and pleaded to be heard, but was met by the absurd argument that, being dead in law, he could not be hearkened to. He was led away by the guards, exclaiming, "I am not suffered to speak. What justice can others expect?" As he passed through that noble hall, the banqueting-hall of his ancestors, which had witnessed many an iniquitous trial, but none so iniquitous as this, the soldiers, encouraged by their officers, abused him in the grossest manner. They blew their tobacco-smoke in his face, flung their dirty pipes in his path, and yelled, "Justice, execution!" "Poor souls," said the king to one of his attendants, "for sixpence they would do the same to their own generals." One was actually brutal enough to spit in his face. The king quietly wiped it away, remarking, "My Saviour suffered more than this for me." As he stepped into the sedan chair, in which he had been brought to trial, one soldier, more compassionate than the rest, exclaimed, "Sir, God bless you!" on which his officer struck him down. "Methinks," said Charles, gently, "the punishment exceedeth the offence."

On the 27th of January the open street before Whitehall was fixed as the place of execution, and the death-warrant was signed by Bradshaw and fifty-eight others, Cromwell's name being third on the list. And here, we are assured by more than one contemporary chronicler, a scene of brutal buffoonery occurred, which, for the credit of humanity, we would fain believe impossible. No sooner had Cromwell appended his name than he jocularly smeared the ink across the face of Henry Marten, who retorted the pitiful jest on the cheek of the future Lord Protector. Clarendon assures us that when Colonel In-

goldsby, who had positively refused to sit as one of the judges, chanced to enter the Painted Chamber, Cromwell sprang on him, saying, "This time thou shalt not escape," and with violence and loud laughter thrust the pen into his fingers, and with his own hand writ Richard Ingoldsby, the colonel making all the resistance he could.

It was to no purpose that the Scots solemnly protested against the proceedings, that the Dutch despatched ambassadors to intercede in the king's behalf, and that the Prince of Wales, as next heir to the throne, sent a blank sheet of paper, signed with his name and sealed with his arms, on which the Parliament might inscribe any conditions they pleased, provided his father's life was spared. All was in vain. Three days only were allowed between the sentence and its execution, and those professed observers of the Sabbath, Charles' judges, caused the raising of the scaffold to be carried on without intermission through the Lord's Day.

We return to the king. As soon as he reached Whitehall, where he spent the night after his trial, he thus addressed Herbert: "Hark ye, there be some, my nephew (Charles Louis, Prince Palatine), and a few lords, who, loving me, will strive to see me. I hope they will not take it ill that none shall have access to me save my children. My time is brief and precious, and must be given to preparation. The best office they can do me now is to pray for me." Then, withdrawing to his chamber, he fell on his knees in prayer. But even there the soldiers suffered him not to rest, but, thrusting themselves in, permitted no privacy for prayer and meditation. The same night, as we learn from the *Modern Intelligencer* (the newspaper already quoted), the king, not willing to have aught present which should take him off from serious consideration, commanded his dogs to be taken away and sent to his wife. Moreover, being desired to say somewhat (we are not told who put the question) as to how far

he was guilty of the death of his father* and the rebellion in Ireland, he answered, "Friend, had I no other sin than that, with reverence of God's majesty be it spoken, I would never need to ask Him pardon." To some Parliamentary preachers who sent, offering their services to pray with him, "Thank them," he said, "from me; but tell them plainly that oft and causelessly as they have prayed against me, they shall not now pray with me in mine agony. Yet, if they will pray for me, I'll thank them for it." His rest was broken that night by the workmen preparing the scaffold.

On the following day (Sunday), which was passed in the company of the pious Juxon, and in devout conversation and prayer, Charles was conveyed to St. James's Palace. On Monday, the day before his death, Parliament having granted his request for one more sight of his children, the only two now remaining in England, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, his third son,† and the Princess Elizabeth, were admitted to bid him farewell. The Prince of Wales,

* "Sad it is," writes Beresby, "that the great poet Milton should have lent his name to the slander that Charles conspired against his father's life. He thus writes to Salmasius: 'I will let you see how like is Charles to Nero. You say that Nero put his own mother to death; but Charles murdered his king and father by poison: for, to omit other evidences, he who would not suffer a duke (the Duke of Buckingham) who was accused of it to come to trial, must needs have been guilty of it himself.' Such is the malignity of human nature." We may add, such is the marvellously ready acceptance of inconclusive evidence by a prejudiced mind.

† In the "*Mercurius Elencticus*" (February, 1648) is the following passage respecting Prince Henry: "Sure Cromwell intends to set up his trade of brewing again; for, being in the presence of the Duke of Gloucester, he stroked his head, and, like a merciful protector and guardian, said, 'Sirrah, what trade wouldst thou like best? Shoemakers be gentlemen, I can assure ye, and so be brewers. If ye like either trade, I will find you a good master, and move Parliament to give you something, if ye please your master and be a good boy, to set you up in trade. And for the little gentlewoman, your sister, meaning the Lady Elizabeth, if she will be ruled, I will provide her a husband—one of Colonel Pryde's sons, or one of my own, if either of them like

of whom in a poem, entitled "Majesty in Distress ; or, an Imploration to the King of kings," his father had written—

"Great Britain's heir is forced into France,
While o'er his father's head his foes advance.
Poor child ! he weeps out his inheritance"—

was safe beyond seas. So were the Duke of York and the infant Princess Henrietta. The Princess Anne* was safer still "in that quiet land, where the wicked cease from troubling." The Princess Mary was with her husband the Stadtholder in Holland. From the MS., as preserved in the "*Reliquæ Sacræ*" of the young Princess Elizabeth,† who soon joined her father beyond the grave, we borrow some details of this touching interview. Her simple narrative is endorsed, "What the king said to me on the 29th

her or can love her.' The duke then said that, being a king's son, he hoped the Parliament would allow him some means out of his father's revenue to maintain him like a gentleman, and not put him apprentice, like a slave. Whereunto Nose Almighty makes answer : 'Boy, ye must be an apprentice ; for all your father's revenue will not make half satisfaction for all the wrong he hath done the kingdom.' And so Nose went blowing out."

* This princess died December 8th, 1640, at four years old. Just before she expired, her father, leaning over her, said, "Pray, my child, pray !" "I cannot say my long prayer," she gasped out, "but I will try to say my short one." And while repeating the words, "Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, that I sleep not in death," she departed. (Fuller.)

† After their father's death it was ordered that Elizabeth and Henry should be no more addressed by their titles, but simply as Elizabeth and Henry Stuart ; that the duke should be apprenticed to a shoemaker, that he might honestly earn his bread ; and that the princess should either learn the trade of a button maker, or marry one of the sons of her father's murderers. But a happier fate awaited the gentle girl, who never recovered from the grief of her father's death. Shut up in Carisbrooke Castle, which had been his place of durance, with no earthly friend near her but her younger brother, she slowly pined away, "little care being taken of her sickness ;" and in her fifteenth year she was one day found dead, with her face resting on her open Bible. And thus ended her short life of captivity and sorrow. The young duke, whom Evelyn calls "a pretty boy, of extraordinary hopes," died at the age of twenty-one, of small pox (September 13, 1660).

of January, the last time I had the happiness to see him." "He told me he was glad I had come, for though he had not time to say much, somewhat he wished to say, and he feared the cruelty was too great to permit of his writing. 'But, sweetheart,' he added, 'thou wilt forget what I say to thee.' Then I told him I would not forget it so long as I live; but would write down all he said to me. He wished me not to grieve for him, for it was a glorious death he should die, for the laws and liberty of the land. He told me what books to read against Popery. He also said that he had forgiven all his enemies, and prayed that God would forgive them, and he commanded us and all the rest of my brothers and sisters to do likewise. Above all, he bade me tell my mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love would be the same to the last. Withal he commanded me and my brother to love her, and be obedient to her. Once more he desired me not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr, and that he nothing doubted but that God would restore the throne to his son, and then we should all be happier than we could have been had he lived. Then, taking my brother Gloucester on his knee, he said, 'Sweetheart, now will they cut off thy father's head;' upon which the child looked very steadfastly upon him. 'Hear, my child, and mark what I say: they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee king; but thou must not be a king so long as thy brothers Charles and James live. Therefore I charge thee, be not thou made a king by them.' At which the child, sighing deeply, said, 'I will be torn in pieces first.' These words, coming so unexpectedly from one so young, rejoiced my father exceedingly. And his Majesty spoke to him of the welfare of his soul, and to keep his religion, commanding him to fear God and He would provide for him, all which the young child fervently promised."

The king then kissed and blessed his children, and called to Bishop Juxon to take them away. Then there



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was great weeping, they sobbing as did their father. Once more, as they passed through the door, he caught them in his arms, kissed and blessed them again. Then turning away, as one who had done with all earthly cares, and to whom the bitterness of death had passed, he betook himself to prayer, and made ready for his end with cheerful courage.

One touch alone of human passion broke the calmness of his resignation. When speaking of his judges, "Let us not talk of those rogues," he said to the bishop; "they thirst for my blood and will have it. God's will be done. I thank God I can heartily forgive them, and will speak of them no more." At a late hour Juxon left him; but the king remained alone and in prayer a good while longer. He then lay down, untroubled by the knowledge that it was his last day on earth, and slept calmly till two hours before daybreak.

"I will now rise," he said to Herbert,* whom he awoke from a troubled dream, "for I have a great work to do this day." He desired to have a shirt more than ordinary, "for," said he, "the weather is sharp and may make me shake, and I would have no imputation of fear, for I dread not death. I bless my God I am prepared. Nay," added he, perceiving that Herbert's hands trembled as he combed the long, but now bleached locks which were so soon to be put out of the way on the block, "though my head be not long to stand on my shoulders, take the same pains with it as you were wont. This is my second marriage-day, and I would be trim. Before night I hope to be with my Saviour." He then named to

* Herbert's own dream was that Archbishop Laud, in his canonicals, had entered the room and knelt to the king; that they talked together, the king looking sorrowful; that the primate sighed, and, on retiring, fell to the ground. When he related this dream to the king, his Majesty said, "This is a remarkable dream; but he is dead. Had we conferred together, it is possible, albeit I loved him well, that I might have said somewhat which would have caused his sigh."

Herbert the few legacies which were yet in his power to bestow. He sent his Bible to Prince Charles, bidding him read it oft and with care, and adding that in adversity he would ever find it his surest friend. To the Duke of York he left his signet ring, and to Princess Elizabeth some religious book. At dawn Bishop Juxon appeared, joined with the king in prayer and in reading the account of our Saviour's Passion in St. Luke, chapter xxvii., the second lesson appointed for the day in the calendar. While thus engaged, Colonel Hacker, one of the three officers to whom the care of the execution was intrusted, pale and agitated—"paler far than his Majesty,"—knocked at the door, saying it was time to set off for Whitehall. "I come presently," said Charles, and, tenderly raising the aged bishop from his knees and taking him by the hand, came forth cheerful of countenance.

In "Evelyn's Memoirs" we read that the morning was bitterly cold. The Thames was frozen over, and the leafless avenues of St. James' Park glittered with hoar frost as the king walked, erect and fast, as was his wont, between the lines of soldiers who guarded him, ever and anon giving them pleasantly the word of command. "March on, good fellows, step on apace. I go," said he to Juxon and Herbert, who walked bareheaded by his side, "to strive for a heavenly crown. Shall it be with less speed and solicitude than I have fought for an earthly one?" Thus, all around him silent as the grave, for no voice was heard, even from the soldiers, save when, ever and anon, a blessing broke forth, did our king take his way towards Whitehall. There in his old cabinet chamber he remained for about three hours in prayer, and received the Holy Communion. Dinner had been prepared for him, but he refused to eat, till on being pressed by Juxon, who reminded him that he had fasted long, and that the bitter weather might make him faint on the scaffold, he consented and took some bread and a glass of wine. "Now," said

the king, "let the rascals come, and the sooner the more welcome. I have forgiven them and am ready." But the "rascals" were not ready. Not only was the scaffold unfinished, but Colonels Hunks and Phayer, who, together with Hacker, had been appointed to see the bloody work carried out, refused to sign the order for the execution, and had their names scratched out of the warrant, erasures which may be seen to this day. The very headsman, Gregory Brandon,* kept in hiding, hard to be induced to strike the blow; and of thirty-eight stout sergeants in the army, to each of whom, if he would aid the executioner, £100 and rapid promotion were promised, thirty-seven refused in disgust. Nor was it till near noon that one Hulet, a sergeant in Captain Hewson's regiment, could be induced to give his help. Both executioners were dressed like the butchers of the day, in coarse woollen robes, buttoned close to the body. They wore black masks, to which Hulet added a long grey beard† and a grey peruke. At length the grisly attendants and the scaffold, all the more hideous because, by the advice of Hugh Peters, staples had been driven into the floor to fasten the king down to the block, were ready; and between two and three o'clock, holding the death warrant, its ink still wet, they knocked at the king's door. Juxon and Herbert fell on their knees, weeping. "Rise, my old friend," said Charles, "and let us be going." He bade Herbert open the door, and, telling Hacker he was ready, passed through an avenue of guards to the scaffold,

* In Sir Henry Ellis' *Historical Letters* we find that Gregory Brandon, the public executioner, died in great agony of mind eighteen months after the king's death, saying that he always saw his Majesty as he looked on the scaffold, and that devils did tear him on his dying bed. He was carried to his grave amid the execrations of the populace.

† The *State Trials* show that Hulet was made a captain in Colonel Hewson's regiment, where he went by the cognomen of "Old Grey-beard," in allusion to his disguise.

erected in the street, in front of the centre window of the present Chapel Royal of Whitehall.

When he stepped forth, with beaming eyes and noble bearing, he looked up and down the street for his people; but none were near, none scarcely to be seen, the soldiers filling all places nigh at hand; nor were any within hearing, save Juxon and Herbert, Colonels Hacker and Tomlinson, and the two executioners. To them he addressed a few words, declaring himself guiltless of the late war, for that he did not take up arms till forced to do so in his own defence, and that he therefore trusted God would clear him of its bloodshed, as he hoped and prayed He would also clear his enemies. "Yet," he added, "for all that, God forbid I should be so ill a Christian as not to own that His judgment is righteous upon me. An unjust sentence, that I suffered to take effect, is now punished by an unjust sentence upon me." He then charged Juxon to bear witness that he had forgiven all the world, and especially his judges, and that he died a Christian of the Church of England; and, turning to the bishop, said, "I have a good cause and a gracious God upon my side."

Juxon replied, "There is, sire, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is short. It will carry you a long way—from earth to heaven; and there shall you find, to your joy, the prize to which you hasten, a crown of glory."

"I go," said the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can have place." He then threw off his cloak, and delivering his "George" (the jewel of the Order of the Garter) to the prelate, exclaimed emphatically and significantly, "Remember." To the executioner he said, "I shall make but short prayers, and when I thrust out my hands, strike!" For a few minutes, raising his eyes to heaven, and repeating to himself words, inaudible to those around, he stood absorbed

in prayer, then knelt, laid his head on the block, and in about a minute stretched out his hands.

The axe was raised : it fell, and all was over. One blow had severed the head, which Hulet lifted and exhibited to the people, with these words, "Behold the head of a traitor !"

A groan of horror, dismal and universal, from the assembled multitude, was the sole reply : a groan, of which the worthy and conscientious Philip Henry—no Churchman, but a Nonconformist—declared that those who heard it never forgot.*

Immediately after the blow was struck, two troops of horse, advancing in opposite directions, scoured the streets, and dispersed the indignant crowd.

The body of Charles, having been deposited in the ready-made coffin, was conveyed by Juxon and Herbert to the Palace of Whitehall, followed by Cromwell, who wished to gaze on his victim. Lifting the head, and putting his finger on the gory neck, he said this was a well-made frame and promised long life. Sir Purbeck Temple was also admitted to gaze on the remains of his murdered master. "If," sneered Axtell, unclosing the coffin, "thou thinkest there be any holiness in it, look there !" "And the king," said Temple, "seemed to smile, as in life."

* No king ever died more loved and lamented by his own party than King Charles. Archbishop Usher, who witnessed the execution from the roof of Wallingford House (now the Admiralty), was carried away fainting ; and it is said that Dr. Fell, Dean of Christ Church, expired of grief when the tidings were brought to him. The people expressed their sorrow as loudly as they dared, weeping and wailing, dipping handkerchiefs into the blood, and offering large sums for a few grains of the sand which was stained, or for bits of the block, which was cut in small pieces, and sold, literally, for its weight in gold. Even his enemies showed, in many instances, their reverence for his memory, and the words of the regicide, Henry Martin, are well known, when he publicly said, in the House of Commons, "If we are to have a king, I would as soon have the last gentleman as any sovereign on record."

Thus perished, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the twenty-fourth of his reign, King Charles: "the worthiest gentleman, the best master, and the best Christian that the age in which he lived ever produced." Such is Clarendon's testimony to the king's character,* and Perinchief's is but little behind it: "Religious, just, and

* "The king," says Clarendon, "was very regular in his devotions. He was never known to enter upon recreation, or, when in the army, to provide for safety or attempt at victory, before, be it never so early, he had not been at public as well as private prayers. So great a lover of reverence in religion that he would never endure a light or profane word, and though delighted with verse and poetry, none durst bring before him aught profane or unclean."

Among his weaknesses was a degree of superstition unusual even for the age in which he lived. The shock he experienced when the head of his staff broke off, his frequent habit of trying his fortune by the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, and of binding himself by vows, thereby to insure success in any proposed measure—for instance, the obligation to perform public penance for his injustice in consenting to Lord Strafford's death, and, should God restore him to the throne, to restoring all impropriation of Church lands held by the Crown—these, and many such, are related by Welwood and Lilly the astrologer, whom he often consulted. In the "Lives of the Archbishops" a document is preserved, which Charles had entrusted to Bishop Sheldon, of Oxford, and which is endorsed: "A true copy of the king's vow, which was preserved thirteen years underground by me, Gilbert Sheldon."

This king stands high among royal authors. Besides many papers on political and Church matters, and prayers, his "poem," written in Carisbrooke Castle, and entitled, "Majesty in Misery; or, an Imploration to the King of Kings" (1648), is "full," says Hume, "of truth and pathos."

Whether or not King Charles was the author of "Eikon Basilike; or, the Image of a King"—a book which appeared soon after his execution, and "which surrounded his life with the attributes of a saint, and his death with the glory of a martyr"—has long been matter of controversy. This is not the place for discussing the question. Those who would enter into the subject are referred to Harris' "Life of Charles I.," Lingard's "History of England," and Hallam's "Constitutional History." Suffice it to say, that in one year, even in that non-reading age, fifty editions of the book were sold, and that Milton, who was directed by Parliament to answer it, and who consequently wrote his "Iconoclastes, or Image-Breaker," produced little or no effect upon the national opinion, and that his book is one which, but for the great name of its author, would never be read.

clement, full of fortitude, courage, patience, and humility; a lover of his subjects, gracious in conversation, true to his word, chaste, temperate, and frugal." "The greatest blemish in his disposition," says our great historian Hallam, "was a want of sincerity and *political* integrity; probably the result of his education in the contemptible kingcraft of his father, so that he met fraud with fraud, and countervailed deceit by deceit."*

He was buried at Windsor, February 8th, followed to his grave by four of his most devoted adherents—the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Hertford, and the Lords Lindsey and Southampton. So thick fell the snow, that,—by the time the coffin had crossed the court and entered the desecrated chapel, where republican hands had torn down the stalls and banners of the Knights of the Garter and strewn the floor with fragments of the regal monuments,—the black velvet pall was white, the hue of innocence. At the head of the vault stood Juxon, with the Book of Common Prayer; but scarcely had he commenced the first sentence of its sublime Burial Service, when he was roughly stopped by the Roundhead governor, Colonel Whichcot. The book, he said, had been put down as Papistical and profane, and should be used in no garrison where he commanded.

In silence and sadness they lowered the nameless coffin, for no memorial of its tenant had been affixed, into its resting place; the gentlemen present supplying an inscription by cutting with their penknives out of a band of sheet-lead spaces in the form of large letters, so that the words, "Charles Rex, 1648," could be

* "I was," says Berkeley, "of his Majesty's sense (opinion) in this, that men whose hands were yet hot with the blood of his most faithful subjects ought not to be trusted, nor to have the truth told them; but that they should rather be well-dissembled with, specially while his Majesty was in their hands, so that he might the better get out of them."

plainly read thereon. This band they wrapped round the coffin.

And thus, in the deserted and ruined chapel, amid the gathering darkness of a gloomy February night, without singing or saying, was the king's corpse left among the royal dead at Windsor, the very place of his interment unknown. So it remained till after the days of Pope, who thus commemorates "the mysterious grave" in his poem of "Windsor Forest":—

"Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
(Obscure the spot, and unscribed the stone)."

Nearly two centuries after his death, in 1813, the doubt was solved by the accidental discovery of the vault containing Charles' remains, and those of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour. His coffin, wrapt round with a sheet of lead, was opened in the presence of George IV. The features were nearly perfect, and bore the melancholy expression observable in his portraits. On the neck was the mark of the axe by which the people's martyr and the people's king was sped to rest. He left six children: Charles, who now assumed the title of king; James, Duke of York, afterwards James II.; Mary, wife of the Prince of Orange, and mother of Prince William, afterwards King William III.; Elizabeth, Henry, and Henrietta, afterwards married to the Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV.

In person King Charles was of comely presence, and with a sweet, grave, but melancholy aspect; his face regular, handsome, and well complexioned, his body strong, healthy, and well made. He had a good taste of learning and skill in the liberal arts, especially painting, sculpture, architecture, and medals, acquiring the noblest collection of any prince of his time, and more than all the kings of England before him. He spake divers languages well, and with a good grace, though now and then, when warm in discourse, he was inclinable to stammer. He

wrote a tolerable good hand for a king; his sense was strong, and his style laconic.

Some political features of the period demand notice. The great contention between Charles and his subjects—a struggle for liberty on one hand, and, on the other, a conscientious defence of privileges bequeathed to him by his forefathers, and which he had been taught to regard as sacred, exhibits, spite of the horrors which attended it, many great and good qualities on which an Englishman may reflect with pride and satisfaction. The spirit of freedom was abroad, and the nation would no longer submit to the wrongs which, in times of darkness and slavery, had been forced upon it. True, all these had been borne under Charles' predecessors; for he made not a single claim of prerogative which had not been previously made and conceded. But now

“Old times were changed, old manners gone”—

the errors and oppressions of a line of kings were visited upon their reigning representative, and Charles became the sacrifice to a long-established system of misrule, rather than to any individual offence of his own.

In this reign coffee was first introduced into England, and Van Diemen's Land (now called Tasmania) was discovered by Tasman, a Dutch navigator. The great religious war between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism—generally called “the Thirty Years' War”—was also brought to a close by the Treaty of Westphalia (October 24, 1648).

The Royal Society was founded (1645).

THE COMMONWEALTH.

A.D. 1649—1660.

"In sixteen hundred forty-nine (1649)
 Did men to Common-weal incline ;
 But Cromwell got the mastery
 In sixteen hundred fifty-three (1653)."

ERE sunset on the 30th of January, 1649, the day when,
 to use Marvel's words—

"King Charles had bowed his comely head
 Down, as upon a bed,"

the serjeant-at-arms, with trumpeters, poursuivants, and cavalry, made proclamation at Cheapside that "whosoever should proclaim a new king without authority of Parliament" should be doomed and dealt with as a traitor." Within a few days the Commons, now dwindled to little more than 100, voted the House of Lords, itself shrunk to less than twenty sitting members, "useless and dangerous," and the office of king "unnecessary, burthensome, and dangerous, and therefore to be abolished." They ordered the royal statues to be taken down, appointed a new great seal, with the legend, "In the first year of freedom, by God's blessing restored," to be used and the old one to be broken up; changed "the King's Peace" to "the Public Peace," and the forms of all public business from the king's name to that of "the Keepers of the Liberty of England," and declared England to be no longer a kingdom, but a Commonwealth.

The House, by whose sole authority all these changes were made, and which now seemed to possess undivided power, was but the puppet of the grandees of the army; and only one man was conspicuously its head. Before entering upon the events of the next ten years (better styled the reign of King Cromwell than the Commonwealth) it may be as well to say something of the childhood and youth of this very remarkable personage, to whom some would award the pillory and others a crown of laurel; some a halter, others a triumph; and who is to this day, extolled as a patriot and reviled as a mere military tyrant.

Oliver Cromwell was the son of a private gentleman of good family—to use his own words, “by birth a gentleman, neither living in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity”—and was born at Huntingdon,* April 25, 1599. There is a curious story of his having been, when an infant, seized by a large ape, who fled with him to the roof of the house, and after dancing, to the consternation of the family, on the leads for nearly an hour, quietly descended and replaced “the fortune of England” in the cradle from whence it was snatched. Heath, the earliest but somewhat spiteful biographer of Cromwell, relates another peril of his childhood. At about eight years old he narrowly escaped drowning in the Ouse, but was rescued by a clergyman, whom he reminded of the circumstance after the battle of Marston Moor. Though the victorious general was then surrounded by his Ironsides, his former preserver gravely replied, “I remember; but were it to do

* The house in which Cromwell was born is still standing; but in 1810 it was so modernised that no trace remains of its former or original appearance. In the last century, when Noble, the historian, visited it, the chamber in which the Lord Protector of England saw the light remained unchanged, and the tapestry with which it had been hung remained upon the walls. Among its figures was a very prominent one of Satan, which the owner of the dwelling, a zealous Tory, used always to point out to strangers, leaving them to infer who was represented by the large black figure.

again I would sooner that you perished in those waters than were thus in arms against your sovereign." Heath adds that the future Protector of England was "an obstinate, unruly, ill-conditioned youth, ever under the lash at school, a perfect apple-dragon for robbing orchards, and threatened more than once to be laid fast by the heels for pillaging dovecotes." His mode of life was little improved at Cambridge in 1616, nor when, two years later, he studied the law at Lincoln's Inn. We omit several particulars which appear to have been too highly coloured through party-spirit. Heath seems to have forgotten that one of the most brilliant of the kings of England was similarly distinguished in his youth.

But a change, which must be described by himself, was at hand. In a letter addressed (1638) to his relation, Mrs. St. John, he says, "You know what my manner of life hath been : how I have loved darkness and hated the light and all godliness ; yet God hath had mercy upon me, and turned me from darkness to light. Blessed be His name for shining upon so evil an heart as mine." The sincerity of his change of heart was manifested by a corresponding change of life, for in 1620 he began to love the Church and to hold fast by her ministrations, to pay his just debts, speak the truth, and punctually keep his word, which was proved by his restoring money to a gentleman from whom he had formerly won it, and confessing that he had gained it by indirect and unworthy means.

It cannot be doubted that Cromwell was now, at all events, sincere, and that, as he himself expressed it, it was his desire that "He Who had begun a good work in him, would perfect it to the day of Christ." But, partly through the fanatic taint of the times, and partly through the wild and half-crazed temperament which had caused him in childhood to hear voices in the wind and to see the gigantic spectre which fourscore times at dead of night had told him he should be the greatest man in England,

though saying nought of his being king ("a vision," says Clarendon, "which was generally spoken of, from the beginning of troubles and before Cromwell's position had promised such exaltation"), he became a Separatist and a Puritan, spending his time in preaching, and ever reviling the Church, in which he had once delighted, and opposing and maligning the king.

In 1628 he entered Parliament, "but was still of such rude and tempestuous carriage as to be oft reprehended by the Speaker." Yet, uncouth as were his manners, and dirty and negligent his apparel, "a beggarly fellow, with a threadbare, torn cloke, greasy hat, and neither of them paid for, ill-favoured and uncleanly," such were his abilities and energy, that when, in 1640, Lord Digby asked Hampden "who was that sloven?" he received for reply, "that sloven, if we should come, which God forbid, to a breach with the king, will be, I say, the greatest man in England."

His person was unprepossessing, clumsy, and vulgar-looking, ungracious in aspect, sallow and muddy-complexioned, with heavy bushy eyebrows and deep-purple nose. The lampoons of the day are full of low buffoonery and doggrel nonsense respecting this feature:—"the blazing of Noll's beacon nose," "The bloody beak whereby men might know the bird of prey," "Almighty Noll Cromwell's ruby nose."

Such, in appearance and manner, was he who, without one of those advantages by which the world is generally captivated, rose to the highest post in the kingdom, won battle after battle, destroyed an ancient monarchy, raised the national glory to an unexampled height, made princes tremble at his word, and bequeathed, with his dying breath, three kingdoms to his successor.

We return to the state of affairs at the time of the king's execution. On the 9th February the law courts were reopened and the executive power committed to a Council of

State, consisting of forty-one persons, of whom Bradshaw was President, and Milton Latin Secretary. The army remained in the hands of Fairfax and Cromwell, the men who had created it and rendered it the best in the world; and the navy was committed to the able charge of Blake, "the double-handed," the "sea hero" of the age, and to Deane and Popham, who soon made England's flag respected in every sea. The ruling party next proceeded to execute vengeance on five Royalists who had fallen into their power—the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, Lord Capel, the Earl of Norwich (George Goring), and Sir John Owen. All five were condemned as traitors and condemned to be beheaded. But the Earl of Norwich was saved by the casting vote of the Speaker, and Owen* at the intercession of Ireton and Colonel Hutchinson. As to Lord Holland, "the unfortunate fine gentleman, the double turncoat," of whom Bishop Warburton says that "he lived like a knave and died like a fool," he was executed, along with the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Capel (March 9, 1649). The last, a nobleman alike in heart and race, "did now, like Samson and the Philistines, harm his foes more in his death, wherein he carried himself in the fashion of a stout old Roman, than even by his life."

Of those who had sat round the council board of King Charles, hardly any had escaped a violent death. The Duke of Buckingham, Strafford, Laud, Falkland, the Duke of Hamilton, and Lord Holland had all so perished: most of them, like their unfortunate monarch, by the executioner. But so vehement was the public indignation against this

* Mrs. Hutchinson writes that her husband, seeing "that no man spake for this poor knight, who was a stranger and friendless, while all laboured to save the lords, moved Colonel Ireton to befriend him, and that they two spake so nobly for him, that they carried his pardon clear." Clarendon also relates that the stout old Cavalier, when sentence of beheading was passed upon him, exclaimed that it was "a great honour for a poor Welsh knight to be beheaded with so many nobles;" adding, with a round oath, "I thought they would have hanged me."

last act of severity, that, except in the case of Colonel Poyer, no more blood was shed of state prisoners. The execution of Lockyer, one of the Levellers in Whalley's regiment, almost caused a mutiny, for he was followed to the grave by thousands, wearing bunches of rosemary steeped in blood, and sea-green and black ribbons on their hats and breasts. To Cromwell, who had remarked to the Council of State, "You must make an end of this party, or they will make an end of you," was now committed the charge of quelling an insurrection among the Levellers in the regiments of Harrison, Ireton, and several other of the most eminent republican leaders. His measures were taken with the greatest energy and rapidity. Marching fifty miles in one day, he burst at midnight into the town of Burford, in Oxfordshire, where the mutineers had assembled, made four hundred of them prisoners, shot two cornets and two corporals, and so dismayed or pacified the rest that no further disturbances arose in the army. Lilburne, the ringleader, was committed to the Tower (March 27), protesting to Hugh Peters that he would sooner endure King Charles' rule for seven years than one under the tyrants now in power.

Cromwell's next errand was the reduction of Ireland to order. The government of that country had been delivered up to Parliament in 1640 by the Marquis of Ormond. But this nobleman, who was recalled to Waterford by the Roman Catholics, proclaimed Charles II. king, on hearing of the king's death, and took possession in his name of all the fortresses, except Dublin, Belfast, and Londonderry. Cromwell was appointed (June 22) General in Chief and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and on the 10th August, at the head of 12,000 men, "he set off," say the newspapers of the day, "in such state and equipage as hath hardly been seen." He reached Dublin on the 18th, and immediately commenced his progress of blood and misery. In sterner mood and wilder wrath than he had ever exhibited

in England,—for he was not naturally sanguinary and his men had ever been merciful to the vanquished,—he now wreaked terrible vengeance on the hordes of ignorant half-savage Papists, who, during the rebellion, had been burning, plundering, murdering, and exercising all the barbarities of partisan warfare. Tredah, or Drogheda, was first attacked. It was garrisoned by 8,000 men, under the command of Sir Arthur Aston, a Royalist of tried courage and fidelity. When summoned by Cromwell to surrender, the stout old Cavalier, who had already lost a leg in his sovereign's service, instantly and unhesitatingly refused. The town was taken by storm September 10th, and Cromwell's own words to the Council of State describe the frightful result. "We refused them quarter, and put to the sword the whole number of the defenders, not thirty I think escaping with life." (This was an under-statement of the tale of horror; for, instead of thirty, but one survived). "Those that did are in safe custody for the Barbados" (there to be sold as slaves). Nor was the slaughter confined to armed men. One thousand of the inhabitants, men, women, and children, who had taken refuge in the great church, were massacred by his Ironsides, "among whom were many priests, knocked on the head," say Cromwell's despatches, "save two, whom we made an end of next day." The slaughter lasted five days, till the streets ran red with blood. The same wholesale butchery was repeated at Wexford, where, says Cromwell, "I forbade my soldiers to spare any." The defenceless inhabitants were put to the sword, and among them 300 women, who had fled to the cross in the market place, and who were slain as Popish idolaters.

Of the hideous and almost unparalleled massacres, concerning which Cromwell wrote, "Truly, I believe that this bitterness will save much effusion of blood," and wherein he regarded himself as "the instrument of Heaven's righteous judgment," Guizot does most justly remark that

it is not for man to pronounce upon nations the sentence of the Almighty: much less, we may add, to take it upon himself to carry that sentence into execution.

For a while Cromwell's end was attained. Native Irish and English Royalists were alike terror-stricken. Other fortresses surrendered. Upwards of 40,000 Irish fled to France and Spain, and took service in the armies of those countries: and after a short campaign in the following spring, Cromwell, leaving Ireton as his deputy, returned to London (May 31, 1650), to carry the terror of his name into Scotland, where a new field of victory lay before him. The subjugation of Ireland was all but complete. His approach to the metropolis was greeted with one vast tumult of salutation, firing of cannon, and shouting of voices. "What a crowd," remarked a bystander, "is come out to meet your lordship." "Aye," responded the general, with his shrewd and rough good sense, "but if it were to see me hanged, how many more would there be?"

Nowhere had the death of Charles I. and the triumph of the Independents been more deeply resented than in Scotland. Accordingly, that nation speedily proclaimed Charles II. king, and organised a general rising in his favour. But Argyle and the rigid Presbyterians who bore rule, though they were bound by the Covenant to call the hereditary heir to the throne, and did so (February 5), by no means intended to receive him, save on their own conditions. He must take the Covenant, openly declare himself deeply humbled in spirit for his father's iniquities and his mother's idolatries, must dismiss all his Royalist followers, and submit in everything, temporal and spiritual, to their authority. And when the gallant Montrose, with a few other nobles, counselled the young king to reject these hard conditions, and to trust to their swords to place him on the throne of his forefathers, they were branded as public enemies.

After a fruitless attempt to raise the Orkneys and adjoining mainland, and more than one hotly-contested

skirmish, Montrose fought his last battle (April 30, 1650) at the "Rock of Lamentation" (so named from the event), in Kincardine. There 200 men were killed, and 1,200 taken, the standard likewise, on one side of which was painted the bleeding head of the late king, with the motto, "Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord," and on the other the marquis' own bearings, a naked arm holding a sword, dripping gore, and the motto "Nil medium." The standard-bearer was slain, after having repeatedly refused quarter. When the day was irretrievably lost, Montrose quitted the field, threw off his riband and George, and, assuming the disguise of a Highland peasant, swam the River Kyle, and took refuge with a friend and follower of his own, McLeod of Assynt, by whom he was perfidiously betrayed to his enemies. Under an old Act of Attainder, passed in 1644, he was condemned to die the death of a traitor,—to be hanged on a gibbet thirty feet high, his head cut off and fixed on the Tolbooth or prison of Edinburgh, his body quartered, and placed over the gates of the principal towns of Scotland. To this sentence he only replied, that he "would rather his head were stuck on the Tolbooth, than his picture hung in the king's chamber, and that he wished he had flesh enough to send to every city in Christendom, in memory of his unshaken love and fidelity to the cause for which he suffered;"* in the same spirit he went to the scaffold.†

Limited as is this little work, we must refer those who

* Wishart tells us that while the noble prisoner, on the morning before his execution, was combing the long, curled hair which, as a Cavalier, he wore, Johnstone of Warriston, an eminent Covenanter, remarked to him that "it was but an idle employment at so solemn a time." "I will arrange my head as I please to-day, while it is still my own," answered Montrose; "to-morrow it will be yours, and ye may deal as ye list with it."

† The same authority as above states that he walked from the prison to the Grass Market, the common place of execution for the basest felons, dressed in a scarlet cloak trimmed with gold lace, his air so grand, and such beauty, majesty, and gravity in his aspect as shaked

desire the details of this interesting episode to Wishart and other chroniclers of the period. Suffice it to say that Montrose was executed at Edinburgh, May 21, with every mark of ignominy and insult that vindictiveness could devise;* that his mortal foe, Argyle, as Montrose was drawn on a sledge to prison, feasted his eyes on the humiliation of his enemy, and that Argyle's son, Lord Lorn, watched the execution with hideous relish, even laughing when he marked the bungling of the hangman, when severing the marquis' head from his body. This merciless conduct was visited upon both father and son in the succeeding reign.

Meanwhile Charles delayed and negotiated, promised and retracted, and, when he heard of Montrose's defeat and death, disavowed, with unblushing duplicity, the commission which he had given him. But seeing that no better could be done, he accepted the Covenant, agreed to every proposition, swore fidelity to the advice of Parliament and Kirk, vowed never, on any consideration, to permit the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion in his dominions, and thus saying and swearing, landed in Scotland, June 16, 1650. As he entered the gate of Aberdeen, he passed under the mangled remains of the faithful Montrose, and found, when

the whole city, and forced, even from his enemies, the unwilling confession that he was a man of the most lofty and elevated soul, and unshaken loyalty and resolution that the age had produced. He finally submitted to the executioner with such resolved courage, that many even of his bitterest enemies wept.

* On the night before his death, Montrose wrote the following lines with the point of a diamond on the window of his prison :—

“ Let them bestow on every airth (point of the compass) a limb,
Then open all my veins that I may swim
To Thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake;
Then place my parbolled head upon a stake—
Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air—
Lord, since Thou know'st where all these atoms are,
I'm hopeful Thou 'lt recover once my dust,
And confident Thou 'lt raise me with the just.”

he reached Edinburgh, the head still exposed on the Tol-booth, and blackening in the sun.

Clarendon asserts that Charles' resolution of embarking for Scotland was due to the persuasion of his courtiers, the profligate Buckingham and Wilmot, who pointed out that by thus going among the Scotch and temporising with them he could the better avenge himself of them. Upon this righteous principle the young king acted, and he reaped ere long the due reward of such an unrighteous deed. We can but sympathise with the humiliations heaped upon him; the six long sermons to which he daily listened, and of which the themes were his father's misdeeds and his mother's idolatry, and his own ill-conduct as "the very root of all malignancy:" moreover, and which was nearer the truth, that he had sworn to observe the Covenant without any intention of keeping his oath. Though treated with some show of respect, Argyle and his party took care to give him his own will in nothing, and to consult him on no one public measure, so that he speedily found himself a mere pageant of state, who had but exchanged exile for imprisonment. Double-dealing and profligate, indifferent alike to truth and religion, selfish, indolent, and dissolute, this unworthy son of a worthy father contrived, in the society of his vicious favourites and in the enjoyment of a good table, diversified with hunting and riding, to forget the rebukes to which he was compelled to listen. The chief matter for regret is that the Scotch preachers, by their ill-timed and overstrained austerity, confirmed the young king in that carelessness about religion and proneness to dissipation by which his whole life was unhappily distinguished.

And now both English and Scotch prepared for war: the new Commonwealth of the former country being nowise minded to permit the son of the monarch whom they had put to death to establish himself as sovereign of the sister kingdom, whence he might, when opportunity offered,

invite his numerous English adherents to take up arms and disturb, or perhaps destroy, their newly-modelled republic. They therefore levied a large army, of which they gave the command (Fairfax refusing to make war on his fellow-Presbyterians) to Cromwell (June 26). That general left London, after only three days' delay, and on the 22nd July crossed the Tweed, finding in his progress that Leslie had wasted all the country south of Edinburgh, leaving there none save ancient and spectral crones, clad in flannel, who told the English commander that "a' the men were awa' to the wars, and that food there was nane." Proceeding by the coast, for he depended on his fleet for support, he came up (July 26) with the veteran Leslie, posted between Edinburgh and Leith, in a position too strong to be attacked. Cromwell, therefore, fell back on Dunbar, followed by Leslie, who blockaded all the passes to England. The English army was wasting apace by sickness and by famine, for Cromwell's supplies had fallen short, and the wily Scot, hoping to starve his foe into surrender, lay still in his intrenchments, which he could not be induced to quit. He would have done well to persevere in that policy. But, in an evil hour, he suffered himself to be drawn from his fastness by the intemperate zeal of the Covenanting preachers, who induced him to quit the Hill of Doon and go down to hazard a battle with the English in the open plain, assuring him that he should be prospered, as was the going down of the children of Israel against the Philistines at Gilgal. Cromwell's quick eye at once perceived the mistake which Leslie had made, and, exclaiming, "Now hath the Lord delivered him into our hands," gave orders for attack before next morning's dawn. Riding (September 3) towards the field, where the strife had already begun, the rising sun showed his broad orb over the sea, close to the scene of action. "Let God arise," he exclaimed, as he turned to the glorious spectacle, "and let His enemies be scattered;" and hardly were

these words spoken, when he shouted, "I profess they flee!" His hopes had not deceived him. Only two regiments of the hastily-raised Scotch levies fought bravely against the veterans of the Commonwealth, and they were almost entirely cut to pieces. The rest of Leslie's army fell into irretrievable confusion, and fled, with little or no resistance. The slaughter, or, to use Cromwell's words, the charge and execution, which ensued was terrible; 4,000 Scots were killed, and above 10,000 taken prisoners, whom the victors' cruelty consigned to a fate hitherto unknown in Christian warfare. They were transported to America, and sold there as slaves.

By the decisive defeat of Dunbar, the whole south of Scotland fell into Cromwell's power. Edinburgh Castle surrendered (December 18), and the strongholds of Tantallon, Home, Roslin, and Borthwick soon did the same. The remnant of the Scottish army took refuge in Stirling. But for the approach of winter, and but for an ague which prevented Cromwell for three months from pursuing his victories, he would now, it can hardly be doubted, have set his foot on all Scotland, as he had done upon Ireland. But though he applied to Parliament for permission to return, on the plea that the infirmities of age were stealing upon him (he was 51 years old), and though he wrote to Bradshaw (March, 1651), "Your service needs not me: I am a poor dry bone, unserviceable to my Master and to you," we yet find him during spring in the field, and, after securing every fortress in the way, occupying Perth, while the Scotch army, with the king at their head, lay at Stirling.

Charles, weary of the restraints imposed upon him by Argyle and the strict Covenanters, and finding himself a slave rather than a ruler, had escaped from them into the Highlands. But this attempt, which was commonly called "the Start," did him little service, for he was pursued and brought back, and though a prisoner in all but name, he

was crowned at Scone* (January 1, 1651). The hand of the Duke of Argyle placed the diadem on his head, "in recompense for which deed," as the unhappy noble, when put to death after the Restoration, said, "the king now brings my head to the block."

Meanwhile, through the approach of Cromwell, who had penetrated so far into the country as to get into their rear, the situation of the king and the Scottish army became daily more critical. All supplies and all communication with the Highlands were cut off, the country was ravaged, and the troops so dismayed at the prospect of encountering the dreaded English commander, that they deserted by hundreds. In this emergency Charles formed the bold resolve, worthy of the race whence he sprang, of marching into England, where he hoped to be joined, not by the Royalists only, but by all who were dissatisfied with the Commonwealth. Breaking up his camp at Stirling (July 31), he advanced rapidly through Cumberland, Lancashire, Cheshire, and Shropshire, to Worcester, his only halt on the road being a skirmish at Warrington with Lambert's and Harrison's forces, who endeavoured to stay him till Cromwell should arrive, and to whom Charles' men shouted, as they began the engagement, "O you rogues! we will be on you ere your Cromwell cometh." At Worcester the royal standard was unfurled with much ceremony and his Majesty solemnly proclaimed at the market cross. Few men, however, joined his banner. The Royalists, broken and dispirited, and unwarned of his approach, were not prepared, and the Scots, terrified at the hazard of the enterprise, hastened in great numbers across the Border. So that when Cromwell, leaving Monk to guard Scotland, pursued the king with nearly 40,000 men and came up with

* A few days before Charles II.'s coronation at Scone, his brother-in-law, William II. of Orange, died, and within a week after that event, the widow, Princess Mary of England, gave birth to a son, who, in February, 1689, mounted the English throne as William III.

him at Worcester, he surrounded the town on all sides, and, after four hours' desperate fighting, the streets were choked with the dead, almost all his enemies were killed or taken prisoners, and Charles was compelled to flee. This victory, styled by Cromwell in his letter to Parliament "a stiff business and stiffly contested," but "a glorious and crowning mercy," was won on the 3rd September, the anniversary of the battle of Dunbar. The prisoners numbered nearly ten thousand. Among them was the gallant Earl of Derby, husband of "the Lady of Latham" (see p. 106), who, when he was beheaded at Bolton, made a godly end, with stoutness and Christian temper, praying that the block might be set over against the church, "that I may look towards Thy sanctuary, Lord, as I hope to dwell in Thy heavenly sanctuary hereafter." The Duke of Hamilton, who died of his wounds, was also among the captives, as were others who perished on the scaffold. Those of less note were shipped to the plantations in Africa and America; fifteen hundred were granted to the Guinea merchants to work in the mines. Few returned to tell of—

"Worcester's blood-red butchery."

After beholding the ruin of his cause, and displaying such coolness and valour as called forth the encomiums of Cromwell himself, Charles escaped from the field. He had, about a fortnight previously, addressed a letter to the City of London, offering pardon to all who would return to their allegiance; and for sole reply his letter was burnt by the common hangman, and the king and his adherents proclaimed traitors; while a reward of £1,000 was offered to "whosoever should deliver up to Parliament Charles Stuart, son of the late tyrant," and a penalty of "death without mercy denounced on all who sheltered or concealed him."

The wanderings of King Charles II., his hair-breadth

scapes and miraculous deliverances, would require far greater space than we can bestow. The story is chiefly interesting from the faithfulness exhibited by high and low, rich and poor, to the son of their late sovereign, the fallen prince, invested with all the sanctity of misfortune. For forty-five days, during which the secret of his existence was entrusted to no fewer than fifty persons, he roamed about in various disguises, or lay concealed, sheltered, at the risk of their own lives, by his protectors, and betrayed by none, tempting as was the offered bait and extreme the poverty of many who harboured him. A most meagre sketch of his adventures is all that we can give.

After riding all night from Worcester, without so much as a crust whereon to break his long fast, he reached at day-dawn the mansion of "the loyal Giffords," called White Ladies, which was within half-a-mile of Boscobel, a lone house on the borders of Staffordshire and Shropshire. In this wild, secluded spot, sheltered by the noble loyalty of the farmer Penderell and his four brothers, who cropped the king's hair, stained his face and hands with walnut juice, as if sunburnt, arrayed him in "a noggon coarse shirt," and, putting a wood-bill in his hands, concealed him in the adjoining coppice, he passed the whole day after the battle of Worcester. At night, escorted by his five stout-hearted preservers, he made his way to the house of a Mr. Woolfe, a Roman Catholic gentleman of Madely, who had hiding-holes for priests, whence, as Madely was near the Severn, he hoped to escape into Wales. But the whole place swarmed with soldiers, the ferry was guarded, and all the boats made fast. The priests' holes, too, had been recently detected, and might be searched at any moment. In the barn, therefore, and under the straw, the fugitive passed the second day of his wanderings; and, after a vain attempt to cross the Severn at night, returned to Boscobel. In its immediate neighbourhood was now sheltered another homeless Cavalier, the gallant Major

Carlisle, or Careless, a Royalist officer who had abided at Worcester till he had seen the last man slain there. He had learned at Stourbridge, that all the wooded country round Boscobel, together with the house, was to be scoured by soldiers on morrow's dawn. He therefore proposed to the king that they should take refuge together in the branches of a huge oak, on the edge of the forest, whence they might see all around for a great distance. In this oak, the Royal Oak,* long an object of veneration, and which is described in the king's own narrative as having been so lopped and grown so thick and bushy, that it could not be seen through, they spent all Friday (the battle of Worcester had been fought on Wednesday); and there, to use the king's own words, "while we were on the tree, and peering through its branches, we saw the red-coats going up and down in the wood, seeking for persons escaped, and heard their discourse, and how they would use the king if they could take him." Spent with fatigue, Charles dropped asleep again and again, his head supported on Major Carlisle's knees, who kept him from falling.

During the two following days, the king, who was unable to walk, his feet being sorely galled and blistered, lay hidden in the Priests' Hole (a closet five feet square), between two stacks of chimneys, at Boscobel. On Monday night (September 8) escorted by "a right-royal guard"—the faithful brotherhood of Penderells†—and mounted on the mill horse, which went heavily, bearing the weight of three kingdoms, he joined Wilmot at Moseley. But

* The Royal Oak has perished; but a tree sprung from one of its acorns, and protected by a railing, still points out the spot.

† After the Restoration, Richard Penderell was summoned to court, when the king, addressing him as "Friend Richard," bade him give the courtiers a full account of their adventures at Boscobel. He afterwards settled a pension on him, and kept him near him till his death, when he placed a monument over his grave in St. Giles' Churchyard, London. Two descendants of Penderell still receive pensions on account of the loyalty of their ancestor.

Moseley was not a secure hiding-place, being actually visited by the soldiers of the Commonwealth while the king lay hidden there. It was therefore determined that, as soon as night should set in, Charles should proceed to Bentley Hall, the seat of the zealous Royalist, Colonel Lane, whose sister, Miss Jane Lane,* had obtained a pass from Parliament to visit a relation near Bristol, from which port it was hoped that Charles might escape to France.

At Bentley he assumed a new character. The woodman, in leathern doublet, was transformed into a decent country serving-man, in hodden grey, and set forth, with the lady on a pillion behind him, accompanied by her cousin, Mr. Lascelles, on a journey of more than one hundred miles, through a country full of the enemy's troops. During their three days' travel, the young king's dangers were neither few nor small. His awkwardness in helping his mistress to mount first attracted attention; and when the horse cast a shoe, and Charles, as servant, had to conduct him to the forge—"What news?" said he to the smith. "None," was the reply, "save the beating of those rogues the Scotch; for I hear not yet that Charles Stuart hath been taken." "An' ye catch him," replied the king, "he is the rogue that well deserveth hanging for bringing in the Scots!" Whereon (for we borrow from the royal narrative) "the smith told me I spake like an honest fellow; and so we parted."

At the house where the night was spent, the cook rated the pretended servant's awkwardness in managing the jack, and asked "what manner of countryman was he, who knew not how to turn a jack?" To which he meekly replied, that he was but the son of a poor tenant of Colonel Lane, who had not oft roast meat, and when he had, lacked a jack to cook it withal.

Next day, after having traversed a whole regiment of Cromwell's army, he was recognised at night by the butler

* To this lady, whom Charles hailed with the words, "Welcome, my life," he granted a pension of £1,000, and £500 to her brother.

of Major Norton of Abbotsleigh, who, falling on his knees, expressed with tears his delight at seeing his Majesty in health and safety.

This slight sample of Charles' romantic adventures must suffice. For the interesting details of the next five weeks' perils and escapes, his bootless attempts to take ship at Bristol, Bridport, and Southampton, and his final embarkation (October 15) at Shoreham, whence he reached Fécamp, we must refer to the king's own account,* and to the histories of the period. More than eight years elapsed before he returned to claim the throne of his fathers. Clarendon says that he led, during this time, a very deplorable life, sheltered by France, Holland, and the Netherlands (so long as those countries were not afraid of Cromwell), and at other times obliged to seek refuge elsewhere.

The defeat of Worcester gave a death blow to the king's cause in England as well as the north. It also placed Cromwell at the head of affairs, so that he returned in triumph to London, and took up his residence in well-nigh regal state at Hampton Court. "And now," says Ludlow, "we saw in his air, language, and manners a natural transformation of dignity, remarked by all," and thus commented on by the shrewd and clear-sighted Hugh Peters: "This man will yet be King of England."

The stately and almost royal demeanour of Cromwell was noticed less flatteringly in a pasquinade of the time, entitled the "Brewer of Huntingdon":—

"A brewer may be all in all,
And raise his powers both great and small,
Till he become Lord General;
Which nobody can deny.
A brewer may be as high as Hector,
When as he had drunk his cup of nectar,
And speedily rise to be Lord Protector;
Which nobody can deny."

* This account, which purports to have been dictated by the king himself to Mr. Pepys, is preserved in Magdalen College, Cambridge.

While Cromwell had been conquering Ireland and the Scotch, Blake and other admirals had been no less successful in establishing the power of the Commonwealth by sea. The seventeen ships of war, whose commanders had before the death of Charles I. placed them at the disposal of the Prince of Wales, had been for some months infesting the Channel and threatening Dublin. After capturing several vessels and eluding the blockade of Blake at Kinsale, they had sailed for Lisbon, and there disposed of their prizes. The English admiral appealed to the Portuguese Government for redress, which the latter refused, and also aided Rupert in making his escape. Fiery and energetic, Blake vowed vengeance, sailed for England, captured on the way a richly-laden Portuguese fleet (March, 1650), and compelled King John IV., affrighted by so dangerous a foe, to make submission, and sue for a new alliance with the haughty Republic of Great Britain (January, 1651). "The old sea dog's" next act was to take possession of the Scilly Islands, and of Jersey, Guernsey, and the Isle of Man; and to send part of the fleet, under Sir George Ayscough, to reduce the American planters, all of whom, except New England, had sided with the Royalists.

And thus the arms of the Commonwealth were prospering both in Scotland and Ireland. Before the end of 1651, Monk took Stirling, where he seized upon the "Honours of Scotland," as they were called, viz., the crown, sceptre, and sword of state; stormed Dundee, doing his work as bloodily as Cromwell at Drogheda, and effectually subjugating the country.

In November (1650), Ireton, who had nearly put down the rebellion in Ireland, died of the plague at Limerick, leaving his command to Ludlow, who compelled Galway, the last stronghold of the Roman Catholics, to surrender (July 10), dispossessed the native Irish of their lands, put English settlers in their stead, divided the most fertile

districts among his soldiers, and ruled the country with a rod of iron. Happily for the green island, the Protector's youngest son, Henry Cromwell, was, in August, 1654, appointed governor. He was a mild, benevolent, and just man, whose wise and conciliatory rule of nearly five years changed the face of Ireland, and brought the disordered country into a flourishing state; so that where blood had long flowed like water, the swords were bent into ploughshares and the spears into pruning-hooks.

The relations of England and Holland were at this time most critical. The death of the Prince of Orange, son-in-law of Charles I., seemed to open the way for an alliance between the two republics. But the Royalist refugees at the Hague insulted the commissioners whom the Commonwealth sent thither, and the ambassador of the States General, who came over to renew negotiations after the battle of Worcester, met with a haughty reception in London. So that the ill-blood thus engendered induced Parliament, which, in the phrase of the day, could bite as well as bark, to pass the celebrated Navigation Act, which forbade the importation of any goods into England, save in the ships of the country where those goods were produced (October 9, 1651). This was a serious blow to the Dutch, who were the general carriers of Europe, and it was resented accordingly. And when the unwelcome demand was added that henceforth the Dutch should salute the English flag, the blood of the Hollanders fairly boiled over, and they broke into open hostilities. On May 19, their admiral, the renowned Van Tromp, entered the Downs with a fleet of forty-two sail, driven in, he averred, by stress of weather. There he encountered Blake, with only twenty ships, who, seeing Van Tromp's flag flying at the peak, fired three signal guns as a summons to lower his pennon. Without paying any attention the Dutchman sailed on, and then, suddenly veering round, fired a raging broadside into Blake's flag-ship. An engagement immedi-

ately began, which lasted four hours ; one of Van Tromp's ships was sunk and another taken. Night parted the combatants, and when morning dawned no trace of the hostile fleet could be seen. On July 8, war was declared against the States General.

An indecisive action between Ayscough and De Ruyter (August 16) was followed by one, sharp and stinging, on the 28th of September, when Blake and Penn defeated Van Tromp and De Ruyter in the Downs, and chased them into their harbours. On the 28th of November the Dutch commander was more successful, for, with seventy-three ships, he encountered Blake, who had but thirty-seven, and, after cruelly handling the little squadron, forced its brave commander to retreat into the Thames. He then, in bravado, mounted a broom at his masthead, in token that he had swept the proud islanders from off the seas. But the insult was signally avenged. Within three months a gallant fleet of eighty sail was equipped, and in a battle off Portland (February 18) the Dutch admiral was forced by Blake to lower his tone and his broom likewise, the obnoxious emblem being shivered into splinters by the second shot from the English commander's flagship. The fight was continued across the Channel for three days, till the fleet of Holland fled for safety into the Scheldt. Another brilliant victory was gained on the 2nd and 3rd of June by Monk, who had been recalled from Scotland to take the command during Blake's illness, and who blockaded Van Tromp in the Texel. This was the great Dutch admiral's last battle, for, in attempting to escape, his squadron was nearly annihilated and himself shot through the heart by a musket-ball (July 31, 1653). A newspaper of the day says, "Thus did the English fleet out-trump Van Tromp, making the flag of the Commonwealth victorious both by land and sea." But this long struggle, which originated in no higher principle than a rivalry of commercial interest, and which lasted with slight intermission

for many doleful years, and cost hundreds of gallant lives, has little real or abiding interest. In 1654 peace was concluded between the two republics.

In the midst of all this national glory, matters at home seemed proceeding to a strange end. An ignominious fall was preparing for the Rump Parliament, and Cromwell was rapidly rising to the highest place in the realm. On his return from the Golgotha of Worcester, he had urged the House to pass an Act of Amnesty, pardoning all State offences committed previous to that battle. This was readily done. His next proposition was less acceptable, for he pressed them to frame a law for the election of future Parliaments, and reminded them that, having now sat for many years, it was time the nation should again have the opportunity of choosing its own rulers. Reluctantly, and by a very small majority, they fixed Nov. 8, 1654, for their own dissolution, thus allowing themselves yet eight more months of existence, and meanwhile passed an Act (their votes no longer bearing the modest name of ordinances) for reducing the power as well as number of the army. This brought matters to a crisis, and decided Cromwell on cutting things short by wrenching the government out of their hands. With this object, to quote the memoirs of Whitelocke, Algernon Sidney, Ludlow, and others, to whom we owe the narrative of the extraordinary transaction which follows, he went to the House, April 20, 1658, accompanied by Major-General Harrison and 800 soldiers. He wore no garb of authority, but only his usual plain dress and grey worsted stockings. Sitting in his place he listened to the debate. Presently beckoning Harrison from the other side, he said that he judged the Parliament ripe for dissolution, and this to be the time for doing it. Harrison, whose myrmidons were posted outside the door, besought him seriously to consider before undertaking such a great and dangerous work. To which Cromwell answered, "You say well," and remained still for

about a quarter of an hour, when he suddenly exclaimed, "This is the time, and I must do it," and, starting up, he loaded Parliament with the vilest reproaches, as tyrants, oppressors, and robbers of the people. He spoke with all the passion and discomposure of a man distracted, telling them that the Lord had done with them, and chosen other instruments worthier than they. Sir Peter Wentworth indignantly retorted that never had such unbecoming language been applied to Parliament; and that it was the more horrid as coming from a servant of their own, highly trusted and favoured by them, and who was made what he was by their bounty.

Cromwell suddenly interrupted him by stepping into the middle of the House, kicking the floor, and roaring out, "Come, I will put an end to your prating. I say you are no Parliament! Get you gone, for shame! and give place to honest men. Call them in." Whereupon Colonel Worsley entered with two files of musketeers. "This," cried Sir Harry Vane, "is not honest: it is against morality and common honesty." "Sir Harry Vane," mockingly retorted Cromwell, "the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" Then, looking upon divers members, "There sits a drunkard, there an extortioner, there a glutton, there a liar!" and much reviling language did he give to others. Then he commanded the mace to be taken away, saying, "What have we to do with this bauble? Take it hence." Turning to Harrison, and pointing to the Speaker in the chair, "Fetch him down," he exclaimed, whereon Harrison stepped up to Lenthall and said, "Sir, it is not convenient for you to remain here." Upon Lenthall declaring that he would not come down unless he was forced, Harrison replied, "Sir, I will lend you my hand," and plucked him down by the gown. The French ambassador adds, "Le Général Harrison le prit par la main et le conduisit hors du Parlement, comme un gentilhomme fait une demoiselle, suivi de tout le Parlement. Alors le Général Cromwell

prit la masse et la donna aux soldats." To return to our English authorities. "It is you," said Cromwell, addressing the House, "who have forced me upon this. I have sought the Lord night and day that He would rather slay me than put me upon this." So saying, he snatched from the clerk the Act which the House were about to pass, thrust it under his cloak, commanded the door of the House to be locked, put the key in his pocket, and returned to Whitehall. Clarendon pertinently asks, "What had King Charles I. done to be set by the side of that?"

Thus ended the Long Parliament. Rebellious, tyrannical, and oppressive towards their sovereign, whom they had dethroned and beheaded, it was a just retribution that they should sink under the despotism of one of their own members, a man they had themselves chosen, and who, till these troubles began, had been "a man of very mean consideration."

Next day, as the French Minister states, "*Sur la Maison du Parlement on trouva écrit, 'This house to be let, unfurnished,' et partout dans la ville on chante des chansons contre eux.*"

On the following afternoon the Council of State was dissolved by the same strong hand, not a voice being raised in its defence, nor, as Cromwell says, so much as a dog barking at their going, and themselves, though wont to brag so high, tamely departing. This proceeding was sanctioned by addresses from the army, the fleet, and many of the chief towns in England.

Cromwell now finding himself at the head of the government, proceeded, by his own sole act and deed, to form a new Council of State, consisting of himself and eight other officers, with four civilians. On July 4 he also summoned a "small representation of the people," which the people had, however, no voice in choosing, for it was selected after a fashion of his own, from lists furnished by "the different Churches of persons faithful, fearing God and hating covet-

ousness." This assembly, which consisted of 122 members for England, 6 for Wales, 5 for Scotland, and 6 for Ireland, is generally known as the "Little Parliament," or "Barebone's Parliament," being so called from one of its members, who was a leather-seller in Fleet Street and a Fifth Monarchy man, having assumed the designation, which to us sounds somewhat profane, of "Praise God Barebone." Though this Parliament contained many fanatics, there were yet men of sense, spirit, and action among them; and violent and absurd as were some of the propositions urged by the Anabaptists, Independents, and other sects—such, for instance, as to destroy the records in the Tower, do away with education and learning and the ministry—yet the majority evinced such a desire to settle the government on purely republican principles, and were so little minded to submit to Cromwell, to promote his views and become his tools, that he quickly found it necessary, for his own safety, to adopt measures for bringing their sittings to a close.* Happily for him, many of them were his own nominees, persons wholly devoted to his interests, and ready to do his bidding. Accordingly, on December 18, one of this number, Colonel Sydenham, suddenly rising, proposed that Parliament should go in a body to the Lord General, and resign its power to him. The Speaker, who was a party to the scheme, immediately adopted the measure by quitting the chair, followed by forty members, and repairing to Whitehall, where they hastily drew up a paper, signed by eighty of their number in four days, by which they placed all their authority in the hands of Cromwell. The few members who remained in the House were summarily ejected by Colonel White and a company of soldiers. One of the chroniclers of the day adds that

* By this Parliament the Court of Chancery was abolished, marriages were ordered to be solemnised by justices of the peace instead of clergymen; and it was proposed to do away with tithes, and provide fixed salaries for the clergy in lieu of them.

the colonel found one Moyer in the chair, who, being asked what the House was doing, replied, "Seeking the Lord." "Then," said White, "seek Him elsewhere; for to my sure knowledge He hath not been here these many years."

The resignation of the "Little Parliament" was speedily followed by the elevation of Cromwell to the supreme power.

By a deed, called the Instrument of Government, he received the title of His Highness the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Ireland, and Scotland (December 16, 1653). He was to have a council of twenty-one members, and a standing army of 20,000 foot and 10,000 horse; and he was bound to summon every three years a Parliament, who should sit for five months without prorogation or dissolution, and whose acts should become law, even if he withheld his assent. In every respect, but this last, more power was granted to him than had ever been permitted to any king of England. He was even authorised during the next nine months (for Parliament was not to assemble till September 8 of the following year) to impose taxes, issue ordinances, which were to have the force of laws, and to perform, of his sole authority, all acts necessary for the public service. The office of Protector was for life: on his death the Council were to appoint his successor.

On December 26, Cromwell, then fifty-four years old, was solemnly inaugurated in Westminster Hall, riding thither in a coach of state, no longer attired in plain black cloth and worsted stockings, but in a suit of black velvet, with a broad band of gold round his hat. Having seated himself in the chair of state, and taken his oath, he received the Great Seal of England, and Lambert, kneeling, presented him with a sheathed sword, representing the civil sword, which accepting, he put off his own, intimating that he would no longer rule by the military sword, though

in his heart he designed nothing else. He then took up his abode, king in all but name, at the royal Palace of Whitehall, and set himself to work with vigour in the position so long sought and now obtained.

The short period of the Protectorate is marked by England's triumphant success abroad, and her dissensions and suspicions at home.

First to glance at foreign relations.

On April 5, Cromwell concluded an advantageous treaty with Holland, in which were included Denmark, the Hanseatic towns, and the Protestant cantons of Switzerland. Shortly after, a treaty was made with Sweden, then one with Portugal, and on the very day (July 10) when the latter was signed, Don Pantaleone de Sà, the Portuguese ambassador's brother, was executed for murder on Tower Hill. Great as were the exertions made to save this noble, Cromwell remained inflexible, thereby proving to all nations that he would, without fear or favour, deal justly by all, and causing them to dread the stern and unflinching equity of the Commonwealth.

At the instance of France, now governed, during the minority of Louis XIV., by the wily Cardinal Mazarin, in conjunction with the queen-mother, Anne of Austria, Cromwell consented to enter into hostilities with Spain. Up to this time Spain had insisted upon her sole right to all the gold and silver of South America, had treated as pirates all the ships of other countries that visited that country, and had even cast some of their crews into the prisons of the Inquisition. In October, 1655, the Lord Protector Cromwell demanded that the navigation of the West Indies should be free, and that English subjects in Spain should be protected, in the exercise of their religion, against the Inquisition. To require these two points—free access to the El Dorado, and immunity from the Inquisition—was “to demand,” said the Spanish ambassador, “the two eyes of his master.” None the less did

Cromwell insist, relaxing not one jot of his stipulation, gainsay who might!

Next, a fleet was sent into the Mediterranean, under Blake, who forced the Dey of Algiers to release all Christians, and to promise the suppression of piracy, and who afterwards destroyed the forts and fleets of Tunis. Another squadron, commanded by Penn and Venables, sailed for the West Indies to attack Hispaniola; but, having failed in this attempt, they were committed to the Tower on their return, though they could urge in their excuse that they made the important conquest of Jamaica.

War was now declared by Spain, and Blake, after exacting from the Grand Duke of Tuscany a compensation of £60,000 for damage done to British commerce, and after capturing two Spanish galleons, laden with ingots worth two million dollars, gained a glorious victory at Santa Cruz, where (April 20, 1657) he attacked the Spaniards in their own harbour, and, under the fire of tremendous batteries, destroyed their entire fleet. "But this," says the quaint and spirited author of the "Perfect Politician," "was the last part acted by Blake on a sea of blood, inasmuch as he who would never strike to any other enemy struck his topmast to Death as he entered Plymouth Sound." Worn by long service and by sickness, this gallant sea-king, the true successor of Queen Elizabeth's heroes, and the honoured predecessor of a long file of England's bravest sons, was hastening home, his great desire being to die in his native land. "Are the white cliffs yet in sight?" was his reiterated inquiry, when too ill to go on deck. But just as the victorious squadron was entering Plymouth Harbour, under the thundering welcome of cannon, and while thousands of eager people thronged the beach, the pier-heads, and the walls of the citadel to hail the hero of Santa Cruz, he yielded his soul to God in the tranquillity of his cabin, his lion-hearted comrades sobbing like little children round him (August 7, 1657).

Such was the vigour of "la puissante et sombre" administration of Cromwell, that England now ranked as high among foreign powers as she had done in the reign of Elizabeth. Great and grievous as were the Protector's sins, and the worse as committed under the guise of religion, "Il faut convenir," observes the Dutch ambassador, Borel, "que c'était un grand homme, qui se faisait craindre par terre et par mer;" and who did much to fulfil his pledge that he would make the name of an Englishman as much respected as had been that of a Roman. The British flag wayed triumphant in every sea. Holland, Denmark, and Portugal dreaded England's ruler; the haughty French king (?) was fain to call him cousin, and, at his command, to expel the royal exiles from his court; the Spaniard "licked his feet;" and, crowning triumph of all, even the crafty Mazarin, one of the ruling spirits of the times, owned, and doubtless with entire truth, that he feared the devil himself far less than he did Cromwell. In him the persecuted Vaudois of the Piedmontese valleys found a champion, the new sect of the Quakers a protector; and even the despised and hunted Jews, who pleaded, after 865 years of banishment, for permission to take refuge again in England, a friend, who, while unable to sanction legally their return, yet granted them toleration, and permitted the erection in London (1656) of the first Jewish synagogue. Every sect, however wild and unscriptural, obtained support and defence from him: all save the Church of England and the Church of Rome. Both these were excluded from toleration by name, and fine and imprisonment were adjudged against every English Churchman who should venture, even in his own private dwelling, to use the Book of Common Prayer; while a Board of Tryers, composed of Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists, was appointed to examine all the clergy and depose every one whose opinions differed from their own. The more effectually to bring the clergy

to ruin and beggary, they were forbidden to act as school-masters (their only remaining means of support), and all persons were prohibited from receiving them as tutors or chaplains. Such was the religious liberty of the Commonwealth of England.

The last act of Cromwell's foreign policy was the campaign of 1658, against the Spanish Netherlands; when he sent over, to join the French under Marshal Turenne, 6,000 men, who totally defeated the Spaniards and captured Dunkirk (June 1658). His sun was then setting, and in a stormy sky. But, like a brilliant sunset, it had its parting glories; and Dunkirk was, by agreement with the French, made over to England, by whom (a compensation, as they deemed it, for the loss of Calais) it was retained, until Charles II. sold it to the French.

Triumphant abroad, what was the great Protector's condition at home? Clarendon, who speaks of him "as a great, brave, and bad man," declares it was but as a shadow of the glory he had abroad. A shadow, indeed—no more; for, energetic as was his domestic government, he had his own countrymen for his foes. Lord Burleigh had well observed that "usurpers be but like falling stars; exhalations which suddenly dissolve, drop to earth, and be there consumed."

His first Parliament met in September, 1654, only to question the very foundation of his authority; and he dismissed them in anger (January 31, 1655). "Dis-settlement and division, discontent and dissatisfaction" (quaint alliteration marked the phraseology of the day), he said, "have been multiplied during the five months of your sitting; wherefore I deem it my duty to tell you that it is not for the profit of the nation, nor for the common and public good, that you should continue any longer." A plot among the Republicans, who issued an inflammatory pamphlet, branding Cromwell as tyrant, hypocrite, and usurper, was the immediate result; and many of their

leading men were, consequently, seized and imprisoned. Royalist risings took place in almost every county, and were suppressed with extreme severity. Many of the conspirators were executed, and a still greater number sold for slaves in the West Indies, while the home prisons were crowded with captive Cavaliers.

The Treasury was deep in debt, and the expenses of his administration, both at home and abroad, were enormous. Notwithstanding the boasted economy of a Republican government, it is to be remarked that whereas, up to this time, no king of England had ever received taxes to the amount of £100,000, Cromwell's taxes, in one year, exceeded £4,000,000. He took advantage of these commotions to mulct all Royalists who had ever borne arms for the king, in one-tenth of their property!—an enormous exaction, and which was levied without any inquiry whether the individuals had been concerned in the recent disturbances. Finally, in order to ensure the tranquillity of the realm (so phrased), he divided England into eleven military districts, under as many major-generals, with whom were associated parliamentary commissioners, to levy taxes and imprison suspected persons.

In Scotland (February, 1654) an insurrection broke out, under General Middleton, which, though checked by Monk, who copied his master in dealing severely with the Royalists, cost many lives; and striving to conciliate the Republicans added to the difficulties of the military occupation of that country.

Cromwell had now been ruling, after the example of his predecessor, for more than a year without a Parliament; but, finding himself at last constrained by the people's clamours for a free Parliament to summon one (September, 1656), he used every art to sway the elections and fill the House with his own creatures. Yet he could not secure a majority, for which reason about one hundred members, who were suspected of being unfavourable to him, were

excluded by warrants of his Highness' councils, and by a guard of soldiers, who admitted none but those furnished with certificates as "approved."

The majority thus obtained presented to Cromwell a bill, entitled "An humble Petition and Advice," in which they prayed him to assume the title of king, and as king to call a Parliament of both Houses. He hesitated for several days; and there is little doubt, but that for the strong opposition of the army, he would have ended by accepting the title. But not only did the Commonwealth and many in the army, among them Lambert and Cromwell's own son-in-law, Fleetwood, dissuade him from it, but Colonel Pryde, in particular, told him to his face that he would shoot him through the head if he accepted the crown. So his Highness refused it. The obscurity of his reply (preserved in the State Paper Office) plainly shows the hesitation of a mind at variance with itself—inclined one way, but compelled by circumstances into the opposite direction. The conference ended (May 8) by his telling them that he could not undertake the government with the title of king.

The House then presented a second "humble Petition and Advice," renewing the title of Lord Protector, and authorising him to nominate a successor, and to create a House of Peers. On June 26, he was again inaugurated with great pomp in Westminster Hall. He was dressed on the present occasion in regal purple, lined with ermine, carrying the sceptre, and preceded by heralds, who proclaimed him, with blast of trumpets, "Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland." A new House of Peers, to consist of sixty members, was immediately convened, only seven of the old House of Lords accepting the Protector's writ of summons, and only one taking his seat. The new nobles were called, in derision, Cromwell's Peers; and the Earl of Warwick himself, though he had matched his grandson with one of Cromwell's daughters, could not

be persuaded to sit with Colonel Hewson and Colonel Pryde, of whom one had been a shoemaker and the other a drayman ; though, as a contemporary reasonably observes, " had they driven no worse trade, a good man need not have refused to act with them." So disliked was the whole proceeding by the House of Commons, that, when they re-assembled (January 20, 1658), they refused to acknowledge the new House of Peers, and were consequently dismissed (February 4) by the Lord Protector in high displeasure. " I do dissolve this Parliament," said he, " and let God judge between me and you." And so ended Cromwell's last Parliament, which had sat but fourteen days.

From this time troubles thickened upon him. Plots were formed against him, both by zealous Republicans and Royalists; and the name of " the king over the water " began to be heard in the streets of London. In 1656, Colonel Sexby, once a furious Republican, had been engaged by Spain to get up a rebellion, and (January 19, 1657) Miles Syndarcombe, an agent of Sexby, made an attempt on the Protector's life. After vainly endeavouring to blow him up by combustibles, on the way to Hampton Court, Sexby placed a basket of wild-fire, with a slow match to explode it, at Whitehall. Similar deeds were openly advocated in a pamphlet entitled " Killing no Murder," written by Colonel Titus, a Royalist, and widely disseminated, which urged, in the most eloquent and masterly language, the assassination of the usurper. " Shall we," said the popular declaimer, " who would not suffer the lion to invade us, stand still and be devoured by the wolf?" Cromwell read the treatise, and was never seen to smile again.

In December, 1657, Sexby was apprehended, and, like Syndarcombe, escaped punishment only by dying in the Tower. A yet more formidable plot in favour of Charles II. was organised (January and February, 1658) by the Marquis of Ormond, and encouraged by Lord Fairfax, Sir

William Waller, and other of the foremost Presbyterians. A scheme for the invasion of England by the king from Flanders was connected with it. But the conspiracy was detected, the Flemish coast blockaded by an English fleet, Ormond forced to flee, and the execution of two leading Royalists, Sir Henry Slingsby and Dr. Hewitt, soon followed.

Hard pressed on every side, and full of sorrow at home, his favourite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, lying on her death-bed ; rumours of insurrection incessantly brought to him ; debts harassing ; the army discontented ; the Levellers and Millenarians plotting against him, and conspiracies to take away his life constantly transpiring ; what were the fruits of the great usurper's successes, but vanity and vexation of spirit ? His peace of mind was destroyed, and, though he seemed to have eyes and ears everywhere, though he paid £60,000 a-year for secret intelligence, and had a spy, Sir Richard Willis, in the very sealed knot (the six closest and most secret confidants of Charles II., who managed his affairs in England), yet he felt afraid of every strange face which approached him. Morose and melancholy, he never stirred abroad without a strong guard, a coat of mail beneath his clothes, and loaded pistols in his pockets. If he rode, it was at full gallop ; in his coach he was surrounded by armed attendants ; he never returned by the way he went out, and seldom slept three successive nights in the same chamber, nor in any which had not two back-doors, and guards posted at them. Nothing could be more pitiable than his mental condition at the close of his career. He himself was like one distracted, and the animosity and discontent of his followers showed that they were sharing the bear's skin before it was dead. George Fox, the Quaker, speaks of Cromwell's generally remarked alteration of appearance. "I met him riding in Hampton Court park, at the head of his Life Guards, and, before I came up to him, I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him. He looked like a dead man."

Under the combined pressure of anxiety, grief, and terror, his iron constitution at length gave way; and when, in her own last moments, his much-loved daughter, Mrs. Claypole, laid his sins before him with terrible earnestness, and reproached him with the blood he had spilt, he sank to rise no more. In a few days after, he was seized with low fever, which changed to tertian ague, and soon, like the daughter whom he had uninterruptedly watched and tended for fourteen days, he was stretched on the death-bed. It was not a peaceful one. He seems to have bitterly remembered his early Christian profession, and to have longed to recall that happier season ere the temptations of Mammon had lured him from the right way. He earnestly inquired of Goodwin, a popular preacher, whether it were possible for one, once in a state of grace, to fall from it, and, on being assured that it was impossible, he exclaimed, "Then I am safe; for I am sure that I was in a state of grace once." Justly does Bishop Kennett observe, "Alas for those who have no surer hope upon their death-bed!" The hope of recovery was also held fast, and he assured the physicians that God had made known to him that he should not die that bout. But in the afternoon of September 8, which he was wont to call his fortunate day, for it was the anniversary of the great victories of Dunbar and Worcester, after faintly breathing out to the Council of State the name of his son Richard as his successor, he sank into a state of insensibility, and so went to his great account.

The terrific tempest, which raged as he was expiring, was heard with awe, being regarded by his partisans as a token that a master spirit was snatched from earth, while his enemies discerned in the roar of the hurricane the voices of demons, who came upon the wings of the storm to claim the soul of the usurper.

Cromwell died in his sixtieth year, leaving two sons, Richard, who succeeded to the Protectorship, and Henry, Governor of Ireland. Three daughters survived him:

Bridget, married first to Ireton, and afterwards to Fleetwood; Mary, wife of Lord Fauconbridge; and Frances, whose first husband was Robert Rich, grandson to the Earl of Warwick, and the second, Sir J. Russell. His eldest son, Oliver, had fallen in battle in 1648, and his daughter Elizabeth, Mrs. Claypole, preceded him to the grave. Of his wife and children, Mrs. Hutchinson says they were for setting up principality, which suited them no better than scarlet does an ape. He was buried with more pomp and cost than any king had been, in Henry VII.'s Chapel, in Westminster Abbey, where he had caused his aged mother,* "a right pious and virtuous dame named Stuart," and said to be related to the royal family, to be previously interred. To the disgrace of the Royalists, his body was after the Restoration disinterred, and exposed upon the gibbet.

Sketched as Cromwell's character has been by many a masterly hand, it were idle in these few and slight pages to attempt any further elucidation of it. We therefore borrow the powerful words of a well-known writer. "Brave in battle and wise in council, unspotted in domestic life, sober and temperate in his habits, and in the bosom of his own family kind, cheerful, and affectionate, who can venture to draw the line, and to sift the gold from the dross in so extraordinary a compound?" Here we prefer to stop, and to let, as it were, the curtain fall over the sad deeds of his public life, which appear to be inconsistent with his private worth, and can only be attributed to the force of circumstances, and to temptations to which he was exposed through his transcendent abilities.

The singular fact, that of his numerous descendants not one survived to bear his name, gave cause to his enemies' remark, that in him was fulfilled the curse upon

* "So little peace of mind," says Ludlow, "did this ancient and venerable dame find in her son's exaltation, that she was never at ease unless she saw him thrice daily; nor did she ever hear a gun go off without crying, 'My son is shot!'"

evil-doers, in the 109th Psalm, "In the next generation let his name be clean put out."

It only remains to add, that Cromwell was a liberal patron of art and literature, and a great lover of music. To him we owe the saving from destruction of Raphael's cartoons and other noble works of art. In his time,* but not, says Bishop Kennett, by those whom he intruded into the Church, but by the poor ejected clergy, were published the magnificent "Polyglot Bible," the "Monasticon," the "Decem Scripturæ," and the "Saxon Dictionary." Perhaps the only great literary name on the side of the Commonwealth is Milton, whose genius was so little appreciated, even by his own party, that Whitelocke (ignoring "Paradise Lost") speaks of him as "one Mr. Milton, a blind man, who writ Latin."

* During the Protectorate all legal documents were ordered to "be written in the English language, and law books to be translated into the same tongue." The air-pump was also invented, the Royal Society established, and the University of Durham founded. Pocket watches also came into use.

FROM THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL
TO THE RESTORATION.

SEPT. 8, 1658—MAY 29, 1660.

WHEN that powerful hand, which had so boldly clutched, and which held with such a firm grasp, the sceptre, was removed, England seemed to have no ruler. But the succession passed, by Cromwell's dying desire, to his son Richard, a peasant by nature, gentle and virtuous, but unfit for greatness, and quite incompetent to cope with the long increasing difficulties which would have tried even his father's abilities to the utmost. He found the Treasury £8,000,000 in debt, and large arrears due to the army, added to which, immediately after his elevation, his brother-in-law, Fleetwood, and Desborough, his uncle by marriage, combined against him to establish their own supremacy and that of the army. Under these circumstances Richard summoned a Parliament, including his father's House of Peers, to his aid; but this assembly, which he had convened mainly that they might vote him supplies, not only gave him nothing, but, after many stormy debates, instituted an inquiry into his title to the supreme authority. Thwarted and perplexed, he was, after some delay, induced, by a promise of military support, to appoint a council of officers, commonly called "the Cabal of Wallingford," who, to the number of 500, met at Wallingford House, and speedily showed the new

Protector that they were his masters, speaking high and threatening, and demanding the dissolution of Parliament, to which Richard, too mild for the times, consented. With this Parliament fell the Protector, for the military despots decided upon recalling the little knot of Independents who had composed the Long Parliament, and on the 9th they appointed a Committee of Safety (all soldiers save Vane and another), and a few days after a new council of thirty-one members of the old Presbyterian party. By this council Fleetwood was made general of the army, which, having, together with the navy, declared "their adhesion to the new state of things," effectually deposed Richard Cromwell. The unambitious Protector willingly abdicated office (May 25). It is said that he had passionately, with tears and on his knees, implored his father to spare King Charles' life. He was now too honest to retain a greatness which belonged not to him, and when urged to preserve his power by violent measures, he replied, "Never yet have I done harm to any man, nor shall a drop of blood be spilt to preserve that for me which is but a burthen." He retired to the Continent, but shortly returned, and died at Cheshunt in the latter part of Queen Anne's reign (1712), full of years, in a good old age. An anecdote is preserved of him that in the year 1705, as he was standing below the bar in the House of Peers, marking the changes that had taken place, a nobleman, not recognising the venerable and quiet man, observed to him, "It is probably long since you were here." "Long, indeed," he replied; "never since I sat there," pointing to the throne, where, more than forty years previously, he had received the addresses of both Houses of Parliament on his accession to the Protectorate. His last counsel to his children, who stood round his dying bed, was, "Live in love." Cromwell's son echoed the dying injunction of the beloved disciple!

His brother, Henry Cromwell, "the just and merciful,"

resigned the government of Ireland (June 15th, 1659), having so little sought his own enrichment that he lacked money to pay his journey home. He retired to Cambridge and there died (1679). And so the whole family of the mighty Protector passed into obscurity—obscurity, but not disgrace.

The army now assumed the rule, and the year which elapsed between the abdication of Richard Cromwell (May 25, 1659) and Charles II.'s entry into London (May 29, 1660), is little else than a history of quarrels between the officers of the army and Parliament, and between the officers among themselves, while growing discontent prevailed on the part of the people. As the natural result of this disunion, a Royalist conspiracy was formed, headed by Sir George Booth and Sir Thomas Middleton, who seized upon Chester; but, being defeated by Lambert at Nantwich (August 19), their plot came to naught, as did a projected landing in Kent of the Duke of York. Lambert now assumed the mantle of Cromwell, and, copying him, expelled Parliament from their houses, fixed padlocks on the doors, and consigned the authority to a military Committee of Safety, who again administered the government. But there was one not far off who held in his hands the destinies of England, or, in other words, the control of the soldiery, and that was Monk, commonly called by the troops, for his good humour, "honest George Monk"—a silent, reserved, wary man, who chewed much tobacco and spoke few words, ever remembering the proverb, "A still tongue maketh a wise head." Taking for his watchword "the Restoration of Parliament," he marched rapidly from Scotland; Lambert advanced to meet him as far as Newcastle; whence, as he found his soldiers deserting and going over to his rival, he made speed to retreat, but was soon arrested and committed to the Tower. The fleet, the garrison of Portsmouth, and the army round London now declared for the Parliament, which

re-assembled (December 26, 1659), and on the 8rd February following Monk entered London unopposed, and accompanied by Lord Fairfax, who had joined him at York. On the 18th, the engagement to be true and faithful to the Commonwealth was signed, and Monk was appointed Captain-General. In less than a month he recommended the Presbyterian members, whom Colonel Pryde had expelled in 1648, to resume their places in Parliament, and having thus given the moderate party a majority, the House repudiated the engagement, issued writs for a new Parliament, and formally dissolved themselves, nearly twenty years after they had been convened by the monarch they had beheaded. Thus finally ended the Long Parliament.

On April 25th the Convention Parliament assembled, and was "hailed of all men." The ancient peers again took their seats, and in the elections the Presbyterians and old Royalists were united. But ere its first sitting a menacing danger arose. Lambert had escaped from the Tower, and been joined by many of Cromwell's old soldiers, but happily for the safety of Monk, the stability of Parliament, and peace of England, he was soon defeated at Daventry, and again made prisoner, April 22.

Meanwhile "the cloudy and mysterious soldier, Monk, ever keeping close his own purpose, and ready to become commonwealth's man, king's man, devil's man, or whatever his interest might prompt, made no sign." Still there was a growing confidence that the Commonwealth was coming to an end. Sir George Booth, and other imprisoned Royalists, had been released, and the long locks and waving plumes of Cavaliers were again seen in London streets. The new Parliament, from which the Independents were nearly excluded, was known to contain not only Presbyterians, but concealed Royalists, and the latter began to appear openly, while many ministers even ventured to pray for the king by name. At the Royal Exchange,

whence, nine years before, a statue of Charles I. had been removed, and an inscription written up, "*Exit tyrannus, regum ultimus*," a house-painter, surrounded by soldiers, obliterated the words, and, waving his cap, shouted (the first time London had heard it), "*God bless King Charles II.*" The populace joined, kindled a bonfire, and fell a-singing (March 15). All this, and much more, was done, and nothing was said. But the "sly fellow," as Cromwell had called Monk, "who chewed his tobacco, and had not one but many masks to pull off," had already negotiated with Charles II., tendered his services, offered advice, and persuaded him to escape from Brussels to Breda, lest the Spaniards should detain him as a pledge for Dunkirk. On May 1, all being now ripe, Monk cast off the mask, took his place in Parliament, and announced that a servant of the king, Sir J. Granville, had been sent by his Majesty, and was even now waiting at the door, with a letter to the Lords and Commons of England. This letter was accompanied by a document, entitled the Declaration of Breda, which promised liberty of conscience, and free pardon to all subjects, save such as Parliament should itself exclude. In a fever of loyalty, the royal messenger was instantly admitted with shouts and passionate welcomes, and the Commons, disregarding the advice of the aged Prynne, and of that upright judge, Sir Matthew Hale, both of whom besought them to demand a more definite settlement before recalling the king, immediately, without delay or one dissentient vote, sent Charles an answer, entreating him to return, adding protestations of devotion to his cause, and (which he valued even more) a present of £50,000. Thus, after a virtual suspension of twenty years, the British Constitution of King, Lords, and Commons was restored at once and by acclamation; and Charles Stuart, no longer a banished pretender, whose name it was danger to utter, and whose cause it was death to espouse, became a lawful, beloved, and almost adored prince.



THE HOUSE OF STUART.

On the 8th May he was proclaimed King of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with great solemnity, at Westminster, Whitehall, and Temple Bar, the Lords and Commons standing bareheaded by the heralds.

He landed, accompanied by his brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, on the 20th of the same month, and was received on the beach of Dover by General Monk, now created Earl of Albemarle, Knight of the Garter, and Commander-in-Chief, who knelt before his Majesty, as a criminal receiving pardon, and whom the king raised and cordially embraced. The Mayor of Dover was at hand to present the young monarch with a Bible. "The thing," said the ready actor, "which I love above all things in the world." His journey to London was one continued triumph, "the only black spot" in the scene being the scowling faces of Cromwell's veterans, who, when the army was drawn up to meet him at Blackheath, frowned darkly upon the Charles Stuart who had so long been to them an object of hatred and contempt.

And so on the 29th May, his Majesty's thirtieth birthday, he went, in the sight of all London, to Whitehall, preceded by one hundred young girls robed in white, who scattered fragrant flowers, and by the lord mayor and aldermen in brave apparel with chains of gold; amid roaring of cannon, blowing of trumpets; through streets strewed with ribbons and garlands, houses hung with tapestry and silken streamers, fountains spouting wine, ale running in rivers, bells ringing, bonfires blazing, and hundreds of thousands of human voices singing and rejoicing; so that his Majesty pleasantly remarked to those around him, "Sure it must have been our own fault that we have been so long absent from a country where every one seems so glad to see us."

CHARLES II.

ELDEST SON OF CHARLES I. AND HENRIETTA MARIA OF FRANCE.

Born at St. James' Palace, May 29, 1630; began to reign (*de jure*) January 30, 1649; restored to the Crown, May 29, 1660; died, February 6, 1685.

 PART I.

1660—1685.

"He (Cromwell) dead, was Charles the Second first high
Upon the throne in sixteen sixty" (1660).

"ALL was joy and jubilee," says Reresby, "when Charles II., first Englishman of the Stuart line, received, after sixteen years' exile, the crown of his ancestors, he then being thirty years old. No sovereign could have ascended the throne with fairer prospects of happiness, both for himself and his people."

The severe lessons of adversity,—“stern, rugged nurse of human kind,”—long years of banishment and poverty, must they not, men asked, have taught him prudence and moderation, honour and justice? But in Charles' case “self-pleasing folly's idle brood” had not been scared away by adversity's frown, for never were there such lewd days in England as under this king; and no sooner did he enter Whitehall than religion became a jest, virtue was mocked at, and those persons were most favoured by his Majesty who ridiculed everything good and sacred. Many were his advantages. A fine tall person, an excellent

understanding, great abilities, a ready wit, graceful manners, a gay temper, buoyant spirits, the most engaging affability, and a tact which enabled him to be all things to all men, and which, on his voyage to England, taught him to win the hearts of Blake's old sailors, by eating of their beef, boiled pork, and pease-pudding, and averring that he "knew naught so good." And yet he was such a "selfist," to use the words of a contemporary writer, "that he cared for no one save himself and those who were subservient to his pleasures; an arrant dissembler, whose mode of living and governing was to manage all things with craft and deceit; faithless and unprincipled, full of sloth and lewdness." Misfortune had taught him nothing but meanness in avenging, and unscrupulousness in enjoying himself, combined with a paltry prudence which kept his arbitrary disposition in check, and which he once expressed to the Duke of York by saying: "Brother, I have no wish to go on my travels again." So regardless was he of his father's memory, that when the Commons voted £60,000 solemnly to inter the late king in Westminster Abbey, Charles pocketed the money and left his father's remains unhonoured and unsought for; so ungrateful to those who had lost fortune and well-nigh life for his sake, that as his boon companion Rochester says—

"Old Cavaliers, the crown's best guard,
He lets them starve for want of bread:
Never was any king endued
With so much grace and gratitude."

The twenty-five years of his reign brought neither peace nor honour at home nor credit abroad. What availed the affability with which he mingled with his people in his pastimes, feeding ducks in the park, and nurturing of dogs,* what the easy humming of a song at a public enter-

* Charles' affection for dogs ("he was always followed," says Evelyn, "by a number of small spaniels") is thus noticed in a pasquinade of the day—

tainment, mixing with the humours of the company, and talking familiar, gay, and wanton discourse? With a good head, but a bad heart, or rather no heart at all, his character was aptly summed up in the mock epitaph, written by the witty Rochester, and inscribed on the door of the royal bedchamber,—

“Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.”

“True enough,” was the ready repartee, “for my words are my own, and my acts are my ministers’.”

The Convention Parliament, which continued to sit after the Restoration, settled on the king an annual income of £1,200,000, abolished the feudal revenues of the crown, granting, in lieu of them, tonnage and poundage for life, together with large excise duties for himself and his successors.

His first ministry was well chosen. Among its principal members were Sir Edward Hyde, now created Earl of Clarendon and Lord Chancellor; the Earl of Manchester, Lord Chamberlain; the faithful Marquis of Ormond, truly styled “integer vitæ scelerisque purus,” Steward of the Household; the Earl of Southampton, High Treasurer; Sir Edward Nicholas, Secretary of State, and Calamy and Baxter, “men of rare piety, albeit Presbyterian ministers,” chaplains to the king.

“His dogs would sit at council-board
Like judges in their furs;
We question much which had most sense,
The master or the curs.”

And again—

“His very dog at council-board
Sits grave and wise as any lord.”

“Pity,” says another lampoon, “but the king had learnt, from his dogs, truth, fidelity, and affection.”

One of Charles' first acts was to grant a free pardon and indemnity for all treason and state offences ; from which, however, the regicides and some others, including Vane and Lambert, were excepted by name, and all, both living and dead alike, were attainted. In October, twenty-nine persons were brought to trial, of whom ten were executed. These were Harrison and five others, who had signed his father's death warrant ; Cook, who had acted as leading counsel upon the trial ; Axtell and Hacker, who had led the royal prisoner to the scaffold, and the famous (or infamous) Hugh Peters. The nineteen others were imprisoned. Harrison was the first who suffered, being, as Pepys tells us, " hanged, drawn, and quartered at Charing Cross, and looking as cheerful as man could do." Circumstances of barbarity, too horrid to be related, attended his execution. A few days after, Cook, Hugh Peters, Hacker, Axtell, Scrope, Carew, and Jones shared the same fate, dying with the spirit and confidence of martyrs. The ghastly head of Harrison, its face uncovered and turned towards them, was fixed to the hurdle on which Cook and Peters were drawn to the same place of execution ; and the executioner, his hands all smeared with blood, after mangling Cook, approached Peters, who, sitting on the scaffold, had been compelled to witness the death of his friend, and asked him " how he liked that work ?." " You have butchered before my eyes, to terrify me," was the calm reply, " a servant of God ; but God hath granted it for my support and encouragement." So saying, and with a quiet smile, he rose and submitted to the hangman.

What shall we think of the good-natured merry monarch, that easy and debonnaire prince, whose faults were a little dissipation, but nothing worse, who witnessed from Whitehall this shocking scene ?

" I saw not their execution," says Evelyn, " but met their quarters, mangled and reeking, as they were brought from the gallows in baskets on the hurdle."

A yet more horrible spectacle, though not so inhuman, took place on the 30th January, 1661, which Evelyn also records.

"This day—oh, the stupendous and inscrutable judgment of God!—were the carcasses of those arch-rebels, Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton, dragged out of their superb tombs in Westminster, among the kings, and hanged on the gallows at Tyburn; and at night beheaded, and their trunks buried under that fatal and ignominious monument, in a deep pit, thousands of people who had seen them in their pride being spectators. Fear God, honour the king, and meddle not with those who are given to change."*

Vane and Lambert were brought to trial later. Vane was beheaded (June 14, 1662), laying his head on that sharp pillow with courage, which is thought miraculous, his bold defence sealing his fate: Charles himself, who, says Bishop Burnet, seemed to have no bowels nor tenderness in his nature, and who in the end of his life became cruel, writing to Clarendon, "certainly he is too dangerous to be let live, if we can honestly put him out of the way." Lambert saved his life by his submissive demeanour, and lived for thirty years an exile in Guernsey. He died a Roman Catholic.

About a month before the execution of Harrison, the Duke of Gloucester, the most virtuous and best-beloved of the three royal brothers, died, at nineteen years old, of the small-pox; and shortly afterwards their sister, the Princess of Orange, who had come over to salute her brother on his accession, was carried off by the same fatal disease; these melancholy events scarcely checking for a moment the immoral orgies of the court.

* This revolting act was performed in obedience to an order of the Parliament; and afterwards the bodies of Cromwell's mother and daughter, and of the gallant Admiral Blake, and nearly twenty others, were removed from Westminster Abbey, and buried in a pit in the churchyard.

The king next dissolved the Convention Parliament (December 29, 1660), and disbanded the army that had so long governed the nation, retaining only 1,000 horse and 4,000 foot, the nucleus of our present standing army. This step was advised by Clarendon, who was now nearly allied to the royal family, his daughter, Ann Hyde, having married the Duke of York shortly after the Restoration. Parliament had not risen more than a week, when the Fifth Monarchy men, whom Cromwell had so summarily put down in 1657, took up arms, under a mad fellow, one Venner, a wine-cooper. Marching into the City from their rendezvous at Caen Wood, near Highgate, these fanatics drove all before them, and fought so desperately for the establishment of Christ's kingdom upon earth, as they fondly believed, that most of them were slain, refusing quarter. This insane riot was made the excuse for commanding all conventicles to be closed.

And now the royal authority was restored, and more than restored, by the Scotch Parliament, which met January 1, 1661, and which was known by the name of the Drunken Parliament. It was a mad, warring time, and no wonder, when the men of affairs were almost always intoxicated. By this Parliament the Covenant was solemnly renounced, and measures adopted for forcing Episcopacy on the reluctant people; and an act, called the Act Rescissory, was passed; by which any law, which had been made in Scotland during the last twenty-eight years, was annulled.

Although, by the Declaration of Breda, Charles had promised liberty of conscience to all his subjects, he was determined to put down with a high hand Presbyterianism, which he declared to Lauderdale to be a religion not fit for gentlemen, and to enforce Episcopacy in Scotland. To this end, James Sharpe, whom his Presbyterian brethren had sent to London to plead their cause, was bought over, consecrated Bishop of St. Andrew's, and Primate, and

despatched with three other bishops to take possession of their respective sees, and ride rough shod over Kirk and Covenant.

In order to keep down their opponents, the dominant party next impeached the Marquis of Argyle, and a violent and uncompromising preacher, named Guthrie, "who had let fly at the king in his sermon." Both were convicted of high treason on the weakest evidence, and executed, the former on May 27th, the latter on June 1st. Argyle suffered with great constancy and courage. "I placed the crown upon King Charles' head," said he, "and this is my reward."

The restoration of the Church kept pace with that of the crown. By the appointment of Calamy and Baxter as royal chaplains, a show of favour had been made to the Presbyterians; and, though no time was lost in restoring the bishops to their sees, filling up the vacant bishoprics, and reinstating the ejected clergy in their homes, yet the king had issued a declaration, promising to the Independents and Presbyterians a consideration of their objections to the Liturgy. For this purpose, a conference, which lasted more than three months (April 15—July 25), was held at the Savoy. But although a few changes were agreed upon, and the Prayer Book, "brought to its present most perfect shape," received the royal assent, the main result of the meeting was to widen the differences and embitter the sentiments of the contending parties.

April 25, 1661, the king was crowned with great state in Westminster Abbey. In the streets were bonfires innumerable, and many gallant men and women, drinking the king's health upon their knees.

A fortnight afterwards, the Parliament, generally known as the "Pension Parliament" (on account of its receiving bribes from the French king and other foreign powers), met; and, after passing an Act for the safety of the king's

person and government, conferred on him the sole command of the militia and of all forces on sea and land; and, declaring that Parliament had no legislative power without him, they voted the Covenant unlawful, and condemned it to be burnt by the common hangman. By their next measure; the Corporation Act, they compelled all magistrates and corporate officers to renounce the Covenant; to swear never, even in self-defence, to bear arms against the king or his officers; and to receive the Sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England.

In the next session they restored to the bishops their seats in the House of Lords, and passed the celebrated Act of Uniformity, which required all clergy to assent to everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer; to receive Episcopal ordination; to abjure the Covenant, and take the oath of non-resistance. All who refused these conditions were to be, *ipso facto*, deprived of their preferments on the ensuing St. Bartholomew's Day (August 24). And on that day nearly 2,000 incumbents resigned their livings—conscientious men, as this sacrifice proved them to be. Offers of high preferment, even of bishoprics—as in the case of Baxter, Calamy, and Reynolds—were vainly made. Soon severer measures followed. As the Episcopal clergy had been treated twenty years before, so now the deprived ministers were forbidden, under pain of fine and imprisonment, to exercise their ministry; and the only means of subsistence which remained to them was struck at by the Five Mile Act (1665), which prohibited those who refused the oath of non-resistance from coming within five miles of any corporate town, except in travelling, and disabled them from keeping schools.

At the end of 1668, an ill-concerted and feeble insurrection of certain fanatics in Yorkshire had afforded an excuse for passing the Conventicle Act, which declared "every meeting of more than five persons" (except the household) "for religious worship not according to the

Prayer Book, seditious," and visited with fine and imprisonment, and even seven years' transportation, all who attended such assemblies.

Great changes were, the while, taking place on the Continent, where Louis XIV., who had succeeded his father on the throne of France (May 14, 1643), and whose minority had passed under the tutelage of Cardinal Mazarin, no sooner saw that minister removed by death, in 1661, than he announced to his council his intention of directing his own government, and at once gave formidable proofs of the vast powers and vaster ambition which held France in awe, and all Europe in alarm, during the remaining part of his reign, fifty-two years.

A close alliance, through the marriage of Henrietta Maria, sister of Charles II., to Philip, Duke of Orleans, the brother of Louis XIV., was now formed between the courts of France and England, and an agreement entered into to support Portugal against Spain. This arrangement was the more acceptable to King Charles, as he was on the point of marriage with Katharine of Braganza, daughter of King John IV. of Portugal, a woman of sense, spirit, and virtue, whom he treated with heartless neglect and insult, while he lived openly with the flaunting and abandoned dames of his court—a court which, like that of William Rufus, was frequented by not one honest man nor modest woman.

During his exile, many had been the plans for this sovereign's marriage. Cromwell, Whitelocke assures us, refused him as a son-in-law, "for that he was so dissolute, and would never," said that shrewd observer of human nature, "forgive me his father's death." From Cardinal Mazarin, of whom Charles had asked the hand of his niece, Hortense Mancini, the fairest and wealthiest damsel in France, he had experienced a similar rejection; as also from "la grande Mademoiselle," eldest daughter of the Duke of Orleans by a former wife, who "would none of a

landless king." Since his restoration, more than one German princess had been proposed to him as a fitting consort by Clarendon. But all had been set aside by the same remark: "'Od's fish! they are so dull and foggy that I could not away with them.'" The selection of Katharine of Braganza was probably due to her large dowry of half-a-million of money, together with the fortresses of Tangiers in Africa and Bombay in India. The marriage took place May 21, 1662. We give the following account, by Charles, of his queen's appearance: "Though her face be not so exact as to be called a beauty, yet her eyes are excellent good, and her looks as agreeable as ever I saw, and, if I have any skill in physiognomy, she is as good a woman as ever was born. Her conversation very good, with wit enough, and a most pleasant voice. I think myself very happy." Pepys also says, "Our new queen hath a good, honest, and innocent look." With reference to this unfortunate lady, who had been "bred hugely retired, accustomed to the godly seclusion of a convent," and who, ignorant of the vices of her husband, but with a kind, warm heart, and naturally happy temperament, found herself friendless and alone in a strange country, exposed, by her foreign dress and manners, to the ridicule of licentious men and shameless women, disappointed in every hope of domestic happiness, deserted, almost in the first weeks of her marriage, for others, and all this, with the deep feelings of her sex, aggravated by the jealousy characteristic of her country, where can a bitterer trial, a more mortifying situation be found, than that of this "daughter of Portugal"?

The king's first act towards his young wife was to present his avowed mistress, Lady Castlemaine, to her, in the midst of the court. Clarendon thus describes Katharine's feelings: "Her colour changed, blood gushed from her nose, and, bursting into tears, she fainted." After repeated and earnest remonstrances, "in passions of grief," with her unworthy husband, and a threat to return

to Portugal, which Charles answered by dismissing almost all her old servants, thereby leaving her more forlorn than ever, she gave up the contest, and submitted in silent brokenness of heart.* Well might even the peco-curante Pepys say, "At court things are in evil condition, such revelling, drinking, swearing, gambling, and loose living, that I know not what can be the end but confusion." Many besides him in England felt that they had fallen on evil days, and regretted, as did Milton, the lately abhorred usurper, Cromwell. "Strange it is how all do now reflect upon Oliver, and commend him, and what brave works he did. While here a prince, come in with the love and prayers of his people, who gave greater signs of good liking and loyalty than ever people did before, serving him with their estates, hath lost all so completely that it is a miracle what way a man could lose so much in so short a time." So far Pepys.

There is so little pleasure or profit in dwelling on subjects which, like pitch, defile, that, after giving an extract from Clarendon to show the miserable condition of the unhappy and unoffending queen, we shall consign the whole crew of vile women, the bold, bad Lady Castlemaine, the French harlot, Lady Portsmouth, the tool and spy of Louis XIV., the shameless wanton Mazarine, the impudent comedian Moll Davies, and the actress Nell Gwynne,† to the darkness and oblivion which best befit such persons and such deeds.

Clarendon says, when speaking of Lady Castlemaine,

* Now and then the unhappy queen mustered courage to turn upon her rival. "Witness," says Pepys, "the wipe she gave to Lady Castlemaine, whom the king had forced upon her as one of her bedchamber ladies. 'I marvel,' said the insolent beauty, when the queen had been kept long one day under the hands of her tiring woman, 'that your Majesty can have patience to sit so long a-dressing.' 'Madam, replied Katharine, 'I have had so much more reason to use my patience, that I can endure such a trifle very well.'"

† Hawkins, in his "Life of Bishop Ken," relates that the king, in one of his visits to Winchester, was accompanied by the too celebrated

afterwards Duchess of Cleveland, "This lady was lodged at court daily in the queen's presence, and the king in continual talk with her, while the queen sat by unnoticed; and if she rose at the indignity and retired to her chamber, one or two would attend her, while the rest remained with the company which she quitted. She alone was left out of all jollities, and not suffered to have any part in those pleasant caresses made to everybody else. Universal mirth in all society but hers, and in all places but her chamber, her own servants being more respectful to 'the king's women' than to their own mistress, who, they found, could do them less good. The king seldom visited her, and, when he did, spake not save to those who made it their business to laugh at all the world, and were as bold with God Almighty as with any of His creatures." After such conduct as this, accompanied with cruelties such as hardly any other man would have practised, who can call the selfish and unfeeling Charles "good-natured"? "Merry" he might be, but it was the mirth which ends in bitterness.

It is well-nigh satisfactory to know that he reaped his deserts. He was fleeced, betrayed, jilted, and abused by the very women upon whom he squandered his unhappy wife's marriage portion, and to satisfy whose rapacity he afterwards sold Dunkirk* and Mardyke, Cromwell's conquests, to Louis XIV., for £400,000, the wily Frenchman getting them for a third of their value. What with this sale, and my Lady Castlemaine and her faction at court, and plots talked of, and the prisons full of people, honest

Nell Gwynne, whom he ordered to be lodged in the house of Dr. Ken, then one of the prebends, who, to his honour, stoutly refused to admit her. The king was forced to yield, and to seek a lodging for her elsewhere.

* The sale of these places to France was keenly resented by the English, and it formed a chief article of accusation against the Earl of Clarendon, whom the people suspected of having advised the measure. A splendid house which he built was popularly called Dunkirk House.

men trembled at home, and never was England so little esteemed abroad. By the Dutch the King of England was caricatured as leading two women, others following and abusing him, his pockets inside out, and hanging empty. At home—

“The barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers”

was resented. The day of retribution was not yet come, but the handwriting was upon the wall.

There was still sufficient of the old spirit of Blake to make England's flag respected in the struggle for commercial supremacy, which now again sprang up between the Dutch and English. A new African company, under the auspices of the Duke of York, and established with the twofold object of buying gold-dust and slaves, came into collision with the Dutch at their settlements on the Guinea coast,* while the English fleet, under Sir Robert Holmes, captured the Dutch settlement of New Amsterdam, now the great city of New York, in North America. The Hollanders, under De Ruyter, retaliated, and war with the Dutch was declared February 22, 1665, Parliament voting £2,500,000 for the purpose, in quarterly payments during three years.

On 3rd June, the greatest naval victory hitherto won by England was gained by the fleet, of ninety-eight sail, under the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, and Lord Sandwich. After a sharp fight, in which the enemy, commanded by Admiral Opdam, lost eighteen ships, seven thousand men, and four admirals (including Opdam himself), while the English loss was only one ship, one thousand men, two admirals, and the Lords Falmouth, Portland, and Muskerrey, the Dutch fled to the Texel. But the Duke of York, in-

* Guineas were first coined in 1663 from gold imported from this country.

stead of taking advantage of his victory and pursuing the foe, gave orders, none knew why, to shorten sail, and thus lost the opportunity of destroying their entire fleet. Marred as this great advantage was by the leader's supineness, the exultation of this country was great. But when the conquering fleet reached home, no shouts of triumph arose from the empty marts and deserted thoroughfares of London. God's judgments were abroad in the land, and the great city was lying in the shadow of death. The cry of its wickedness had gone up to heaven, and the arm of the destroying angel was outstretched, the avenging sword in his hand, and that sword was the plague.

The June of 1665 had set in with extraordinary heat,* after the driest winter and spring ever remembered in England. In the meadows near London the grass was scorched up, and a strange and mighty comet, which filled men's minds with apprehension, glared in the cloudless sky. "On the 7th of this month, the hottest day," says Pepys, "I ever felt, I saw in Drury Lane two or three houses marked with a red cross on the doors, and 'Lord have mercy upon us' written there: a sad sight to behold." The red cross was an all too familiar token to the Londoners. That mysterious epidemic, the plague, which has been known on the shores of the Levant from the earliest ages, and which was said to have been introduced into Europe by the crusaders, had often ravaged the close, narrow, and tortuous streets of old London, but this year it broke out with a fury unexampled, except by the great plague of Athens (B.C. 430), and of Florence (A.D. 1348). Never had such mortality been known since the destruction wrought by the "black death," *temp.* Edward III.

Defoe's famous journal of the plague year, and the narratives of Evelyn and Pepys, have made the incidents of

* The unusual weather is mentioned in Pepys' Journal: "All this winter no cold at all; but the ways are dusty and flies abound; the rose bushes are full of leaves. Such a time was never before known."

this awful season familiar to most readers. The terror-stricken city, so unhealthy that a man could not depend upon living two days, from which the king, court, and all rich men hurried away, leaving the poor to die alone; the deserted streets, having "the face of a Sabbath day, only more solemnly observed than it hath been of late;" the shops shut; no prancing horses nor rattling coaches, but piles of coffins on the pavement, and silence everywhere, save for the cries of those who were groaning forth their last, or the knell for the dead ready to be borne to their graves, or the strange man, whom none knew, but who went always swiftly to and fro, day and night, speaking to none, but ever crying in a deep, hoarse voice, "Oh, the great and dreadful God!" the mountebank vending in the grass-grown streets his infallible plague-water; the searchers entering suspected houses, and marking the doors with the fatal red cross a foot in length; the dismal rumbling of the dead-cart in the night, with its tinkling bell, its buryers with veiled faces and cloths over their mouths, breaking the awful silence with the cry "Bring out your dead;" the ghastly load of sixteen or eighteen corpses, wrapped in rugs or sheets, sometimes little better than naked, for coffins could not be had for the prodigious number who perished; the death-fires burning night and day for purifying the air; and, high above, the blazing star (comet), of a faint, dull colour and solemn, slow motion, and the flaming sword, which to the excited fancy of the superstitious stretched its red glare from Westminster to the Tower, like the meteor blade which hung over Jerusalem:—all these things are well known to us.

Nor were these all the horrors of the time. As in every similar visitation, the shouts of revelry mingled with the groans of the dying; drunken desperadoes, crying to each other, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," roared out their filthy songs in the taverns, till, smitten as they hung over their liquor, they staggered home to die,

or dropped down dead in the streets. Not unfrequently the shriek of murder arose from some lonely dwelling, where the hired nurse, after robbing her sick charges, stabbed or strangled them as they lay; or pain-stricken wretches flung themselves in agony from the windows, or rushed into the river and perished there.

All July, August, and September the pestilence raged more and more, but began to decline with the approach of cold in winter. The red crosses slowly disappeared, and the shops were opened again; fugitives returned, their pale and affrighted faces were seen in the streets. The plague had visited every part of England; but in London alone it had carried off 100,000 people.

While death was thus triumphing in every street, Sheldon, who had succeeded the true-hearted Juxon in the primacy, and Monk, his companion in the hour of danger, were succouring all they could.

The fleet had work enough, and more than enough, to do; for Louis XIV., who dreaded lest the English should obtain the dominion of the seas, now came to the aid of the United Provinces, with whom he had previously made an alliance against Spain, and declared war against Great Britain (January 16, 1666).

The French fleet, of forty ships, sailed from Toulon, May 9; and Monk, now Duke of Albemarle, who commanded the English squadron (of only seventy-four sail), despatched Prince Rupert, with twenty vessels, to keep De Beaufort, the French Admiral, in check. Scarcely had Rupert's pennon disappeared in the offing, when the Dutch fleet of eighty ships, under De Ruyter and the younger Van Tromp, hove in sight off the North Foreland; and Albemarle, who had but fifty-four ships left, but who, having recalled Prince Rupert, hourly expected his reappearance, dashed on the enemy, and fought desperately all day. On the 2nd the battle was renewed, but with loss sufficient to have driven a less resolute commander than Monk to despair. Early

on the 3rd, after burning several of his disabled ships (those in fighting order were now reduced to twenty-eight), he was compelled to retreat, cannonading De Ruyter's vanguard as he drew off. Had it not been for the arrival of Rupert at evening, which enabled him to renew the combat on more equal terms on the morrow, this "mad sea-fight," which lasted four days, had ended in his total discomfiture. The court gave out that it was a victory; which Burnet justly denounces as a mocking of God, and a lying to the world, though there was certainly cause for thankfulness that the whole navy was not lost. The two rival fleets retired to their harbours, but met again (June 25) at the mouth of the Thames, when the English obtained a decisive victory, chasing the Dutch back* to their own coasts, burnt two men-of-war, and nearly two hundred merchant ships at Schelling, and then, to their deep disgrace, burnt the unoffending town of Brandaris. When De Witt, the great minister of Holland, saw this havoc, he solemnly swore never to sheathe the sword till he had obtained revenge. How well he kept his oath the sequel will show.

The French fleet had done little save look on, while the Dutch and English fought. "And," says Evelyn, "now that our glorious bulwark is so miserably shattered, that scarcely an entire vessel remains, but only wrecks and hulls, so cruelly have the Dutch mangled us, lest the French should form a junction with the Hollanders, Prince Rupert was despatched to watch them, which he did with few vessels, but marvellous great courage; until, one stormy night, a tremendous gale arose, in which two of his ships foundered, and drove him to St. Helen's Bay."

That night was September 1, 1666, and that stormy wind fanned the great fire of London. It broke out before

* Indignant at being compelled to flee, the gallant De Ruyter exclaimed, "Wretch that I am! among so many bullets, is there not one to put an end to my miserable life?"

daybreak of Sunday, September 2, in a baker's house,* near the spot now marked by the column erected by Sir Christopher Wren, and called the Monument, that tall bully, which for a century and three-quarters (till its inscription was removed in 1880) lifted its head and lied; for the burning of London was falsely ascribed to the Papists. For four days and nights the conflagration, aided by the strong wind and a dry season, raged with frightful rapidity, consuming whole streets of closely-packed wooden and thatched houses, till it had reduced nearly the whole city, from the Tower to Temple Bar, and from the river to Holborn and Smithfield, to a heap of cinders and ashes, evermore spreading and blazing. It was not till September 5 that its progress was arrested by blowing up houses with gunpowder, thus making large gaps, which the flames could not overleap: an operation which the king and Duke of York superintended with energy and ability, encouraging the faint-hearted, and alleviating to the utmost the sufferings of the homeless. Four hundred streets, 18,200 houses, 89 churches, the great cathedral of St. Paul's, Guildhall, and a vast number of hospitals, schools, libraries, and other stately edifices, were destroyed, and the lowest estimate of the damage amounted to ten millions sterling.

From Clarendon, Evelyn, Pepys, and other trustworthy eye-witnesses, we subjoin a few details of the dismal scene; but those who would learn it minutely must consult these writers. On that Sunday there was no service in the churches, for the distracted creatures crowded these edifices with their goods; and the fire advanced so rapidly, that it seemed hopeless to attempt checking it. As Pepys

* The fire began in a place called Pudding Lane, and, by a whimsical coincidence, ended at Pye Corner, a spot now included in Giltspur Street, West Smithfield. Against a public-house in that street there stood, a few years ago, the image of a naked boy, with an inscription, which declared the fire to have been occasioned by the dreadful sin of gluttony.

went down the Thames to look upon the doomed city, he could hardly see for the showers of fire-drops driven in his face, while the fiery flakes from one house kept lighting upon others, and setting them in a blaze, which shot out a malicious, bloody flame, not like common fire, but in an arch, of a mile long. Evelyn declares that the noise, crackling, and thunder of the conflagration, the shrieks of women and children, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, the stones of St. Paul's Cathedral flying like grenades, were like a hideous storm. In the street the melted lead ran in a stream, and the pavements glowed so hot that neither man nor horse could tread them, and the air was so inflamed that none might approach; so that, at last, men had to stand still, and let the fire burn on, which it did for a mile in breadth, and nearly two miles long. The light was visible forty miles off, and the column of smoke even further, so filling the air that the sun shone through like blood.

"And thus," says Evelyn, "left I the great city this afternoon (Monday, September 2), a resemblance of Sodom or of the last day. God grant that mine eyes, which now behold above 10,000 houses in flames, may never see the like." Only eight lives were lost. But the misery of the 200,000 houseless, penniless, and starving creatures, who, burnt out of house and home, lay scattered over the fields for miles around, under the open night sky, and who, though ready to perish, asked not (Evelyn avers) one penny of relief, formed the saddest and strangest sight of all that truly deplorable scene.

This catastrophe,* direful as it was, brought some compensation, for the city arose from its ashes in increased beauty, and the plague, burnt out as by a refiner's fire, never again appeared in England. Had the plans of

* It was in consequence of the fire in London, and of the great sea-fight with the Dutch, that Dryden composed a poem in which he styles the year 1666 "*annus mirabilis*," or the year of wonders.

Sir Christopher Wren, whose master-hand raised the dome of new St. Paul's, been carried out, London would have been the noblest of cities. But haste and niggardliness cramped his designs. The city was grievously impoverished, and could no longer do what it would; and though this terrific calamity had roused the king for a while from his indolent and selfish life, he soon relapsed into dissoluteness, squandering the wealth that should have fed the hungry upon his lewd companions, and causing even the careless and easy Pepys to exclaim, "May God put in his heart to mend before he makes himself too much condemned by his people." By some of the insolent courtiers the fire was actually viewed with exultation. "Now," said they, "the rebellious city is ruined; and the king is absolute, as no king indeed was till now."

We have Clarendon's word that the people were better minded, and regarded it as a judgment of God Almighty upon their iniquities; and the medal struck in twofold commemoration of the fire and the plague bears out his assertion. It represents the eye of God beholding the earth, while two comets shower down pestilence, and flame, and death, with the legend "*sic punit*," is encountering an armed horseman.

The flames of London were not extinct when Parliament met, and it was probably this calamity, joined to the fruitless and destructive issue of the war, by which the country was always more and more impoverished, and those were slain whom fire and disease had spared, which inclined the public mind to peace. Negotiations were accordingly opened at Breda (May 14, 1667). During their progress the navy was neglected; and while our ships lay unmanned, and hundreds of sailors were starving in the streets, while the wounded slowly perished for want of care, the Dutch seized the opportunity for dealing us a terrible blow. Suddenly dashing into the mouth of the

Thames, De Ruyter, who had De Witt, "the avenger," on board, burnt Sheerness (May 9), sailed up the Medway, breaking through the chains and booms with which Albemarle had blockaded that river, destroyed the shipping at Chatham,* making no more of Upnor Castle's "shooting than of a fly," and carried off the "Royal Charles," that ship which had borne the king to England, as a trophy. He then sailed back to the Thames, advanced within twenty miles of London, and blockaded the capital; but, having been repulsed at Tilbury by Sir Edward Sprague, he returned with great deliberation, and after burning several men-of-war on the way, and levying contributions on the country round, rode triumphant at the Nore, "as dreadful a spectacle as ever Englishmen saw, and a dishonour never to be wiped off." "Thus," continued Evelyn, "are we become the bye-word and laughing-stock of the world."

Without an attempt to avenge this insult, or a demand for reparation, the Government, desiring but to follow the old monkish rule, "*Sinere res vadere ut vadunt*," hastily patched up a peace with Holland and France at Breda, July 21, 1667. But the people, incensed at the disgrace and loss, were furious, the sailors' wives running about the streets of Wapping and crying, "This comes of your not paying our husbands' wages." Mobs also gathered at Westminster, shouting for a Parliament, and they not only broke the Lord Chancellor's windows, but set up a gibbet before his door. To appease this burst of indignation a victim was necessary, and one was soon found in the only able minister, the only honest man, and the only faithful servant of the profligate monarch.

* When Chatham was attacked by the Dutch, Albemarle exposed himself with such reckless daring in the thickest of the fire that his friends remonstrated with him. "Had I been afraid of bullets," said the hardy veteran, "I should have quitted the trade of a soldier long ago. But of this much I am sure, that I shall never be taken."

Clarendon had long been declining in the royal favour.* He had remonstrated with his master on his "loose life," and on the hard-heartedness of compelling the queen to receive Lady Castlemaine as a personal attendant—a command with which, said he, "flesh and blood could not comply." He had looked askance on the king's "ladies of pleasure." In short, he was a counsellor and a hindrance whom his Majesty feared, and would therefore fain be rid of. To the whole courtly crew, the buffoons, parasites, and rakes of St. James', he was an object of hate and ridicule, because he honoured religion and virtue, and thwarted their waste and excess. His undeniably stern and imperious temper and his avarice made him odious to those who were in office. He had, moreover, amassed a large fortune, and "*Qui terre a, guerre a,*" was as true then as now. Above all, the king's prime favourite, the Duke of Buckingham—a true son of his unworthy father—and Lady Castlemaine were his open and special enemies. Against such a cabal who could stand?

It was all to no purpose that many of the Privy Council and other honourable persons attested Clarendon's integrity, and that the House of Lords refused to take part in the impeachment. This faithful servant of the royal martyr, Charles II.'s own companion in exile, this grandfather of two of our English queens, was insultingly deprived of the Great Seal, which was transferred to Sir Orlando Bridgman (August 30), arraigned by the Commons (for, says Aubrey, "*quand l'arbre est à terre, tout le*

* Lord Dartmouth, in one of his MS. notes to Burnet's History, remarks, "I have heard my uncle, who was a Groom of the Bedchamber, say that the first proof the courtiers had of Lord Clarendon's being out of favour, was Harry Killigrew's mimicking him before the king, which he did in a very ridiculous manner, by carrying the bellows about the room instead of the purse; and another, Colonel Titus, before him, with a fire-shovel on his shoulder for the mace, and did counterfeit his voice and style." Clarendon himself alludes with bitterness to the unlicensed buffoonery with which Buckingham was wont to ridicule him for the diversion of the king and court.

monde court aux branches") of venality and intention to govern by military force, and banished to the Continent by the king (November 29). As the infirm old man, who had lost his wife only ten days before, quitted Whitehall, the Lady Castlemaine rushed from her bed at twelve o'clock at noon and stood at her open window, whither her woman brought her night-gown, talking with many of the court gallants, looking at the Chancellor with much gaiety and laughter, and blessing herself at his going away. Clarendon spent his exile in writing his "History of the Great Rebellion," and died at Rouen in 1674, leaving no stain on his memory. The ministry who on his departure ruled the state were the worst who ever helped a king to misgovern a realm. They were designated the Cabal (from the French "Cabale," a club or secret society, synonymous, according to Macaulay, with our modern term a Cabinet), and among them were Sir T. Clifford, Lord Ashley, the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Arlington, and the Duke of Lauderdale. It was the latter who governed in Scotland, and by his cruel persecution of the Covenanters was fast driving that country to distraction. The initial letters of these men's names happening to make up the word "Cabal," it has been supposed due to this whimsical coincidence. But though this is probably a mistake, the word having been used both in our own and the French language long ere the formation of the Cabal ministry, it helps us to remember the unprincipled statesmen who earned a disgraceful notoriety in English history by selling their country to the King of France.

Of Charles' new advisers Buckingham was now the most influential. This worthless man, of no religion whatever, but openly and professedly licentious, who had long been the champion of the sectaries, as Clarendon had been of the Church, possessed great wit and parts. Discerning the leaning of our country towards the free Protestant states and her dread of despotic power, he

initiated the only good measure of that tainted government, which was the triple alliance. This was England's league with Holland and Sweden, the three great Protestant powers of Europe. The suggestion of it was due to Sir William Temple, the British ambassador at Brussels, as a means of checking the daring ambition of Louis XIV., who, on the death of his father-in-law, Philip IV. of Spain, had claimed, in right of his wife, that sovereign's daughter, the Spanish Netherlands, and had invaded the country with an army under Turenne. By the triple alliance, which led to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, his schemes were disconcerted. Spain surrendered to him the towns he had conquered, receiving Franche Comté in return,—and Louis was compelled to renounce all claims to the rest of Flanders.* But while the English were rejoicing at the only good public thing done by the king, and while our ambassador was treating with De Witt at the Hague, Charles was clandestinely

"Stretching forth the itching palm"

to France, and selling the common cause to Le Grand Monarque for the promise of a revenue which might enable him to rule without a Parliament. On May 22, 1670, a secret treaty was signed at Dover, by which he stipulated, so soon as convenient time should arrive, to profess openly the Roman Catholic faith, to desert that very Spain and those very Dutch provinces with which he had just formed an alliance, and to aid Louis in his war against them. His payment was to be a pension, so long as the war lasted, of £120,000 a-year, and the aid of 6,000

* On the 29th December of this year (1668) a gallant action at sea was performed by Captain John Kempthorne (in the ship "Mary Rose"), who beat off seven large Barbary corsairs in the Straits of Gibraltar. This conflict is commemorated by a picture in the Painted Hall at Greenwich, with this inscription—

"Two we burnt and two we sunk, and one did run away;
And two we brought to Leghorn Roads, to show we'd won the day."

French soldiers in the event of an insurrection in England. This iniquitous compact was chiefly arranged by means of the king's sister, Henrietta Maria, the unhappy Duchess of Orleans, who, shortly after her return to France, died —poisoned, it was asserted, by her husband. She had actually brought in her train, as “a gift from” her brother-in-law, “King Louis to Charles,” the beautiful but abandoned and rapacious Louise de la Querouaille, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth, through whose means the policy of Whitehall was made subservient to that of the Louvre; so that Louis XIV. reigned as despotically in England as in France. Under the *régime* of this French-woman, the courtiers, denounced by Evelyn as more like a heathen rout than a Christian company, plunged always deeper in sin; and scenes were enacted in the royal palace which might figure in the “Satires of Juvenal,” but can find no place here.

The nation felt itself disgraced; and when Colonel Blood, a notorious ruffian, who endeavoured to steal the regalia in the Tower, was not only pardoned by the king but presented with an estate of £500 a-year* in Ireland, “great scandal arose; and it was said that the mysteries and secrets of the English court were such as no king should know. How that man came to be pardoned,” Evelyn continues, “is incomprehensible to me. He had a daring, villainous, and unmerciful look, and a false countenance, though he was well-spoken and dangerously insinuating.” But even had Charles been an accomplice in this robbery, it would not have been more shameful than his seizure of £1,800,000 deposited by bankers in the exchequer, on

* Thus mentioned in “Curiosities of the Tower of London,” printed in 1741 :—

“The king, sore frightened at the time,
Not only pardoned the bold crime;
But what is monstrous to declare
Gave Blood five hundred pounds a-year.”

which he laid hands in order to prepare for the Dutch war (January, 1672).

"Like master like man," is the observation of Sir John Resesby, when recording two incidents which occurred about this time: they convey a true notion of the merry monarch's reign, and how his example influenced his dependants. The first was the assault on Sir John Coventry, an M.P., who, in a debate about taxing the theatres, had made a sarcastic observation which offended the king, who vowed to leave a mark upon him which should stop men's mouths in future. Accordingly he consulted his illegitimate son, the Duke of Monmouth, by whose command a troop of armed ruffians attacked Coventry on his return one night from the House of Commons, beat him cruelly, and nearly cut his nose off. Though Parliament dared not bring that spoiled darling, the king's son, to justice, they took cognizance of the outrage, and to prevent similar atrocities they passed the Coventry Act, by which malicious maiming and wounding was made a capital felony.

The attempt of Buckingham and Lady Castlemaine, who both mortally hated the Duke of Ormond, to have him assassinated by Colonel Blood, is the second incident in question. The nobleman was leaving the City one evening, when he was dragged out of his carriage and placed on horseback behind a man, to whom he was fastened by a belt. On they sped towards Tyburn, where, upon "the common gallows," Blood proposed to hang the duke. But the prisoner contrived to hurl himself and his companion to the ground, with whom, though repeatedly fired on by Blood and his associates, he struggled in the dark till, on the approach of some passengers, the villains fled. So convinced was the duke's son, the gallant and outspoken Lord Ossory, of Buckingham's guilt in this matter, that, in the king's presence, he thus addressed him: "My Lord Duke, I well know that you are at the bottom of this

attempt against my father ; and I give you fair warning that if he comes to a violent end, by sword or pistol, by the hand of a ruffian, or by poison, I shall know you to be his murderer, and will pistol you, though you stood behind the king's chair : and this I tell you in his Majesty's presence, that you may be sure I will keep my word."

While private morals were thus corrupted, public faith, as might be expected, fared no better. The triple alliance was flung to the winds, and, adding insult to treachery, Charles, without any declaration of war with Holland, and while the Dutch still relied on him as a friend and mediator, positively made an unsuccessful attempt to capture their fleet, which was lying in the Channel, and of which the freight was supposed to be worth a million and a-half sterling. A fortnight afterwards (May 17, 1672), hostilities were formally proclaimed against Holland, the French issuing their proclamation on the same day ; and the Duke of York was placed in command of the fleet. De Ruyter, England's old antagonist, instantly put to sea, and on the 28th May attacked the combined English and French fleets in Southwold Bay, off the coast of Suffolk. But no sooner had the action commenced, than, as had often happened before, the French squadron stood off, and bore no part in the fight. After a desperate engagement, which lasted all day, and which was the most hardly contested, as De Ruyter declared, of all the thirty-two in which he had fought, the Dutch, miserably shattered, withdrew. The English too had suffered severely ; the "Royal James" being blown up by a fire ship, and its commander, Lord Sandwich, who led the van in the action, lost with most of his crew.

The French army, meanwhile, consisting of 100,000 men, under those great and experienced generals, Turenne, Condé, and Luxembourg, were pouring into Holland, joined by a small English force, commanded by the Duke of Monmouth, and by John Churchill, afterwards the Duke

of Marlborough. The Dutch troops were led by William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, grandson of Charles I. by his daughter Mary, and consequently nephew of King Charles II. He was just of age ; but brave, cool, prudent, and fully determined upon a vigorous prosecution of the war. So odious had the father of this young prince rendered himself by his tyranny, that the United Provinces had, upon his death, abolished the office of Stadtholder, which his son would have otherwise inherited, and created a sort of President of the Republic, in the person of the Grand Pensionary, John de Witt. That great and virtuous statesman, loth to destroy the labour of years, and the fertile fields and farms of Holland, by following the decisive measures of the prince, who had retired to Amsterdam, after opening the sluice gates and laying the country under water,* counselled peace. But the populace were so enraged at this proposition, that they barbarously massacred both John de Witt and his brother Cornelius, restored the office of Stadtholder, and bestowed it, together with the command of the army, upon the Prince of Orange. Inauspiciously as this youth began his reign, for he liberally rewarded the assassins of the De Witts, he proved eventually the saviour of his country ; for the French, finding no sustenance in the desert of sea and sand which he had created by cutting the dykes, fled before the flood ; and Louis, leaving garrisons in the fortresses which he had taken, retired to Paris. For two more years the war with France dragged languidly on, till terminated by the Peace of Nimeguen (August 10, 1678).

And now the signs of approaching disturbances became daily more evident in England. The people were thoroughly alarmed at the influence of France and the growth of

* When it was urged upon the Prince of Orange that his policy of cutting the dykes must cause the destruction of his country, and that he would like to see it so, "There is one means," he replied, "by which I can make sure never to see my country's ruin,—I will die in the last ditch."

Popery. Not only had the Duke of York, next heir to the throne, avowed himself a Romanist, but his first wife, Anne Hyde, Clarendon's daughter, being dead, he was on the point of marriage with Mary Beatrice D'Este, a young princess of the "most Catholic" House of Modena. Two of the king's ministers, Clifford and Arlington, held the Romish faith; and the king, who had lately renewed in a yet more stringent shape, the Act against conventicles,* now, by an arbitrary stretch of power, issued the "Declaration of Indulgence," a measure which was justly suspected to aim at benefiting the Papists.

After two years' prorogation, Parliament met (February, 1678), and straightway flamed out in vehement protests against the Declaration of Indulgence as illegal,† also beseeching that the duke's marriage might not take place. Charles refused the latter request, but reluctantly, and with delay, yielded to the former. And Parliament, having thus far succeeded, immediately, as if "*per assicurar la sicurezza*," passed the Test Act, which bound all persons holding office to receive the Sacrament according to the Church of England, to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and to abjure belief in transubstantiation.

The effect of the Test Act was immediate and decisive. The Duke of York resigned the command of the navy to Prince Rupert; Lord Clifford, the High Treasurer, gave up his staff, and was succeeded by Viscount Latimer, created Earl of Danby, who became chief minister. Other Roman Catholic noblemen did the same; Buckingham, though of no creed, retired, and Lord Ashley, now Earl of Shaftesbury,

* In his speech against this act, Waller, who, at his advanced age, was still the wit of the House of Commons, remarked of the Dissenters, "These people be like children's tops: whip them, and they stand up, let them alone, and they fall."

† This Declaration was known to be instigated by Clifford and by Ashley, Earl of Shaftesbury; and as the one was an avowed Romanist, and the other an infidel, it was regarded as meant rather to injure the Church than to serve the Nonconformists.

the most crafty man in England, and, called, from his constant changes of party, Lord Shaftesbury, was removed from the office of Chancellor, to which he had been appointed on Sir Orlando Bridgman's retirement, and carried his splendid abilities and cunning unscrupulousness into the service of the opposition, preferring, as he could no longer be the supreme minister of an absolute king, to reign as a patriot. Thus was the Cabal ministry broken up.

Warned by his father's fate, Charles had hitherto foreborne to threaten his Parliaments. He had preferred to bribe and corrupt them, giving them abundance of fair words, and telling them that no predecessor had a greater esteem for Parliaments than he, and that he regarded them as so vital a part of the constitution that neither prince nor people could be happy without them; while they, not to be behindhand in protestations, replied that his Majesty was deservedly the King of Hearts, and, as the happiest and most glorious monarch of the happiest of nations, should receive from his people a Crown of Hearts.

But Charles, now finding that, though many crowns of hearts might be laid at his feet, few crowns of silver were obtainable, summarily prorogued Parliament, and, having no funds wherewith to continue the Dutch war, he made a separate peace with Holland (February 9, 1674), for which the States paid him £300,000.

Notwithstanding this peace, however, the English troops under Monmouth remained to assist the French. And why? because the unworthy king, while affecting to yield to his people's desire for amity with Holland, and pledging his royal word to the Commons to support the United Provinces in their struggle with Louis XIV., was actually renewing his secret treaty with that sovereign, and again receiving £100,000 a-year as the price of his aid.

The year 1677 closed with one popular measure, one gleam of hope for the realm. By the advice of the Earl of Danby and Sir William Temple a marriage was arranged

between the Prince of Orange and the Princess Mary, eldest daughter of the Duke of York, the young couple who afterwards reigned as William and Mary. The marriage was solemnised (November 4, 1677), to the great joy of the nation, for his Highness being a Protestant, the fear of Popery was much allayed. But it was extremely resented by Louis XIV., who, holding it to be a breach of faith, stopped his pensioner's pay, and left him to shift as he might.

CHARLES II.—(continued).

PART II.

By this time all thoughtful men had looked anxiously towards the future. The fatal league with France excited suspicion and alarm in England. The people who had welcomed back their sovereign with transports of joy and hope now beheld, with indignant disgust, his indolence, extravagance, and licentiousness, and the profligacy of his profligate courtiers. His Parliament, which had sat for seventeen years, and which, though occasionally asserting its independence, was virtually the king's tool, his Popish successor, and, above all, the servile deference with which Charles himself, whose own religion was suspected, supported the interest of France, and obeyed the behest of the Grand Monarque in all things, gave general dissatisfaction.

While men's minds were thus fretted and fevered, the rumour of the Popish Plot burst upon them early in October, 1678, as unexpected "as a thunder-clap on a frosty day," and aggravated their temporary terror into temporary insanity.

This pretended plot, than which Roger North tells us never anything had less foundation or made more noise, was got up by Lord Shaftesbury,* whose rage at his loss

* Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, created Earl of Shaftesbury, the *Achitophel* of Dryden. On the breaking out of the civil war this nobleman professed himself a Royalist, but on some offence joined the Roundheads, and took an active part under Cromwell. Having after-

of office had converted from the master-fiend of the Cabinet into the master-fiend of the opposition. This ambitious and revengeful man had laboured for ten years in vain to annul the marriage of the queen, whom he hated, and to exclude the Duke of York from his right to the succession. But whether the complicated piece of iniquity called the Popish Plot were but a bugbear devised by him to destroy those individuals, or whether, as Dryden writes—

“Some truth there was, but dashed and brewed with lies,”

never has been, and probably never will be, accurately ascertained. The generally received account of the conspiracy is as follows:—

On the 18th August, as the king, who was a fast walker, like his father, had outstripped his courtiers, and was sauntering alone in St. James' Park, he was thus accosted, by a man named Kirby: “Sire, keep within your company, for your enemies have a design on your life; and you may be shot in this very walk.” When asked the reason of this strange intimation, Kirby brought to the king one Dr. Tongue, described by Burnet as “a mean divine and a simple, credulous man,” who declared that two persons, Grove and Pickering, had engaged him to shoot his Majesty with silver bullets, and had also trafficked with Sir George Wakeman, the queen's physician, to take him off by poison. This information had been

wards aided the king's restoration, he was made a peer, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards Lord Chancellor. Being dismissed from office, he headed the opposition, and encouraged, or, as some say, invented, the Popish Plot, in order to thwart the king and exclude the Duke of York from the succession. Brilliant and clever as he was daring and unprincipled, his retort to Charles II. gives an idea of his ready repartee, no less than of the levity of his character. “Shaftesbury,” said the king to him, “I believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions.” “For a subject, Sire, I believe that perhaps I am.”

conveyed to him in a bundle of papers, of which he knew the author, who, however, desired to be kept secret, dreading the resentment of the Jesuits.

Shortly after, this person was brought before the Council and solemnly examined. His name was Titus Oates, a man of the vilest character, who had been first an Anabaptist preacher, then a clergyman, next a pretended convert to Romanism and a member of the Jesuit College of St. Omer, from which, as from their college at Valladolid, he had been ignominiously expelled for immorality, but where he pretended to have acquired a knowledge of a great plot for the murder of the king and the re-establishment of Popery. His long and strange tale was full of the wildest absurdities and most ridiculous contradictions. The Pope, he said, had delegated the sovereignty of Great Britain to the Jesuits, and committed to Don John of Austria and to Père la Chaise, Louis XIV.'s celebrated confessor, the task of carrying out his designs. By the latter, £200,000 had been sent to assist the rebels in Ireland, and £10,000 remitted to Coleman, the Duke of York's confessor, for the assassination of the king, who was to be "taken out of the way as an heretic," and whose murder Coleman had pledged himself to compass. Oates asserted the Great Fire in London to be the work of the Papists, who were about to destroy the City anew with fire-balls, called among themselves Tewkesbury Mustard Pills. He said that 20,000 Roman Catholics in London were ready to rise, and, after killing the king, to offer the crown to the Duke of York, if he would receive it as a gift from the Pope and promise to extirpate Protestantism. If this offer were refused, "to pot James must go," meaning, in Jesuit phraseology, that he must be put to death.

When Oates was examined, his contradiction of himself and of facts proved him an atrocious liar. For though he pretended to intimacy with Coleman and Wakeman,

he did not recognise them when placed close to them, alleging that his eyes were weak. And when the king bade him describe Don John, with whom he professed to have had many interviews in Spain, he stated him to be tall and thin and swarthy; at which the royal brothers smiled at each other, knowing that prince to be short, fat, fair, and blue-eyed. Again, Charles asked Oates where he had seen Père la Chaise (whose very name Oates changed to Père le Shee) pay down the £10,000, the sum destined for the assassination. "In the Jesuits' House at Paris," the informer boldly said, "close to the king's palace." "Man!" exclaimed Charles, "the Jesuits have not a house within a mile of the Louvre." But though the king, being clearer-sighted than the rest, wholly disbelieved the tale, he had not the moral courage to resist popular delusion; but, with characteristic levity and selfishness, posted off to Newmarket races, leaving the Council to deal with the pretended plot, to arrest whom they chose, and to lodge Titus Oates, under royal protection, in the palace of Whitehall. Never was the kingdom in a greater ferment. Villain and liar as Oates had proved himself, all he affirmed was implicitly credited, not only by the people, but by the king's ministers, while Shaftesbury and his associates eagerly took up the plot as a party weapon. Many Jesuits were seized; so was Coleman, whose papers furnished evidence, not of any plot for murdering the king, but of one for converting the sovereign to Popery. Public excitement was intense, and when (October 15) Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey, the magistrate before whom Oates' deposition had been taken, was found murdered in a ditch near Primrose Hill, his death, which is still a mystery, was attributed to the Papists. So exasperated were the people against them that anything called Popish, were it cat or dog, had probably been pulled to pieces in a moment, and sober-minded people feared nothing less than a sweeping massacre of that party.

While things were in this state, Parliament met (October 21), and Lord Danby, in a strong anti-Catholic spirit, laid the matter before them. A solemn fast was immediately appointed, a committee formed to examine into the question, and a vote passed that there had been and was a damnable and hellish plot devised by Popish recusants for assassinating the king, subverting the Government, and destroying the Protestant religion. The Earl of Arandel and other Roman Catholic peers were committed to the Tower, and afterwards impeached of high treason; and an Act was passed to exclude Papists from both Houses of Parliament. It was only by a majority of two that even the Duke of York was suffered to retain his place in the House, for, said Lord Lucas, "I would not have a Popish dog, nor so much as a Popish cat, to mew or purr about our king." Of this wretched eloquence, which was vehemently applauded, one can only remark that it was well suited to the time.

Oates, who was now so entirely believed that it was unsafe to doubt any part of his evidence, was declared the saviour of his country, was rewarded with a pension of £1,200 a-year, a guard for his protection, and apartments at Whitehall. Such "thriving of villany" stirred up another wretch, more infamous, if possible, than himself, to pursue a similar course. This was William Bedloe,* an oft-convicted and oft-punished felon, who, attracted by the £500 reward offered for the apprehension of Sir E. Godfrey's assassins, swore that the deed was done by the queen's servants, and that he had himself seen the corpse lying on the queen's back-stairs for two days. Both informers now fell upon the neglected daughter of Braganza, whom they accused of conspiring with her

* Of Bedloe, who was "truly Oates' fellow," Burnet states, that on a previous occasion he had, "by his own confession, sworn so aggravated falsely in a case of sheep-stealing, that he was bidden by Wyld, an ancient and worthy judge, to go home and repent, for that he was a perjured man, and to come no more into any court in this realm."

physician to poison her consort; and on November 28, when Bedloe had delivered his depositions against her in writing to the House of Commons, Oates advanced to the Bar, and, lifting up his screech-owl voice, accused Katharine, Queen of England, of high treason, or, according to his pronunciation, "Aye, Taitus Oates, accause Kaatharine, Quean of England, of haigh trayson."

"Such was," says Dryden, in his "Absalom and Achitophel"—

"The charge 'gainst pious Michal brought,
Michal that ne'er was cruel e'en in thought:
The best of queens, the most obedient wife,
Impeached of cursed designs on David's life—
His life! the theme of her eternal prayer."

The House was thunderstruck and for a while speechless, and Shaftesbury and some of his creatures, profiting by the silence, voted an address to the king for the queen's immediate removal from Whitehall and committal to the Tower. But Charles, though he had been cruel to his unhappy consort, would not listen to this proposal. "I believe," said he significantly, "that they think I have a mind for a new wife; but I will not suffer an innocent woman to be wronged." But though he thus interposed, and told Burnet that, considering his faultiness towards her in other respects, it would be a horrid thing in him to abandon her now; and though wherever he could speak freely he ridiculed the whole affair of the Popish conspiracy, calling it "a sorry jest," and saying that he was accused of a plot against his own life, he still did not venture openly to expose the popular delusion, nor to stop the shedding of blood, nor even to exert the prerogative of mercy lodged in the crown. Three of Katharine's servants were executed.* So were Coleman

* These three men were convicted on the testimony of Bedloe, and the pretended confession of one Prance, a silversmith, who, after being thrown into prison, laden with heavy irons, chained down to the floor

and a Roman Catholic banker named Stayley, and several priests. The prisons were filled with hundreds of suspected traitors.

In December, 1678, in the very height of this conspiracy, the Commons impeached Danby of high treason, on the evidence of a letter produced by Montagu, the English ambassador at Paris, in which Danby demanded money of Louis XIV. for King Charles (December 21). But the Lords refused to sanction the indictment, and Charles, in order to arrest further investigations, which might have been awkward (for he had with his own royal hand endorsed Danby's letter with "writ by my desire, C. R."), prorogued, December 30, and on January 24 dissolved Parliament. It had commenced its sittings in loyalty and devotion of heart, and closed them in discontent at the present and dread for the future.

The dissolution of Parliament was not, however, calculated to allay the general dissatisfaction; and with such vehemence were the elections carried against the Government, and so strong was the feeling against the Duke of York, that James consented to obey a written order from his brother, and to retire beyond seas, on condition that his absence should not be construed into a proof of fear or guilt, and his rights should not, in his absence, be sacrificed to the Duke of Monmouth.

On March 6, 1679, the new Parliament met in a very refractory humour, and "flouncing" (to use the words of a contemporary) at all measures acceptable to the crown. Danby's impeachment was revived, and though he had obtained a pardon from the king, under the Great Seal, he was committed to the Tower (April 16).

Sir William Temple now assumed the reins of govern-

of the condemned cell, half starved, and so terrified that he was well-nigh driven mad, was at last wrought upon to declare (a declaration which he twice recanted) that they had been the murderers of Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey.

ment; and by his advice Charles agreed to be guided by a council of thirty, of which the Earl of Essex was appointed Treasurer, the Earl of Sunderland Secretary of State, and Shaftesbury President. Out of this great council was formed a sort of inner council, or cabinet, of which the chief members were Temple, Shaftesbury, Sunderland, and Halifax. But however anxious Charles had been to conciliate the great opposition leader by admitting him as one of his advisers, Shaftesbury was "not so to be muzzled," and by his influence a Bill was brought into the House of Commons, and carried by a majority of seventy-nine, to exclude the Duke of York from the succession. Again Charles had recourse to his own, his father's, grandfather's, and Oliver Cromwell's expedient of dissolving Parliament, whereby (May, 1679) he arrested the progress of the Exclusion Bill.

To this Parliament we owe the celebrated Habeas Corpus Act, "for the better securing the liberty of the subjects and for prevention of imprisonment beyond seas." It gives every imprisoned person a claim to be brought before a court of law, that it may be ascertained whether there is just cause for his imprisonment. It secures every man, liberated by order of the court, from being again committed for the same offence, and provides that his trial shall not be unnecessarily put off. But for this law, a man might be imprisoned and kept for years untried and without even knowing the cause of his detention, as was often the case in the *cachots* of the Bastille and other foreign dungeons. The statute of Habeas Corpus forms the safeguard of our liberties, second only to Magna Charta, of which it is the necessary complement.

During the recess of Parliament the judicial murders due to the Popish plot were still continued. On June 15 six persons, among whom was Whitbread, the provincial of the Jesuits, and Langhorne, an eminent lawyer, were tried before Justice Scroggs, an ignorant and scandalous-living

man, who displayed the grossest partiality on the judgment-seat, and who indecently urged the jury to convict. All were condemned and executed (June 29), for the prejudice, says North, against them was so universal and strong, that an apostle would have spoken for them in vain, and would have been "flounced at by the rabble, and even by Parliament." The first check which the informers received was at the trial of Sir George Wakeman, the queen's physician. Scarcely had Oates and Bedloe, with another of the same tribe named Dugdale, sat down, after swearing as confidently as ever to Wakeman's guilt, when the clerk of the Privy Council deposed that a few weeks previously, when Oates was examined, and asked by the Lord Chancellor if he knew aught personally against the queen's physician, he had lifted his hands to heaven and sworn that he did not. The witnesses now saw themselves defeated, and were greatly enraged. They vented their spleen on Scroggs, despite whose partiality Wakeman and his companions in danger, three Benedictine monks, were, after a nine hours' trial, acquitted.

It would require volumes to describe the miseries of Scotland during this reign.

In furtherance of the king's resolution to enforce Episcopacy upon the Scottish people, his instruments, the recreant Sharpe and renegade Lauderdale, once so zealous for the Covenant, persecuted all who would not abandon their old form of worship with a cruelty which makes the blood run cold. He was aided by the commander of the forces, Sir James Turner, a man naturally fierce, but mad when drunk, which was very often; and they imprisoned, fined, and flogged without mercy. All was, however, in vain. One-third of the Presbyterian ministers refused to conform, and resigned their pulpits; and the people, forsaking the churches, assembled by thousands in what were called field conventicles, in solitary glens, wild moors, and mountain gorges, where they listened, at peril

of liberty and even life, to those whom they deemed the martyrs of the Kirk and Covenant. Many of the "deprived preachers" were fiery spirits, whose religious enthusiasm was goaded to frenzy by that oppression which maketh even wise men mad; they fearlessly denounced the persecutors of the chosen people of God, the Pharaoh on the throne, the Haman in the State, and the Judas in the Church, and exhorted their hearers to bring broadswords as well as Bibles, and repel force by force. The field meetings were converted into armed assemblies, praying and preaching into fight; and many a hill-side was stained with blood.

As early as 1666 an insurrection had broken out in the west, the stronghold of the Covenanters. But the insurgents were defeated by General Dalziel at the Pentland Hills, and many were executed. Others were barbarously tortured by squeezing the fingers with screws, called thumbikins, or enclosing the leg in a wooden case, called a boot, and driving wedges between it and the limb, to the crushing and breaking of the bone. But though these cruelties could torture the victims' bodies, their courage was not thereby abated. They triumphantly welcomed death in the spirit of martyrs;* and the penalties unrelentingly inflicted by the Council of Scotland and by their chief agent, Colonel John Graham of Claverhouse, afterwards Viscount Dundee, were powerless to subdue the people.

The evil genius of Scotland, and chief object of detestation, was Archbishop Sharpe, whose former treachery and

* One young preacher, Hugh McKail, acted indeed the martyr's part. After enduring without a sigh or sound of impatience the extremity of torture, he then took leave of the spectators: "I shall speak no more with earthly creatures, but shall enjoy the aspect of the ineffable Creator Himself! Farewell father, mother, friends! Farewell sun, moon, and stars! Farewell perishable earthly delights, and welcome those which are everlasting! Welcome glory, eternal life! And welcome death!"

present tyranny made him universally abhorred. After an attempt to assassinate him in 1668 by a man named Mitchell,* he was in May, 1679, dragged from his carriage when crossing Magus Muir in Fifeshire, by a party of fanatics, and, despite the prayers and tears of his daughter, who threw herself between them and her aged father, was butchered by them† with many wounds before her eyes. The murderers then retired towards Glasgow, singing a psalm in honour of their deed; and after burning the Act against conventicles, and extinguishing the bonfires lighted on the anniversary of the king's restoration (May 29), they gathered a body of 600 peasants, and defeated a small party of cavalry under "the bloody Claverhouse" at Drumclog (June 1). They then made themselves masters of Glasgow, and increased their numbers to 8,000 armed men.

* This man, "the avenger" as he called himself, fired a pistol into the Archbishop's coach (1668), which, missing its aim, broke the arm of Honeyman, Bishop of the Orkneys, who sat with Sharpe. In 1671, having previously escaped justice, he was brought to trial, subjected to the torture of the boot, and consigned to perpetual imprisonment on the Bass Rock. In 1679 he was tried again, and executed on the previous charge, though his life had been promised to him if he would confess.

† Kyrton, whose account is taken from the lips of Russell, one of the actors in this tragedy, tells us that while a party of nine Covenanters, under Hackston of Rathillet, were seeking for one Carmichael, the Commissioner to apprehend the Nonconformists of Fife, a cruel, bloody man, whom they meant to assault, a little boy exclaimed, "There goes the Archbishop;" and they saw his coach and six crossing the moor. "This is of God," exclaimed the fanatics; "the Lord hath delivered him into our hands." Galloping after the carriage, they fired a volley of carbines in at the windows. The Archbishop felt that his hour was come, and said to his daughter, "The Lord have mercy on me, dear child, for I am gone." Russell flung open the carriage door, roaring, "Judas, come forth." The aged man vainly implored mercy of Hackston, who coldly turned away with the words, "I will never lay hand on thee." One of the party, more compassionate than the rest, pleaded with them "to spare his grey hairs." After firing two pistols at him, they tore him from his daughter, who tried to shield him with her own person, and who received two wounds in so doing; then they hacked his skull to pieces, scooped out the brains, and crying to his servant, "Take away your priest," dispersed, singing a psalm as they went.

The Council in London now took the alarm, and sent the Duke of Monmouth with an army to Scotland, where he utterly defeated the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge,* on the Clyde (June 22, 1679). Nearly 500 were killed, though all writers agree that Monmouth laboured † to spare life—

“Taking more pains, when he beheld them yield,
To spare the flyers than to win the field.”

Twelve hundred were made prisoners. Under the crafty and cruel Lauderdale the gibbet would have finished those who had escaped the sword. But Monmouth was naturally merciful, and treated the vanquished with gentleness and forbearance. He was, however, suddenly recalled by the illness of the king his father; and being much about him in his sickness, he availed himself of the opportunity to lay a foundation for his own succession to the throne by gaining popularity with the people. Scotland was accordingly left to shift for itself. In July he was superseded as Lord High Commissioner of that country by the Duke of York, who returned from the Continent to renew yet more fiercely all the barbarities of Lauderdale, and to undo whatever of good his milder predecessor ‡ had

* For a powerful description of the Battle of Bothwell Bridge, see Walter Scott's "Old Mortality."

† The Duke of Monmouth, Burnet assures us, strictly ordered that quarter should be given to all who asked it, and "to make prisoners, but spare life." The slaughter of the fugitives was due to the vengeance of Claverhouse, whose nephew had been slain at Drumclog. The fact is corroborated by the old ballad of Bothwell Brigg, as follows:—

“ ‘Haud up your hand,’ then Monmouth said,
‘Gie quarter to these men for me.’
But bloody Claver’s swore an oath
His kinsman’s death avenged should be.”

‡ Ireland, happier far than Scotland, was governed during nearly all this reign by the wise and good Duke of Ormond. "Yet had he much ado," according to Temple, "to rule the land." For the Royalists whom Cromwell had dispossessed of their estates trusted that King

effected. That unfortunate predecessor, Charles' favourite son, now began to play an important part in state affairs. Created Duke of Monmouth,* permitted to take precedence of all other dukes, and married to the young Countess of Buccleugh, the finest young lady in the three kingdoms, and an immense heiress, he was, according to Evelyn, a pretty spark, though rudely bred. He was, moreover, the idol of the people, who, though he was the son of an abandoned woman, would gladly have seen him in the seat of Edward the Confessor. Extremely handsome, and of an amiable disposition, he inherited his father's licentiousness and want of truth, and was, moreover, so entirely destitute of judgment and firmness, as to become the easy tool of the opposition, and especially of the artful Shaftesbury, who had been dismissed from office, and who was more violent than ever in his antagonism to the court.

To the Duke of York, Monmouth was, as a possible rival for the crown, specially odious; and the king, in order to prevent a rupture between them, and to preserve the peace of England, sent James to Scotland and dismissed Monmouth to Flanders.

The more we advance in the history of this miserable reign, the more perplexing are its intrigues and counter-intrigues, indicating the universal political corruption.

Just before the king's illness, Parliament had been dissolved, and the new Parliament had no sooner assembled

Charles, according to his declaration in 1660, would reinstate them in their lands, while the Cromwellians were unwilling to restore them. Ormond strove earnestly to do justice to both parties, and compelled a restitution of the third part of the soil, which he divided among the claimants. But the greater number of the 8,000 persons who had suffered in the royal cause received nothing, and were reduced to absolute beggary, the king having already made large grants of the forfeited lands to his favourites, and little regarding the destitution and suffering of those whose services were of past date.

* In Dryden's celebrated poem of "Absalom and Achitophel," Monmouth is described as the former, and Shaftesbury as the latter.

(Oct., 1679) than Charles, finding that the elections were in favour of the opposition, prorogued the Houses for a year, and dismissing Shaftesbury, modified the Council to suit his own views. But Shaftesbury was not to be so set aside. To avenge his disgrace, he "drew two good arrows from his quiver," both well calculated to wound the king. First, he procured many addresses, praying for the speedy re-assembling of Parliament; which were met with counter addresses from the court party, expressing abhorrence of such an interference with the king's prerogative. Hence the court and country parties received the names of "Abhorrrers" and "Petitioners," afterwards changed into Whig and Tory.* His second weapon was "the presentment of the Duke of York before the grand jury at Westminster as a Popish recusant," this step being taken to prevent the duke's ascending the throne, and to substitute the Duke of Monmouth. But this measure was defeated by Chief Justice Scroggs, who summarily, if not legally, discharged the jury.

The distracted realm was now the scene of new troubles. The Duke of Monmouth, finding that the duke, his uncle, now reigned absolute in the king's affairs, suddenly returned from Holland, and made a triumphant progress through the west of England, received almost as a king, and welcomed on reaching London (Aug., 1680) by the bells of all the churches. Charles commanded him to quit the kingdom; Monmouth obstinately refused, and was kept there by Shaftesbury. A plot, a pretended plot, or rather two plots, were also got up by a new informer, named Dangerfield, a gaol-bird, who had been branded, whipped, and

* The great party names of Whig and Tory were first used as terms of reproach, about, or little after, this time. The Whigs were so denominated, partly from a cause mentioned in the previous reign, and partly from a cant name given to the sour Scotch Covenanters (Whig being milk turned sour and corrupt). The Tories were so called from the Irish banditti, whose usual mode of bidding people "deliver" was by the Irish word "Toree," "give me."

pilloried as a felon, fined for cheats, transported for coining, and exposed to all the infamy which the laws could inflict. This wretch now accused the Presbyterians of a scheme to murder the king. But perceiving the national feeling to be stronger against Papists than Presbyterians, and persuaded by that restless plotter Shaftesbury, he suddenly veered round and charged the Roman Catholics with a similar design. This conspiracy, called "the Meal-tub Plot," from the place where the papers were said to have been found, came to nothing, except that Shaftesbury used it to excite the fury of the mob,* and induced them clamorously to demand, and the king, not daring refusal, to grant, a Parliament. It met accordingly, Oct. 21, 1680, and in a more refractory and violent mood than ever. Its first act was to renew the vote of confidence in the existence of the Popish Plot and to reward the principal informers; its next, to pass by a large majority the Bill of Exclusion, whereby "James, Duke of York, was declared incapable of inheriting the imperial crown of England † and Ireland" (Nov. 15). But though this bill was supported in the House of Lords by Shaftesbury, Sunderland, and Essex (all of them discarded ministers), it was thrown out, mainly by the eloquence of George Saville, Marquis of Sunderland, after a debate of unprecedented length, during the whole of which the king was present, ‡ and by a majority of 68 to 33. Worst of all in this attempt to set aside the Duke of York, the Commons impeached the Popish lords who were imprisoned in the Tower. The first and only victim among these captives

* The word mob was now used for the first time in England to signify a popular multitude.

† The Exclusion Bill was carried up to the Peers by Lord William Russell, "A great number of members accompanying him, and as soon as it was delivered, giving a mighty shout" ("Life of James II.").

‡ Dalrymple informs us that at one period Charles was in the constant practice of attending the debates in the House of Lords. "It was," he said, "as good as the play."

was the loyal old Earl of Stafford, who, in his youth, had fought for Charles I., and endured two years of rigorous confinement. He was brought to the bar of Westminster Hall on his 69th birthday (Nov. 80), and after a six days' trial was sentenced to the ignominious and horrible death of a traitor, on the evidence of Oates, Dugdale, and a new informer, named Turberville, whose testimony ought not to be taken on the life of a dog. The venerable peer, worn out with six days of anxiety and six nights of unrest, vainly solicited four hours' space in which to prepare his defence. He was compelled to answer then, or never. After fighting with more energy and skill than his enemies expected, for his yet remaining brief span of life, a verdict of guilty was returned; to which he only replied, "God's Holy Name be praised." Then, laying his withered hand on the arm of his daughter, the Marchioness of Winchester, who, sitting by the axe-bearer during the whole trial, had assisted her father by taking notes for his defence, and who, when her evidence pointed out the flat contradictions and perjuries of Oates, had been insulted and brow-beaten by Sir W. Jones, the Attorney-General, he exclaimed, with a passion of tenderness, "God ever bless thee, my child, who hast not forsaken thy father in his extremity." Most of the peers pleaded with the king for remitting those barbarities in the sentence upon a traitor, which even the brutal regard with disgust, and for commuting the sentence to decapitation. But one of the lords, to his shame be it said, far from joining in this prayer, had the inhumanity to promote a petition to the Commons, that Stafford, as a traitor, might not escape the penalty, but suffer after the manner provided by law. This man was Lord William Russell, a younger son of the Earl of Bedford. At the trial was present one of those whom Evelyn stigmatises as "the curses of the nation, the Duchess of Portsmouth, who dealt sweetmeats and smiles among Stafford's prosecutors." Charles was also there,

and, though he declared in private his conviction of Stafford's innocence and the falsehood of the witnesses who lied away his life, and who had testified many things, not only improbable but impossible, made, to his eternal disgrace, no effort to save him, but signed the death-warrant with the coolest *sang froid*. Himself a Papist, he saw the Papist noble hunted down without a regret. "I was," says Reresby, "at the king's *couchée* that night. His Majesty was in a very good humour, displaying to us the fallacy and emptiness of those who pretend to more sanctity than their neighbours, and pronouncing such to be abominable hypocrites and arrant knaves. He seemed quite free from care and trouble, when one would have thought he should have been overwhelmed therewith." On Dec. 29, 1680, Stafford was executed, and such was the reaction excited by his patience and courage on the scaffold, that the populace, who had exulted in his condemnation, melted into tears, and answered his asseverations of innocence with the unanimous cry, "We believe you, my lord; may God bless you!" The very executioner was affected. Twice his courage failed as he raised the axe, but his last effort laid Stafford at rest for ever.

No blood, after that of Stafford, was shed on account of the Popish Plot. The shamelessness of the witnesses on his trial, and the sympathy felt for his fate, caused it to fall into disrepute, and to be finally abandoned. The king, finding the Commons resolute in granting no supplies till the Duke of York was excluded from the succession, dissolved Parliament (January 10, 1681), after it had sat barely three months.

"This evening" (December 12, 1680), Evelyn says, "looking west from my chamber window, I saw a bright meteor, in shape like a sword-blade, while the rest of the sky was serene and clear. What it may portend, God only knows. But I saw such another phenomenon in 1640, about the trial of the great Earl of Strafford, pre-

ceding our bloody revolution. I pray God avert His judgments."

The danger evidently in Evelyn's mind, namely, civil war, was not wholly baseless; for when Charles met his last Parliament at Oxford (March 21, 1681), he was surrounded by a troop of horse-guards, as the Earl of Shaftesbury and other Whig leaders were by bands of armed retainers, whose hats were encircled with ribands, inscribed "No Popery; no slavery." Uneasiness had been excited by the king's departure from the usual custom of assembling Parliament at Westminster, except in times of the plague. But Charles was now very indifferent to the temper of his Parliament, or its readiness to vote money, for he had just concluded another secret treaty with France, and received a fresh subsidy of French gold. His address was therefore unusually authoritative, bidding them be warned by the unwarrantable proceedings of former Houses, which had caused him to part with them, and to remember that inasmuch as he had never used arbitrary power himself, so he would never suffer it in others. And when both Lords and Commons began, like their predecessors, to debate on the impeachment of Danby, the Popish Plot, and the Exclusion Bill, Charles determined to dismiss them and dissolve Parliament, fully resolved, in his own mind, never to assemble it again.

The session had lasted only six days, and the Commons were actually engaged on the Exclusion Bill, when the king entered the House of Lords, unattended and almost unannounced, took his seat on the throne, placed on his head the crown, which, with his royal robes, he had privately brought in his sedan chair, bade the usher of the black rod summon the Commons, and telling them that "when the divisions at the beginning were such, they were not to have a good end," he turned to the Lord Chancellor and said, "My Lord, do as I command you, and dissolve Parliament." And Parliament was dissolved

accordingly. Before the House had recovered from their consternation, the king was on his road to London. In this decisive step Charles was backed by a strong national party. A revulsion of opinion had taken place; the people were recovering from their frenzy about the Popish Plot, and loyalty was again the fashion. Shaftesbury and his party had pushed matters too far. No confidence could be placed in his character. His weapon, the plot, had been discredited, and had fallen on his own head; and the native loyalty of England revolted from his plan of excluding the rightful heir from the throne, and placing the king's illegitimate son upon it. From this time Charles began to rule with despotic sway; and while the clergy preached passive obedience and non-resistance, servile judges and packed juries commenced that series of judicial murders which have branded Jeffreys' name with perpetual infamy. This "monster," this "bravo of the law," this "drunken ruffian, more like a jack-pudding than a judge, mighty witty upon prisoners at the bar," "drinking nightly till two of the morning, with a roaring voice, furious temper, and bullying, Billingsgate language," was a special favourite with the merry monarch. Charles had given him a ring off his own finger (the people called it "Judge Jeffreys' bloodstone"), and employed him to administer what Jeffreys himself styled "a lick with the rough side of his tongue" on the corporations through England, and London in particular. The bloody judge's first victim was a simple, prating fellow, called Stephen College, one of Shaftesbury's partisans, a London joiner, who, as a zealous anti-Papist and mob orator, had been swaggering at Oxford with sword and pistol, singing coarse rhymes about the Duchess of Portsmouth, and speaking irreverently of the king. He was accused (August 17) of being in arms against his Majesty, and condemned and executed on the testimony of Dugdale and Turberville, those very wretches who had lately sworn away the lives of Papists, and who

now, being taken into the pay of the court, were as ready to swear away those of Protestants. The next person assailed was of far higher mark and deeper guilt than "the poor Protestant joiner." It was Shaftesbury himself, who was sent to the Tower (October 28) on a charge of high treason. But when (November 24) they refused to find a true bill against him, and returned the indictment endorsed with *Ignoramus* (signifying that there was not sufficient evidence to bring him to trial), a shout of joy arose in the hall, which was re-echoed from the Tower to Temple Bar. Bonfires were kindled, and a medal struck to commemorate the triumph. "For all this," observes North, "the veteran plotter, Shaftesbury, who had boasted that he would walk the king leisurely out of his dominions, and make the duke a vagabond like Cain, was not to be let off, the king being resolved to prosecute him to the utmost." So, to prevent a similar "miscarriage of justice" for the future, two nominees of the court were, by Scroggs and Jeffreys' instrumentality, appointed sheriffs, men who could be trusted to return such juries as should give verdicts to his Majesty's liking. Wise in time, Shaftesbury tarried not for the second indictment, but fled in disguise to Holland, with his constant friend, the famous John Locke, and died about six weeks afterwards at Amsterdam, rage and fear in his heart and the gout in his stomach.

The Duke of York had the while been showing in Scotland what might be expected when he should mount the throne. Severe, bigoted, tyrannical, and bloodthirsty, his dealing with the Earl of Argyle is a memorable proof of the manner in which he could wrest justice to promote his own ends, to favour a friend or crush a foe. Because Argyle refused to take an unintelligible and contradictory test without a qualification, he was found guilty of treason and leasing-making, a crime which consisted in disseminating falsehoods which should cause dissension between

king and people. A similar charge had been previously raked up against him, and he was sentenced to lose his head, on which Clarendon exclaimed, in the royal presence, that were such gross injustice permitted in his Majesty's dominions, he for one would get him out of them as fast as his gout would permit. On the second occasion, but for Argyle's contriving to escape from Edinburgh Castle in the livery of a page, bearing the train of his step-daughter, Lady Sophia Lindsay, he had surely lost life as well as lands. For when the earl was about to pass the sentinel at the castle gate, his agitation was such that he dropped the lady's dress into the mud. With admirable presence of mind she snatched it up, and, reviling him as "a careless loon," flung it in pretended rage in his face, thereby so besmirching his features as to render him unrecognisable. By his escape to Holland, Argyle's fate was postponed till the following reign, when James, who never forgot or forgave, brought him to the block. Well might King Charles predict, in 1681, to the Prince of Orange, that when his brother, the duke, should succeed to the throne, he would be too restless and violent to hold it four years to an end. And equally justly might he say to the duke himself that so long as he lived his own life was in no jeopardy, "since no man in England, brother, would kill me to make you king."

Charles was now all but absolute, and the tyranny and even illegality of his government occasioned a plot, which shook though it did not overthrow him.

Among the most eminent leaders of the Whig party were Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney, son to the Earl of Leicester, a republican of the sternest stamp. As early as 1681 (?), during an illness of the king, a plot had been formed by these men, in combination with the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Shaftesbury, to offer an armed resistance to the Duke of York's succession. And now a more definite conspiracy was organised, and a

council of six, consisting of Monmouth, Russell, Sidney, the Earl of Essex, Lord Howard of Eskrick, and John Hampden, grandson of the celebrated opponent of ship-money, was appointed to concert measures with Argyle and other Scotch malcontents for risings in the City, in Cheshire, and in the West. A minor conspiracy, called the Rye House Plot, was simultaneously hatched, of which the object was (in the jargon of the times) "to lop the two sparks," meaning the king, who was designated, in allusion to his swarthy complexion, "the Blackbird," and the Duke of York, whom they termed "the Goldfinch," on their return from Newmarket. A cart was to be overturned on the road, which would stop the king's coach, near the Rye House, situated on the banks of the Lea, in Hertfordshire, and the royal brothers were to be shot in the confusion. No place more convenient for such villany could be found in all England than the Rye House, there being a close way over the river by a bridge, a high hedge on one side and brick walls on the other; and the owner was an old republican officer named Rumbold. But Keyling, one of the confederates, revealed the whole design, and Charles avoided the peril by quitting Newmarket a week earlier than he had intended. The disclosure of the Rye House Plot was followed by that of the more important Whig insurrection. How far the two were connected it is impossible to say, though little doubt exists that the parties were cognisant of each other's intentions. But that Russell and Sidney promoted assassination was not deemed probable, even by the Royalists of the time.

On the first alarm of the discovery Monmouth escaped. But the other chiefs were taken, and that monster of a man, as Evelyn calls Lord Howard of Eskrick, turned king's evidence and confessed the whole plan.

Russell and Sidney were now, in Jeffreys' phraseology, "to lead the dance." "According to the political creeds of

men of a past age," says Dr. Johnson, "it has been customary to speak of these two great Whig leaders as patriots and martyrs to the cause of liberty." How far the present age may consent in thus dignifying the men who had made capital of the Popish Plot for their own aggrandisement, and hunted many innocent persons to death, who had, moreover, the bribes of France* in their pockets, and who, though probably innocent of the assassination scheme, yet certainly intended 'to involve the kingdom in civil war, is assuredly doubtful. But certainly they had no fair trial; they were convicted on illegal evidence, and no overt acts of treason were proved against either of them.

Russell was the first brought to the Bar. From the time of his arrest he had given himself up for lost, and said to his servant, as he entered the dismal gate of the Tower, that his enemies would take his life. "God grant, my lord," replied the faithful Taunton, "that they have no such power." "Yes," answered Russell, "the devil is loose." On the 13th July he was tried; and his trial derives its chief interest from the tenderness, devotion, and fortitude of his wife, Lady Rachael Russell, who sat beside him, acting as his secretary, and calmly performing her office during that scene of terror. The forms of indictment having been gone through, and the prisoner having vainly requested a postponement of the trial for one day, that he might produce more witnesses: "Nay," cried Sir Robert Sawyer, the Attorney-General; "is it meet for you, my lord, to ask delay—you who would not have given the king one hour's notice for saving his life? The trial must proceed." "May I, then," asked Russell, "have some one to write, to help my memory?" "Yes;

* Dalrymple declares, that when he found in the French despatches that Lord William Russell was intriguing with the Court of Versailles, and Algernon Sidney taking money from it, he felt the same shock as if he had had a son turn his back in the day of battle.

a servant," was the reply. "My wife is here to do it." And when the spectators beheld that devoted lady, daughter of the virtuous Earl of Southampton, rising to assist her lord in this his uttermost distress, a thrill of anguish ran through the assembly. After a short examination, in which Russell acknowledged the plan of insurrection, but denied all thought of attempting the king's life, he was found guilty, and sentenced to be beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields, not many yards from his own house. Neither the prayers of his wife (who flung herself at the king's feet, pleading her father's loyalty in atonement for her husband's error), nor yet the stronger incitement of £100,000 offered by the Duke of Bedford to the Duchess of Portsmouth, could win his pardon. Charles was inexorable. "If I take not his life," said he, "he will soon have mine."* Finding supplication useless, Russell's high-minded wife returned to the Tower, and after passing the brief space which yet remained in consoling and sustaining her husband, took leave of him without a tear, while he, turning from her after a tender farewell, exclaimed, "The bitterness of death is past."

Next morning (July 21st) Russell was led to the scaffold. After a brief prayer, he laid himself down, and his head was stricken off with three butcherly blows; his declaration of innocence, the nobleness of his family, and the piety and worthiness of the unhappy gentleman, causing much pity.

Sidney's judge was the infamous Jeffreys, and Lord Howard, the king's evidence, the sole witness against him. But as by the law of treason two witnesses were necessary, the defect was supplied by a manuscript found among

* The only boon which Charles would grant was to remit the ignominious part of Russell's sentence—the horrible doom awarded to a traitor. But he accompanied the favour with a sarcasm, the truth of which Russell must have bitterly felt. "The Lord Russell," said he, "shall find that I am possessed of that prerogative which he denied to me in the case of the Viscount Stafford."

Sidney's own papers, advocating republican government and approving conspiracies against such tyrants as Nero and Caligula. Under the direction of Jeffreys, who had lately been made Chief Justice, these abstract theories were wrested into evidence of compassing the sovereign's death, and Sidney was found guilty (November 21st) and executed (December 7th), glorying that he suffered for the good old cause in which he had been engaged from his youth, and for which God had so often and wonderfully declared Himself. When he mounted the scaffold, instead of a speech he only told the bystanders that he had made his peace with God, and came thither not to talk but to die, put a paper into the hands of the sheriff, and another into those of a friend, said one prayer, as short as a grace, laid down his neck, and bade the executioner do his office. And so died the inveterate enemy of the late king, the last of the old Commonwealth men, of the republican school of Vane, who hated and would have overthrown the legitimate tyranny of Charles II. as he hated and would have overthrown the usurped power of Cromwell.

On the day of Lord William Russell's trial, Essex was found dead in the Tower, with his throat cut, probably by his own hand, though Evelyn remarks that there were odd reflections upon it, the wound being so deep and wide that an executioner's axe could hardly have done more. The same authority adds: "Every one deplores Essex and Russell." Several conspirators of less note were hanged. Hampden was fined £40,000. Monmouth was pardoned, but obliged to make confession of his offences, which, with characteristic and hereditary falsehood, he shortly strove to explain away, and afterwards denied. The king, incensed at his son's conduct, forbade him to appear in his presence, and commanded him to quit the kingdom. Early in the following year he retired to Holland, where he was kindly received by the Prince of Orange, whose

court already swarmed with disaffected Scotch and English of all classes, and of every variety of politics.

Some other memorable causes were tried at this time. Oates was convicted of "*scandalum magnatum*," in having called the Duke of York a Popish traitor, and said that sooner than he should reign they would have him banished or hanged, but hanging was fittest. He was adjudged to pay the enormous fine of £100,000, and was imprisoned in default. Similar penalties of fine and imprisonment were imposed on the Rev. Samuel Johnson, chaplain to the late Lord (Wm.) Russell, for having written a libel on the Duke of York, entitled "*Julian the Apostate*." And Sir Samuel Barnardiston, a rich City merchant, had to pay £10,000 for having, in private letters, censured the Government as "*slack and immoral*." The ascendancy of the Duke of York at court was now supreme. Reinstated in his office of Lord High Admiral (the king having excused him from the Test Act), and restored to his seat in Council, he obtained the liberation of Danby and the Popish lords from the Tower; and sitting by the king's side, and taking a large share of the weight of business from the sovereign, he became all-powerful. In order to ingratiate himself with the nation, and to persuade them that they had nothing to fear from a Popish successor, he consented to the marriage of his youngest daughter, Princess Anne, to Prince George of Denmark, brother of his Danish Majesty, and a staunch Protestant. This union was one of the last transactions of a reign whose course can hardly be contemplated without horror. Arbitrary rule on one side, factious guilt on the other, Papist and Protestant armed against each other with deadly hate; the people starving; the prisons crammed; and the court immersed at once in blood and sensuality; no man looking after public affairs, but each to his lust and gain; the queen neglected, and the Duchess of Portsmouth, and Nelly, and "*cattell of that sort*," as honest Evelyn plainly

styles them, "shining as splendid as jewels and excess of bravery could make them." Secured by his French pension from the want of supplies, Charles continued to rule without a Parliament: if indeed to neglect business and to pass all his time in indolence and profligacy can be called ruling the nation. He had thrown away every opportunity of being a great and glorious monarch; and now the end had come!

We give Evelyn's description of the mournful and unedifying spectacle which he witnessed at St. James' Palace, on Sunday, February 1,—Charles' last Sunday on earth. "Such profuse gaming, luxurious dallying, profaneness and total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) I never saw. The king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine: a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery; while about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, at least £2,000 in gold before them. Six days after, all was in the dust."

After supping with the Duchess of Portsmouth, the king was, early on the following morning, seized with an apoplectic fit, and though he recovered his senses after being blooded, he lingered but a few days, and died at noon on Friday, February 6th, in the 55th year of his age, and the 25th of his reign.

The following incidents are recorded of his melancholy death-bed. To the earnest exhortations of the pious Bishop Ken, the same who, when Nell Gwynne had, with much hardihood and parade, taken up her abode in his prebendal house at Winchester, during the king's stay in that city, and whom he bade "begone, for a loose woman should not remain under his roof," and who now spoke to the dying king of Almighty God, the unhappy monarch gave little heed. But he eagerly embraced the proposition of the Duke of York to bring him a Roman Catholic

priest. From the hands of this Benedictine monk, who was introduced into the palace under the disguise of a wig and cassock, Charles received the last sacraments of the Church of Rome, dying a professed, as he had lived a concealed, Papist. One passing pang of remorse for his transgressions seems to have crossed his mind, when the queen, herself too ill to attend upon him, sent an affectionate message and an entreaty that he would pardon her if she had in aught offended him. "Alas! poor woman," he exclaimed, "it is I who ought to ask it of her." But save this transient mention of his wife, Burnet's assertion may be credited that "the king, on his death-bed, spake not one word of the queen, nor of any of his people or servants; though he commended the Duchesses of Cleveland and Portsmouth to the kindness of the Duke of York, and bade him not let poor Nelly starve."

Charles was buried at Westminster, February 14th, at midnight, very obscurely, in a vault under Henry VII.'s Chapel, "without any pomp, and quickly forgotten, hurried to his grave," says Coke, without so much as the Blue Coat Boys attending his funeral.* In person, Charles was tall and well-formed, with quick and sparkling eyes, and a profusion of black and glossy hair. But his complexion was dark, his features harsh, and his countenance saturnine.

This "easiest prince and best-bred man alive,"† whose

* The *London Gazette* of the time mentions that the niggardliness of the king's funeral caused the fiery Covenanters of Scotland exultingly to declare that the curse denounced upon ungodly rulers was thus signally fulfilled, and that the departed tyrant had been "buried with the burial of an ass."

† The manner in which Charles quietly rebuked the ill-bred and sectarian prejudices of Penn, the celebrated Quaker and legislator of Pennsylvania, who, refusing "Hat-Worship," persisted in standing covered before his Majesty, is an instance of this king's happy art of reproving without giving offence. The king removed his own hat, and remained bare-headed. "Friend Charles," said Penn, "why dost thou

abilities were so excellent that Buckingham said, "whereas James would have been a great king if he could, Charles might have been the greatest of kings if he would," was, as a sovereign, dangerous to his people, dishonourable to himself, negligent of the interests of the nation, careless of its glory, averse to its religion, jealous of its liberty, lavish of its treasure, and sparing only of its blood." Still, odious as his government was, England lamented his death. Perhaps they feared that a worse sovereign was yet to come.*

not keep on thy hat?" "It is the custom of this place," replied Charles, smiling, "for only one person to remain covered at a time."

* The reign of Charles II. is a very important era, and marked by legislative enactments of the gravest kind. Besides the Habeas Corpus Act and the Act of Uniformity, the most onerous features of the feudal system were abolished, and the barbarous Statute de Heretico Comburendo repealed. In 1660 the General Post Office was established, and in 1665 the first lighthouse in England erected at Plymouth. Temple Bar was built in 1672; Greenwich Observatory in 1675, the Monument in 1677, and Chelsea Hospital for invalided soldiers was founded by Sir Stephen Fox, in 1682.

In this reign, "A China drink called Tee," says Pepys, "whereof I had never before tasted, and which made me exceeding ill, began to be adopted as a general beverage."

In 1662, Penn the Quaker received a large tract of land in North America, in compensation for a sum of money due to his father from Government. He named it Pennsylvania, and it soon became the most flourishing colony in America.

Two years before Charles' death, a frost of nine weeks long occurred, which is described by Evelyn. The Thames was frozen as low as Gravesend. A fair was held upon it, at which the king and queen caused an ox to be roasted whole upon the ice.

JAMES II.,

SECOND SON OF CHARLES I. AND HENRIETTA MARIA.

Born at St. James' Palace, October 15, 1633; began to reign, February 6, 1685; ceased to reign, December 11, 1688; died at St. Germain's, September 16, 1701.

"Second James reigned sixteen eighty-five (1685),
Whence him the Whigs did quickly drive."

WHEN all was over in the chamber of death, James withdrew from the bedside, which he had watched without intermission for two days and nights, to his own closet, where he remained alone for a quarter of an hour. He then came forth and took his place at the head of the Privy Council, and, in the words of Evelyn, "after passionately declaring his sorrow, told their lordships that since the succession had fallen to him, he would endeavour to follow his brother's example in his clemency and tenderness to his people; that however he had been misrepresented as affecting arbitrary power, they should find the contrary, for the laws of England made the king as great a monarch as he could desire to be; that he would therefore maintain the Government, both in Church and State, as by law established, its principles being so firm for monarchy, and the members of it showing themselves so good and loyal subjects; and that as he would not depart from the just rights and prerogatives of the crown, so would he never invade any man's property, but preserve the nation in all its lawful rights and liberties."

His words were received with clamours of delight and gratitude. With all his faults, James had hitherto maintained a high character for sincerity, and the joyful remark on every lip was, "We have the word of a king, and a word never broken." Perhaps, while making these promises, he deceived himself. How bitterly he deceived his people the sequel will show.

James was proclaimed that afternoon at Whitehall, Temple Bar, and the Royal Exchange,—a sad and not joyful day, though casks of wine were broached in every street, and all who passed were invited to drink the new sovereign's health "in a flint glass of a yard long."

Burnet tells us that "it was a heavy solemnity, few tears being shed for the late king, and no gladsome shouts raised for the present one, but dead silence everywhere."*

James was in his fifty-second year, old enough to have acted wisely, when he ascended the throne. But his first acts were equally imprudent and illegal. Without awaiting the sanction of Parliament, he issued on his own responsibility a command for the payment of taxes as heretofore, and formed a secret council of Romanists, consisting of Father Petre, a Jesuit, Talbot and Jermyn (shortly created Earls of Tyrconnel and Dover), Lords Arundel and Belasyse, and the Earls of Castlemaine and Powys; and sent one Caryl as agent to Rome to open negotiations with Pope Innocent XI. For the relief of the Roman Catholics, he issued a proclamation ordering the discharge of all persons confined for refusing the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, by which proclamation some thousands of Romanists were liberated. The only other Nonconformists thereby enlarged were Quakers, 1,400 of whom

* It is only just to say that Echard gives a very different account. "All people now began to wipe their eyes and to dry the tears they had so abundantly shed." Welwood, from whom no partiality could be expected, mentions the loud acclamations of the populace. And even Dr. Calamy observes that his "heart ached within him as he listened to their shouts."

were set at liberty, great numbers of other sects being still held in durance for violations of the Conventicle and Five Mile Acts.

On the Sunday following his accession, "to the grief of his subjects, the king went publicly to mass in all state and dignity, the doors being set wide open." The Duke of Norfolk, who bore the sword of state, stopped at the unlawful threshold of the "Little Oratory."

"My lord," said the sovereign, "your father would have gone further."

"Your Majesty's father," replied the duke, "would not have gone so far."

Within a month of Charles' death, the Romanists are reported by Evelyn to be swarming at court with greater confidence than had been seen in England since the Reformation, so that everybody was jealous to what this would tend.

Hitherto, however, the chief officers of the crown were Protestants, the king having restored the Staff and Key to Lord Arlington, the Great Chamberlain, and continued his own brother-in-law, Rochester, as Lord Treasurer, and his other brother-in-law, Clarendon, as Privy Seal; Halifax was President of the Council, Sunderland Secretary of State, and Godolphin Chamberlain to the Queen.

On April 28, James and his consort were crowned with much state in Westminster Abbey by Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, but with no Sacrament, as ought to have been—an omission which caused much sorrow. The presentation of the Bible to the sovereign was also not observed; and many accidents were noticed by Burnet, who says they were deemed of evil omen. The king's crown did not fit; it tottered, and would have fallen, had not Henry Sidney, brother of the Algernon Sidney whom England yet mourned, put forth his hand to steady it; which he did, with the remark, "It is not the first time my family hath supported your Majesty's crown." "The

canopy borne over the king did break, and the flag which was mounted as a signal that the crown was placed on his head was rent by the wind: all which things were of melancholy prospect."

The first act of James after his coronation was to issue writs for assembling Parliament. But as, like his brother, he desired no better than to become the pensioner of France, and accepted 500,000 livres sent from Louis XIV. by the ambassador, Barillon, so he felt it due to apologise to that monarch for taking the important step of convening Parliament without his previous sanction. "Notwithstanding," says D'Avaux, "that the English king took our money, and assured Barillon, with tears of gratitude, that, after God, his trust was in our sovereign alone, yet did he not receive it with the same good grace as his brother, but spake high-sounding words regarding the dignity of his crown and the balance of power, and that he would not rule by French counsels: which caused our sovereign to remark, smilingly, 'Our good brother talks big, but he loves the pistoles of France nevertheless.'" Parliament assembled May 19. It consisted mainly of persons devoted to the court, the elections having been very indirectly carried, and many old charters superseded by new ones, which placed the returns in the hands of the crown nominees. No fewer than fifteen of these charters were given away by Lord Bath, so that he was called the "Prince Elector." But servile and compliant as was this Parliament, every countenance was clouded at the tone in which the incipient despot demanded "a fixed revenue for life." "Think not," said he, "that you are to supply me with a little money from time to time, out of your inclination, to frequent Parliaments. That were a very improper method to take with me. The best way to induce me to meet you often, is always to use me well." Ungraciously as the demand was made, Parliament immediately complied by granting a yearly pension of £1,200,000

for life. At the king's desire, Danby and the other Roman Catholic lords accused by Oates were set at liberty. Then, with a shout of "Vive le Roi!" they dispersed, James having already retired.

That miscreant, Titus Oates, was now to receive from one almost as vile as himself, the infamous Jeffreys, the just punishment of his iniquities. Unfortunately, the punishment excited almost as much horror as his crime itself. He had long lain in prison, heavily ironed, but on March 7 he was again tried, and, being convicted of perjury, was sentenced to be degraded, heavily fined, whipped at the cart's tail from Aldgate to Newgate on one day, and from Newgate to Tyburn on the next, imprisoned for life, and pilloried five times every year. So merciless was the first flogging, that it seemed the intention to kill him, and the king was besought to remit the second flogging. James' answer was short and stern: "He shall go through it if he has breath in his body;" and he did go through it, though, being unable to stand after the first scourging, he was dragged on a sledge to Tyburn, and lashed when drawn along. Horrible as were his sufferings, he survived the infliction of 1,700 strokes, and lived to King William's reign, when he was pardoned, and rewarded with a pension of £500 a-year. Thus does Titus Oates remain, in every particular, a stain upon the times: a stain that he was first believed and caressed, next that he was tyrannically punished, and finally that he was rewarded. The conviction of Oates was "a grateful hearing" to the king, who exclaimed, "Now is the Popish Plot dead." "Long since dead, if it please your Majesty," replied Reresby, who relates the incident, "and now it shall be buried." He adds, "Of which turn the king was so pleased, that he repeated it to the Princess of Denmark."

Of the other plot-witnesses, many were beyond the reach of human justice. Bedloe was in the grave, having died without sign of shame or remorse. Dugdale was also

dead, maddened, it was said, by an evil conscience.* But Dangerfield was within reach of the stern prince whom he had wronged. Like Oates, he was cruelly scourged, and when, all but dead, he was carried bleeding to Newgate, a brutal student of the law named Francis struck him with a cane on the eye. Whether death was due to this injury, or to the victim's dreadfully lacerated state, is uncertain, but it suited the Government to attribute it to Francis, who was hanged for the assault.

On the same day (May 30), the celebrated Nonconformist, Baxter, author of the "Saints' Rest," to whom Charles II. had offered a bishopric, was tried for a seditious libel against the Church, contained in his paraphrase of the New Testament. When brought to the bar, Jeffreys likened him to Titus Oates, silenced his counsel with threats that he would set a mark on them, and thus addressed the prisoner: "O Richard! thou art an old fellow and an old knave. Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and each as full of sedition (I might say treason) as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipt out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy for thee. Times are changed: no more of thy binding kings in chains, and nobles in links of iron. Thou pretendest to be a preacher of the Gospel of Peace. Thou hast one foot in the grave, and thou should bethink thee what account thou wilt give. Left to thyself, thou wilt go on as thou hast begun, but, by the grace of God, I will look after thee." When some of Baxter's friends wept aloud at this address the Chief Justice called them "snivelling calves," and if he had not been over-ruled by the other judges, the aged man, in his seventieth year, would have been whipped at the cart tail. But though Baxter escaped this indignity, he

* Smith, in his "Intrigues of the Popish Plot," states that Dugdale died imploring, with loud shrieks, those who stood around him, to "take away Lord Stafford." With his last breath he charged them to throw his own body "into a ditch, like a dog; for that he was not fit to sleep in a Christian burial-ground."

was heavily fined, and imprisoned in default, Jeffreys well knowing the master he had to serve, and giving sentence accordingly. And now it was observed that England found the truth of the old maxim, like master, like man (like man, like master, would be more appropriate), for when (November, 1686) the Rev. Samuel Johnson, Lord Russell's chaplain, who was already in prison for his "Julian the Apostate," was convicted of a seditious address to the army, and sentenced to the pillory, and to a severe whipping through London streets, the king's only reply to all intercession in his favour was, "Since Mr. Johnson hath the spirit of a martyr, 'tis fit he should suffer."

The luxury of revenge in which the king now indulged was, however, certain, sooner or later, to provoke bitter retaliation; and he had not been long on the throne when a rebellion broke out in Scotland in favour of the Duke of Monmouth. Ever since that nobleman had been commanded by his father, King Charles II., "to depart the realm," he had found an asylum, together with other Whig fugitives, at the court of the Prince of Orange. But on the accession of James, he received an intimation that his wary kinsman could no longer shelter him, and he therefore withdrew to Brussels, and concerted with Argyle a rash scheme for a joint invasion of England:

Argyle first took the field. Landing early in May, in the Orkneys, he sent that fatal symbol, the Fiery Cross (which, after being scathed with fire, was quenched in the hissing gore of a newly-slain goat), from hill to hill, glen to glen, and clan to clan, till he had succeeded in raising a force of 2,500 Highlanders to join the war-cry of the Campbells. With these he proposed to make a stand. But the blood of Montrose, which he had joyed to see shed on the scaffold, cried for vengeance. All went ill with him. Disaster followed disaster. His army melted away, till only 800 men were left; and on June 17, 1688, after this

small remnant had been dispersed by a formidable body of militia, he was himself taken prisoner,* in the disguise of a peasant, and recommitted to his old cell in Edinburgh Castle. Bareheaded, his hands tied behind him, and preceded by the headsman, who bore the ghastly instrument which was to be used at the quartering-block, he traversed those streets through which the gallant Montrose had been led—like him, flouted and reviled; and like him, warned of the speedy death which was at hand, for he was to be executed, on his former sentence, within three days.... But neither the shortness of his span, nor the ignominious circumstances which surrounded him, could disquiet him. To threats of torture if he refused to betray his confederates, he only replied: "God shall, I trust, support me, for I will name none to their harm!" The torture was not inflicted; but he was, on June 30, beheaded by the "Maiden"—the rude old guillotine of Scotland. "He suffered," Burnet tells us, "pitied by all, and his death deemed little better than murder."† Argyle's placid slumber,‡ a few hours before his execution, is depicted.

* Lord Fountainhall gives the following account of Argyle's capture: "Being alone, on a little powney, he was overtaken by two men; whereupon he discharged a pistol at them, and thereafter took the Water of Inchinan. But a webster dwelling there came with a broadsword and would not quit Argyle, though the other two men would have let him go for gold, but gave him a great pelt over his head with his sword, that he damped him so that he fell into the river, crying, 'Ah! the unfortunate Argyle.'" A large fragment of rock, still called Argyle's stone, marks the place where he was taken.

† During the few minutes before his execution Argyle wrote thus to his wife: "Dear Heart, God is unchangeable. He hath been ever good and gracious to me, and no place alters it. Forgive me all my faults, and now comfort thyself in Him, where only comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee! bless and comfort thee, dearest! Adieu."

‡ So calm and composed was he, that on the very day he was to die he laid him down, after his last meal, for a short slumber, during which time one of the lords of council, once his fast friend, but who had now been most forward in promoting his death, opening his cell, saw him sleeping in his iron as sweetly as ever did infant. Struck with

on the walls of our new legislative palace at Westminster, in contrast with the indignities inflicted on the last moments of Montrose : worthy subjects for the historical painter, and worthily handled by one of our living artists.

Among those who paid with their lives for their share in Argyle's rising were two Englishmen, Colonel Ayloff,* and Rumbold, the conspirator in the Rye House Plot. This man, whose daring spirit and the loss of one eye gained him the name of Hannibal, and who is commemorated by Dryden as the Holy Cyclops, while stoutly defending himself from two soldiers in front, was assailed from behind by a peasant, whose pitchfork tore off his steel cap and left his head exposed. "Cruel countryman," exclaimed the old republican, "thus to use me while my face was to the foe." Mortally wounded, and so weak with loss of blood that he was carried to the bar in a chair, and upheld on either side under the gibbet, he maintained his fortitude to the last, asserting with wonderful courage that he "could never believe God had made the greater part of mankind to come into the world saddled and bridled, so that a few, whom He had created booted and spurred, might ride them !"

There was, meanwhile, no relaxation in Scotland† of

remorse and sick at heart, the man fled, and, casting himself down in the house of a friend hard by, exclaimed, "I have seen Argyle sleeping peaceably within an hour of eternity ! But as for me—" (Macaulay's "History of England," vol. iv. p. 564).

* Burnet tells us that Colonel Ayloff, who was nephew by marriage to the great Lord Clarendon, and consequently near of kin to the king's children by Anne Hyde, was brought to London that he might be examined in person by James, who hoped to draw from him some fuller discovery of the plot ; but the king got nothing from him save a cutting repartee. "Be frank with me, Mr. Ayloff," said his Majesty ; "you know it is in my power to pardon you." "It may be in your power," replied the undaunted prisoner, "but it is not in your nature." Ayloff was executed with the rest.

† In Ireland affairs prospered no better than in Scotland. The Duke of Ormond had been recalled, and the government nominally committed

the oppressive measures against the Covenanters. "The Estates," or Scottish Parliament, had already, April 28, enacted a law, making it death to preacher or hearer to attend a conventicle, whether under a roof or in the open air; and many, consequently, perished. Cruelties more atrocious than those committed by the savage soldiery of Claverhouse can hardly be imagined. Two women, one an aged widow and the other her grand-daughter, eighteen years old, were condemned to a lingering death by drowning. They were secured by stakes on the Solway sands within reach of the advancing tide. The elder sufferer prayed and sang psalms till the waves stopped her breath. The girl, nearly dead, was unbound and dragged out of the water, and offered release if she would say, "God save the king." But, with stern though misguided fidelity, she refused to utter more than "God save him, if He will." When pressed by Major Winram, who was the actor in this atrocious tragedy, to take the abjuration: "Never," she exclaimed; "I am Christ's: let me go!"—and the waters closed over her for the last time.*

While Argyle's invasion was terminating in defeat and death, that of Monmouth was brought to as disastrous a close in England. On June 12 the alarm reached London that at daybreak of the preceding day foreign-built vessels, without colours, had entered the Bay of Lyme in Dorset-

to Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, eldest son of the late Lord Chancellor. But the real power was vested in Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, a violent, rough, boisterous man, utterly destitute of honourable principle, under whom treason soon again lifted up its head.

* The epitaph on Margaret Wilson, in the churchyard at Wigton, is printed in the appendix to the "Cloud of Witnesses"—

"Murdered for owning Christ supreme
Head of His Church, and no more crime
But her not owning Prelacy,
And not abjuring Presbytery,
Within the sea, tied to a stake,
She suffered for Christ Jesus' sake."

shire, and landed eighty-three men. Their leader gaily leaped ashore, and, after kneeling down to thank God for preservation from perils of the deep, drew his sword, unfurled his blue flag, and led his followers over the cliffs into the town. His standard was hoisted in the market-place, where a long and ill-composed manifesto was read, setting forth the objects of the expedition and the name of its general. This document, "full of black and dull malice," stigmatised the Duke of York, for so it called the king, as traitor, tyrant, assassin, and Popish usurper, who had burnt London, strangled Godfrey, cut the throat of Essex, poisoned his own brother the late king, and who was now labouring to turn our limited monarchy into an open tyranny and to undermine our religion by Popish counsels. The deliverance of England was the aim of the expedition, and its leader "the lawful son of the late sovereign, the protector of the oppressed, the defender of the Protestant faith, and the champion of liberty, James, Duke of Monmouth." No sooner was the name of this darling of the people uttered than the whole little town was in an uproar. "A Monmouth, a Monmouth! the Protestant religion!" was shouted everywhere. Ere the duke had been on English ground for twenty-four hours 4,000 men had joined him—more soldiers than he had means of arming. He advanced in triumph to Taunton, rich and poor turning out to meet him. The ways were strewn with flowers, the windows hung with garlands, and, amid loud acclamations, twenty-six maidens of good families went in procession to offer him colours,* wrought with their own hands, and a Bible, which they presented him on their knees. Immoral and irreligious as had been the whole course of Monmouth's life, he kissed the sacred volume. "I come," said he, "to defend the truths contained in this book, and to seal them, if it must be so,

* "One of these banners," say the *Memoirs of King James II.*, "was the golden flag, embroidered with J.R., and a crown."

with my blood." Encouraged by these tokens of homage, he proclaimed himself king, set a price on his uncle's head, and marched to Bridgewater. There lay the Royal troops under Lord Feversham and Churchill, on seeing whose brave array, and feeling disheartened that no person of influence, none save Nonconformists, handicraftsmen, and the poor had joined him, and that his confederate (Argyle) was already defeated and made prisoner, "the butterfly of the court," as Monmouth was justly styled, fell into despair, and could hardly be prevented from disbanding his army, leaving his adherents to their fate, and hurrying back to Brussels. At the instance, however, of Lord Grey of Werk, who commanded his cavalry, a rash yet cowardly man, who would have marred a far better organised expedition, Monmouth was persuaded to make a midnight attack on the king's forces, who were camped at Sedgemoor, on the edge of a vast morass and protected by a deep cut called the Bussex Rhine. Had not the alarm been given by the unwary firing of a gun among the duke's men, Lord Feversham's troops had been cut to pieces. But the cowardice of Lord Grey and the faint-heartedness of Monmouth himself, who fled on seeing his cavalry gone, lost the day. The poor peasants, armed only with scythes, ploughshares, and pitchforks, made—all in vain—a brave stand against the Life Guards and other veteran regiments, and the Mendip miners, whose only weapons were their tools, sold their lives very dearly, and fought, every man of them, as if he expected a kingdom for his guerdon. But they were cut to pieces and mown down to the number of 2,000 by the cannon of the Royal army. And thus ended, in little more than a month, the rash and feebly-conducted enterprise. It was the last battle ever fought on English ground.*

* Even to the present day, we are assured by Macanlay that the plough and spade turn up ghastly memorials of the slaughter of Sedgemoor,—skulls, thigh-bones, and strange weapons, made out of implements of

Monmouth fled from the field, on which he had better have fallen fighting, for more than twenty miles, till his horse dropped under him. He then changed clothes with a shepherd and wandered on foot as much further, till, starving and spent with fatigue, for he had not lain in a bed for three weeks, he took shelter in Cranborne Chase. Here the unfortunate fugitive was discovered on the morning of the 8th, having been tracked by bloodhounds. He lay in the bottom of a dry ditch, covered with fern and nettles, and in such pitiful plight as not to be recognisable for the once brilliant and handsome duke. In his pockets were some handfuls of dry peas, gathered in the rage of hunger, his only food since three nights previously he had marched towards Sedgemoor. Papers, and a book containing spells, charms, astrological figures, songs, prescriptions, and prayers, written in his own hand, were also found upon him, and, fatal evidence of his being the man whom they sought, his George, with the blue riband of the Garter. When taken he trembled violently, was unable to speak, and burst into tears. That same evening he wrote a most submissive letter to the king, whom he entreated to see him, intimating that he had one word to say, fit only for the sovereign's ear, but which would ensure the king a long and happy reign. He was brought before James on July 14, his arms bound behind him, when, falling on his knees, and crawling on them to embrace those of his Majesty, he pleaded most abjectly for his life, offering to join the Church of Rome so he might but live. But he had done that which could not be forgiven, and was in the grasp of one who never forgave. Finding that to his inquiry, "Is there then no hope?"

husbandry. Old peasants, who live near the spot, relate that in their childhood they were accustomed to play on the moor at the fight between King James' men and King Monmouth's men; and that the latter always cried "Soho," the word by which the insurgents were to recognise each other in the darkness at Sedgemoor.

his uncle but turned away his head, and that James had only granted the interview in order to learn who were his accomplices, he resolved to die like a man. That evening he took leave of his wronged and neglected duchess, who, on her knees, besought his forgiveness if she had in aught offended him, and whose tears and brokenness of heart moved the bystanders to pity. He alone was not only unconcerned, but treated her with the greatest coldness, having, indeed, lived dishonestly with the Lady Henrietta Wentworth for two years. Most of the short space that remained to him (for he was to be executed on the morrow) was wasted in attempts to procure a pardon. He desired the pious Ken, and Turner, Bishop of Ely, who strove to convince him of his guilt in so living with the Lady Wentworth, "to speak to him of other matters." Long and fervently did they pray for him and with him, pointing out also the sinfulness of drawing the sword against his sovereign. Tennison, then clergyman of St. Martin's, joined his brethren, and faithfully showed the unhappy man how perilous was the state in which he was about to die, for that he had shed much blood and sent many souls unprepared to their great account, and must himself soon answer before God for the same. All was in vain; and so unsatisfactory was his penitence that they refused to administer the Eucharist to him. On July 15 Monmouth was led to the scaffold on Tower Hill. While the divines prayed for him—for he prayed not—they fervently ejaculating, "May God of His mercy forgive you!" "May Christ accept your imperfect repentance!" he begged the executioner not to hack him as he had done Russell, touched the axe and said it "was not sharp enough," and laid his head on the block. The headsman, all unhinged, struck a feeble blow, which merely gashed the duke's throat, on which Monmouth looked up reproachfully at him. Again and again the stroke was given, but without severing the head, and the body continued to move. Yells

of horror arose from the crowd. "Throw Ketch* over the rails," they roared, with such fury that he feared to be torn in pieces. "I cannot do it: my heart fails," he exclaimed, and flung down the axe. But the sheriffs compelled him to take it up, when two more blows† extinguished life, though a knife was needed to separate the head from the shoulders. Thus, fearfully mangled, this spoiled child of fortune, so gently nurtured, was interred among the butchered and illustrious dead in the chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, within the Tower. The Rebellion was ended.

It had been happy for England, and happier still for King James, had the blood already spilt been deemed sufficient for justice. But the atrocities which followed form one of the blackest pages of our history. At the close of the day of Sedgemoor, Feversham marched into Bridgewater, driving before him a great number of prisoners, chained two and two, like galley slaves. Twenty were immediately hanged, without form of trial‡ or permission to take leave of their nearest relatives. How far these military executions might have been carried it is impossible to say, if Ken, bishop of the diocese, had not appealed to the king, and insisted that trial should precede punishment, or "death were but murder." More than two thousand

* The name of the executioner who beheaded Monmouth, and who had butchered many another brave and noble victim, was John Ketch. He is frequently associated with Jeffreys in the lampoons of those days. For instance—

"While Jeffreys on the bench, Ketch on the gibbet sits."

For nearly two centuries since this period, Ketch's name has been vulgarly given to all who have succeeded him in his odious office.

† "The wretch," says Evelyn, "made five chops ere he had Monmouth's head off; which so incensed the people, that, had he not been guarded and got away, they had torn him to pieces."

‡ As if in mockery, one youth was promised his life, on condition of keeping up for half-a-mile with a horse at full speed, the same rope being tied round the neck of the horse and of the man. The poor wretch performed the feat, but still was put to death.

sick and wounded received succour from this pious prelate, whose "Morning and Evening Hymns" are familiar in most English dwellings. He ministered to their bodily and spiritual wants, pleaded with their gaolers to treat them mercifully, and gave largely of his substance to their necessities, rendering good to many who had done him unprovoked evil, and thereby glorifying God. Cold-blooded and callous as was Feversham, his cruelties were far outdone by the ferocious Colonel Kirke,* who, having served at Tangiers, had learned, among the Moors, barbarities unknown in Christendom. Loosing upon the inhabitants of the west his licentious and brutal soldiery, whose banners of the paschal lamb, emblem of Christianity, gained them the ironical name of Kirke's Lambs, he revelled in barbarity, and made sport of the deaths of those whom he hanged by dozens. He took such delight in witnessing executions, that a victim would be despatched for every toast which he and his officers drank, and the drums were beaten, that the quivering limbs might have "music for their dancing." During the week after the fight of Sedgemoor, one hundred captives were put to death by Kirke alone.†

Even this carnage was eclipsed by the judicial murders committed by the drunken and infamous Jeffreys, who was sent (August 24) to try the rebels. This man, "with the spirit of a Caligula, and the morals of an ale-house," began his horrible assize, ever since called the "Bloody Assize," and which King James, with frightful satisfaction, termed "Jeffreys' Campaign," at Winchester. The Lady Alicia

* Burnet, who relates Kirke's atrocities, ought, Lord Dartmouth observes, to have added, that when Kirke, on his services not being requited to his satisfaction by King James, was one of the first to join the Prince of Orange, no man was better received or more caressed.

† "Kirke," says Burnet, "ordered several of the prisoners at Taunton to be hanged without so much as the form of law. He and his companions were at an entertainment, and looking on; at every new health a prisoner was strung up; and such was the brutality, that observing the struggling legs of those whom they hanged, it was said among them that it was dancing; and upon that music was called for."

Lisle, seventy years of age, was his first victim. She was a woman of great piety and charity, and was charged with having given meat and a lodging to two fugitives from Sedgemoor. Thrice the jury refused to find her guilty, and were sent back by Jeffreys, who, with oaths and threats, bullied them into a reluctant verdict against her. "Gentlemen," said he, "had I been among you, and were she my own mother, I would have found her guilty." He then sentenced her to be burnt alive that very afternoon; but the clergy of the cathedral remonstrated, and with difficulty obtained a three-days' respite; during which earnest entreaties for mercy were made to the king. Ladies of rank pleaded for her, and so did Feversham, who had received a bribe of £1,000 to speak in her favour. But the king refused any grace beyond the commutation of burning to beheading, and, on September 2, the venerable matron serenely yielded to the sentence, praying with her last breath for the preservation of the Protestant religion, and the weal of the tyrant who filled the throne.

Jeffreys had but fleshed his fangs on Lady Lisle. On September 14 he proceeded to Dorchester, where he hoisted his bloody flag and hanged eighty persons, besides imprisoning, whipping, transporting, and selling for slaves as many more. Exeter afforded a red list of 240 prisoners, upon which he, finding it needful to save time, promised to be a merciful judge to all who should plead guilty, while those who stood on their innocence should receive speedy doom; in proof of which he caused one man, who pleaded not guilty, to be hanged at once. In the words of a poem of the day, he

"Bid them confess, if e'er they'd hope
To be reprieved from the fatal rope.
This seemed a favour; but he none forgave:
The favour was, a day or two to live;
Which they had not who troubled him with trial.
His business blood, and he'd take no denial;
Two hundred did he sentence in an hour."

At Taunton and Wells 1,100 prisoners were arraigned for treason, of whom one-fourth part were executed without time to say their prayers. So many were quartered that the executioner stood ankle deep in blood; the dripping heads and limbs were steeped in cauldrons of boiling pitch,* and set up in the streets and highways, over town halls, and even on the church, from the porch or tower of which the ghastly face of a neighbour grinned at those who came to worship the God of Love. The country was strewn with these fragments, and the roads poisoned with the stench. England was an Aceldama; gibbets,† heads, and quarters everywhere, and only sighing and terror prevailed. Jeffreys boasted that he had hanged more traitors than all his predecessors since the Conquest. Authors differ as to the number,—300, 600, and 700. 840 were transported. Nor was this all, for infamous venality prevailed. Pardons were sold wholesale to fill the pockets of Jeffreys and his myrmidons, and, alas! of his master, who, though he did not take the money, yet rewarded his courtiers by donations of a thousand captives, to be disposed of to the West India planters—a transaction against which the Chief Justice piteously protested, representing that each prisoner was worth £10 to £15 to him, and that they who had not done the service were rewarded with the booty. The young women of Taunton, who had embroidered the banner and Bible for

* The executioner was assisted by a poor peasant whose loyalty had been doubted, and who, to ransom his own life, was compelled to steep the quartered bodies in "the black pot." He was ever after known by the horrid name of Tom Boilman. It is believed in Somersetshire at the present day, that though this man saved himself from the vengeance of Government, he escaped not that of a higher Power, for, fleeing in a great storm to a tree for shelter, he was struck dead by lightning.

† The eloquent historian of this reign of terror, Lord Macaulay, states that within the last forty years the peasants of these districts well knew "the accursed spots, and passed them reluctantly after sunset."

Monmouth, were compelled to purchase pardon by a payment of £2,000 to the queen's maids of honour. The sum demanded at first was £7,000, and William Penn condescended to be broker in the affair. Thus corruption and bribery were the only checks to cruelty.

One of the last victims was a worthy widow, named Elizabeth Gaunt, who was burned alive at Tyburn for sheltering a rebel. She gathered the fuel closely round her with her own hands, that a quick fire might shorten her agony, and nobly said with her last breath that charity was part of her creed as well as faith, and that she had but obeyed God in hiding and not betraying the outcast wanderer. Since that terrible day no woman has suffered death in England for any political offence.

Jeffreys' bloody circuit had cost the lives of many hundreds of persons, and he himself had "lawfully earned," by the sale of pardons, no less a sum than £34,000, with which he purchased an estate, to which people gave the name of *Aceldama*, the field bought with blood. He also received from the king, in acknowledgment of eminent service rendered to the crown, the title of Baron Wem and the dignity of Lord Chancellor.

While these scenes were passing in Britain, Louis XIV. revoked (October 12, 1685) the Edict of Nantes, by which Henry IV. had (1598) granted liberty of conscience in France. Above half-a-million of Protestants, mostly industrious and able handicraftsmen, fled from their native country. 50,000 took refuge in England, bringing into their adopted land the arts and manufactures which had enriched their own homes, and increasing, by the sight of the injustice and cruelty with which they had been treated, the public dread of the Romish religion, and the public jealousy of a prince all whose acts were directed to the establishment of that faith. At this critical moment, when the Protestant refugees were hurrying into England, the headstrong and impolitic James, blind to the pre-

cipice on which he stood, opened Parliament (November 9) with a declaration (alike unexpected and displeasing to the Commons) that he intended to maintain a standing army, and to exonerate its Popish officers from the tests. The latter statement was more than could be borne; and the House, obsequious as it was, yet timidly, and by a majority of only one, refused to sanction the measure.

King James expressed vehement resentment. The awe-stricken Commons were in high fermentation. Awhile they remained in profound silence, till a country gentleman from Derbyshire, named Cook, rose and said he hoped they were all Englishmen and not to be frightened from duty by a few high words. This was manful but not prudent speaking. Cook was immediately committed to the Tower; and the king, finding himself unable to obtain the sanction of Parliament to the repeal of the Test Act, dismissed them in anger (November 20), after a session of only ten days. The two Houses remained deserted and silent for nearly four years, but reassembled (January 28, 1689) to echo the sentence of dethronement which the Convention had pronounced against King James.

The Estates of Scotland proved equally impracticable, so they, too, were prorogued.

And now Great Britain was again to be governed without a Parliament; and the king, having discharged from office the Marquis of Halifax, who, as head of the party called "Trimmers," had kept the court "within some show of moderation," resolved to abolish the Test Act by the verdict of the judges. Four of them remonstrated, and were immediately dismissed. The remainder of the Bench, "thus purged," solemnly affirmed the dispensing power of the sovereign, and declared by the mouth of "the new very young Lord Chief Justice Herbert," that the king was absolute, and that England's laws were his laws, which he could therefore dispense with if he thought fit.

"By this judgment," says Evelyn, "the Test Act was abolished, and every one was filled with astonishment and jealousy as to what the end should be."

Elated by his triumph, James now entered on that course of absolutism which cost him his crown. He dismissed his brother-in-law, Rochester, looking coldly upon both him and Clarendon, his first wife's father, because of their adherence to the Protestant communion. He then, by virtue of his dispensing power, brought into the Council four Roman Catholic Lords—Powys, Arundel, Belaysse, and Dover. They, together with Father Petre and the Earl of Sunderland, who had turned Papist, became the king's principal advisers, and on their recommendation an embassy to Rome was arranged, and Lord Castlemaine despatched as ambassador. A Papal Nuncio, Francesco d'Adda, was, in return, sent to England; and though any communication with the Pope was high treason by English law, the king set it at naught, and gave the Nuncio a public and solemn reception at Windsor.* Jesuits settled in London, and opened two large schools and a monastery in the Strand; Carmelites and Franciscans, Benedictines and Augustinians, equipped with cowls, rope girdles, and strings of beads, appeared constantly in the streets, and exultingly declared their hope of soon walking in procession through Cheapside. To crown all, not only was the Roman Catholic worship publicly celebrated, but the chapel of Whitehall was opened with all the gorgeous pageantry of the Romish

* To Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, we owe the information that when the first public reception of the Papal Nuncio took place at Windsor, the Duke of Somerset, whose conduct on the occasion gained him the name of "the Proud Duke," was selected by the king, as being First Lord of the Bedchamber, to introduce D'Adda. "May it please your Majesty to pardon me," said he, "as I am assured that to do so is against the law." "Know you not," said James, "that I am above the law?" "Your Majesty is so," said the duke, "but I am not." Whereon the king, marvelling at his insolence, remarked, "I will make him fear me as well as the law," and dismissed him from his post.

ceremonial on Christmas Day, 1685. "I could never have believed to see it in the King of England's palace," writes the pious and amiable Evelyn.

James next attacked the Church, and issued warrants, which allowed Papists to hold benefices in the Church of England, and which commanded Protestant clergymen to abstain from controversial sermons. In order to enforce this order, a new Court of Ecclesiastical Commission was erected (July 14, 1686) with Jeffreys, to whom all morality and religion were matters of indifference, at its head. By it Compton, Bishop of London, was suspended, for not silencing Dr. Sharpe, a clergyman who had preached against Popery.

The universities were the next object of the king's unprovoked aggressions. Massey, a Papist, was installed Dean of Christ Church, Oxford; and upon the refusal of Dr. Peachell, Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, and Master of Magdalen College, to admit Alban Francis, a Benedictine monk, to the degree of M.A., until he should have taken the oath, he was (May 7) deprived of his office.

Yet a little while, and the king went a step farther. The Presidency of Magdalen College, Oxford, was vacant, and because the Fellows refused to appoint, first, one Anthony Farmer, an unqualified person and concealed Papist of immoral character; and, afterwards, Bishop Parker, another nominee of the crown, a Papist and a drunkard, and chose, in their stead, John Hough, a man worthy of all honour, they were expelled, and their college converted into a Romish seminary.

The king strove to recommend the above and similar measures to the people, by the specious pretence of universal toleration. He published declarations "for Liberty of Conscience," first in Scotland (February, 1687), and next in England (April 4 and 27); and in a progress through the country in September, he paid court to Dissen-

ters, hoping to enlist them against the Church.* But he gained little by his blandishments, for they put small faith in him. The best commentary on these professions was seen by his conduct in Ireland, where, to the astonishment of all sober men, Clarendon, who, like his brother Rochester, had refused to turn Papist, was superseded by "Lying Dick Talbot" (Lord Talbot), "a furious Roman Catholic, a dicer, drunkard, hypocrite, knave, and swearer," declared even by one of his own partisans "fool enough to ruin ten kingdoms." This new deputy sent "to cut de Englishman's troat," went wildly to work, expelling all Protestants, whether civil or military, from their posts, annulling the Charter of Dublin and other corporations, and enormously increasing the army.

His proceedings, and those of his royal master, were ridiculed in the furious but foolish ballad called "Lillibulero," composed by Lord Wharton on the Earl of Tyrconnel's going to Ireland. Set to a spirited air by Purcell, and perpetually sung by the whole army, and at last by all people in town and country, never had so slight a thing such a great effect. Two stanzas may serve as a sample :

"Dere was an old prophecy, found in a bog,
Lilli-bulero, bullen a la ;
Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog !
Lilli-bulero, bullen a la.

* The Nonconformists, who remembered the severity with which they had been treated as Monmouth's adherents, "were not to be gained over by such balsam for their sores."

The answer given by the rich Dissenter, Wm. Kiffin, whose two grandsons had been executed at the Bloody Assize, and to whom James had obdurately refused mercy, had much effect on his brethren. "I have set you down, Mr. Kiffin," said the king to him most graciously, "to be an alderman for the City of London." The aged man looked fixedly at his sovereign, and burst into tears. "Sire," he replied, "I am worn out and unfit to serve either your Majesty or the City. The death of my poor boys broke my heart. That wound is as fresh as ever, and I shall carry it to my grave. I cannot do your bidding."

"And now dis prophecy's come to pass ;
 Lilli-bulero, bullen a la ;
 For Talbot's the dog, and James is the ass !
 Lilli-bulero, bullen a la," *

"With this song did Lord Wharton rhyme a deluded king out of three kingdoms."

The same system of putting up Papists and putting down Protestants which had been pursued in Ireland was now imitated in England, and enforced by a camp 18,000 strong, with twenty-six pieces of cannon. It was commanded by Lord Feversham, who had daily mass in his tent, and the officers were all Papists. Its situation on Hounslow Heath, whence it could overawe the city, aroused the indignation of the people, who naturally regarded it as the instrument by which the king meant to accomplish his designs against their laws and liberties, and they boldly expressed this feeling. "We of the vulgar," thus writes a shrewd observer of the time, "are well satisfied that though he be too hard for our laws, he will never get the better of our nature, and will surely find that to drive all England into Popery and slavery will be like teaching an old lion to dance."

The year 1688 began with sad forebodings to all well-wishers to the monarchy and the Church. With blind fatality James was fast driving the vessel of the State upon the rocks ; silencing, or, as in the case of the Hydes, dismissing those prudent friends who entreated him to pause, or to change his course, and alienating those whose loyalty, like the hierarchy, was undoubted, and whose devotion to the throne unbounded.

A crisis was brought on by the publication (April 27th, 1688) of a second Declaration of Indulgence, which (May 4th) was commanded to be read in all churches on the

* "Lillibulero" and "bullen a lah" are said to have been distinguishing words used among the Irish Papists in their massacre of the Protestants, in 1641.

20th and 27th of the month during Divine service. On Friday (May 18) a meeting of prelates and eminent divines was held at Lambeth to consider what might be their duty on the present grave occasion. It opened with long and solemn prayer, and, after much deliberation, a petition was penned by Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and signed by six Bishops, the best and worthiest of the Bench: Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells; Lake, of Chichester; Lloyd, of St. Asaph's; Trelawney, of Bristol; Turner, of Ely; and White, of Peterborough. In this memorable document all disloyalty and intolerance were disclaimed. The king was assured that the Church was, and ever would be, faithful to the throne, and would prove tender to the conscientious scruples of Dissenters. But the bishops earnestly besought him not to insist on their promulgating a Declaration which had been repeatedly pronounced illegal, and which prudence, honour, and their consciences forbade their publishing in the House of God, and during Divine worship. That evening the six bishops (for Sancroft had offended the king by refusing to attend at the Court of High Commission, and had consequently been forbidden the court) went to Whitehall, were admitted to the royal closet, and, humbly kneeling, gave their petition into the king's hand. James' countenance darkened as he read it. "Strange words!" he exclaimed. "This is a standard of rebellion." The bishops earnestly disclaimed the charge. "I will be obeyed," he said; "you shall be made to feel what it is to disobey me: you do it at your peril. Where is your duty?" "We have two duties to perform," answered Ken: "our duty to God and our duty to your Majesty. We honour you, but we fear God." "You are trumpeters of sedition," retorted the angry king. "I will be obeyed. Get you to your dioceses, and see that it be so. I will keep this paper, and remember those who have signed it." "God's will be done!" ejaculated Ken, in a low voice.

"What's that?" demanded James. The bishops only repeated the words, and respectfully retired.

Sunday, May 20th, arrived, a day long to be remembered in England. In only four out of the 400 churches in London was the Order in Council obeyed; and in two of them, as soon as the first words of the Declaration were uttered, the whole congregation, loudly groaning, withdrew. An eye-witness thus describes what occurred in Westminster Abbey: "There was so great a murmur and tramp of people crowding out, that when the dean began, none could hear. His voice was drowned, and scarce could he hold the paper for the trembling of his hand, and everybody looked in a strange consternation." Throughout England the example of the capital was followed. Of 12,000 and more clergymen in Great Britain, not above 200 obeyed. Some declared that though they complied with orders, they approved not the Declaration; while one, more humorously than reverently, told his people that though he was obliged to read it they were not obliged to hear it; so he waited till they all went out, and then read it to the walls. Reckless of the storm he had raised, the king proceeded to deal with the petition as a seditious libel. He consequently summoned the bishops before him in council, on June 8. They were asked if they acknowledged the petition and adhered to its demand; and when Sancroft, as their speaker, said that they did so, a warrant was drawn up, and a barge manned to convey them to the Tower on a charge of sedition.

Never was there such a burst of popular feeling as on this evening. When the seven fathers of the Church came forth under guard, the people threw off all restraint; thousands fell on their knees, weeping and praying for them. Many dashed into the water to beg their blessing, and all down from Whitehall to London Bridge the royal barge passed through lines of boats, whence rose the solemn

cry, "God bless your lordships!" The very sentinels under arms at Traitor's Gate reverentially craved their blessing, and the soldiers in the guard-room would drink no health but theirs. On entering their prison, the hour being that of Evening Prayer, the prelates hastened to the chapel, and were greatly comforted by these words in 2 Corinthians vi., being the lesson for the day (June 8):—"In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in affliction, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments."

James had now armed the whole nation against himself, for the Nonconformists, perceiving these men to be sufferers for the Protestant faith, sent ten of their leading ministers, whom the king expected would be ever at enmity with Episcopacy, to wait on the bishops in the Tower, and thank them for their firm defence of the truth. The king took this so heinously, that he summoned four of them to his presence, and reprimanded them sore; but they replied that they could not but adhere to the bishops, as men constant and resolute for the Protestant faith.

On June 29 the seven prelates were brought to trial in Westminster Hall, "an immense concourse of people," in the words of the Papal Nuncio, "receiving them on the river-bank, and following them all the way. Whereof the greater part fell on their knees, wishing them happiness. The archbishop laid his hands on the nearest, exhorting them to be firm in their faith, and to remember them in prayer, and to show their fear of God by quiet obedience and by honouring the king. Whereat tears were shed by many." So great was the excitement, that the Dutch ambassador expected the day would not close without an insurrection in London. Nor was London only so moved. The farthest corners of the island partook in the ferment, and the sturdy miners of Cornwall declared their intention of coming to the rescue of their countryman, the

Bishop of Bristol, as set forth in the old ballad, still sung in the west—

“And shall Trelawney die? and shall Trelawney die?
There's thirty thousand, underground,
Will know the reason why!”

The king's ministers were appalled at this outburst of popular feeling, and implored James, almost at the last moment, to pause—even Jeffreys would gladly have retracted—but James was resolute. “I will go on,” he said. “I have been but too indulgent. Indulgence ruined my father.”

Such an audience had never before, and has never since been seen in Westminster Hall as on June 29. Nearly sixty earls were on the bench. All the four judges of the King's Bench were present, and in dead silence the jury were sworn in. Among them was one name, Michael Arnold, which caused great alarm, for he was brewer to the palace, and the Government reckoned on his voice. The story goes that the poor man thus bitterly lamented his position: “Every way I am sure to be ruined. If I say Not guilty, I brew no more for the king: if I say Guilty, I shall brew no more for anybody else.”

The trial commenced, and the bishops were charged with publishing a false, malicious, and seditious libel. On their behalf it was pleaded that the petition was not “false,” as every part had been proved true; nor “malicious,” for they had not sought to provoke the king, who had placed them in such a position that they must either oppose his will or do a great wrong; nor was it “seditious” or a “libel,” seeing they had not scattered complaints among the people, but delivered to his Majesty in private a paper most humbly and respectfully worded. From nine in the morning till late at evening, every point was skilfully contested on each side, a whole nation, so to say, looking on, and freedom or slavery hanging upon the decision. It was

dark when Wright, the presiding judge, summed up, and the jury retired to consider their verdict. Hours passed without their return; the court was adjourned, and the jury locked up for the night. Of the state of London that night Van Citters has left us a description: "Little sleep; all people abroad, and thousands walking the streets of Westminster till dawn; a messenger arriving hourly from Whitehall to know how things went with the jury. On the stairs leading to the chamber where the men were impanelled on whose verdict the fate of the country depended, the solicitor for the bishops sate the entire night, straitly watching the officers who watched the door, lest by any one in the interest of the court a jurymen should be supplied with food, and thus enabled to outstarve his fellows." - Not even a candle to light a pipe was allowed, but, at daybreak of the bright summer morn of June 30, some basins of water for washing were passed in, which the jurymen, raging with thirst, lapped up in a moment. One of their number described what occurred *inter parietes*. The royal brewer fought stoutly for his patron. "My conscience," said he to Thomas Austin, a gentleman of great estate and wisdom, who had vainly reasoned with him on the evidence, and whom he doggedly refused to hear, "is not satisfied, and I will not acquit the bishops." "Then," said his opponent, "look at me. I am the biggest and strongest of you twelve, but, sooner than find this petition a libel, I will stay here till I am no bigger than a tobacco-pipe." At six in the morning Arnold gave in, and at ten the court met and the jury entered their box. "Guilty or Not guilty?" demanded the clerk of the crown. "Not guilty," replied the foreman, Sir Roger Langley; at which words Halifax sprang up and waved his hat. At the signal, benches and galleries shouted, and in a moment 10,000 persons who crowded the hall replied with a still louder shout, making the old oak roof ring and crack, and instantly the throng with-

out set up a third huzza, which was heard at Temple Bar, and thence sent down to the Tower. It even reached the royal camp at Hounslow, and was there echoed by 15,000 men. "What means this uproar?" said the king, who was in Lord Feversham's tent. "Nothing," was the reply, "save that the soldiers rejoice at the bishops' acquittal." "Call you that nothing?" retorted James, muttering, in French, "so much the worse for them." His crown was passing from him, but he knew it not.

When the jury left the hall, they could scarce penetrate the crowd, which pressed by hundreds to shake hands with them. "God bless you!" "God prosper your families, good honest gentlemen! you have saved us this day." Never in man's memory were there such shouts and tears of joy; thousands sobbing for gladness, and the roar of the multitude so loud, that for half-an-hour not one word could be heard in court. The acquitted prelates took refuge in the first church. Divine service was being performed; for all the churches in the City were open that day, and thronged with thankful worshippers. London blazed that night with illuminations and bonfires. In every window of every house of consideration were seven candles in a row, the central and tallest representing Sancroft, and, while all the bells rang, the Pope was burnt in effigy before Whitehall. All which was taken very ill at court. The king, fatally pushed on to his own ruin, seemed unconscious of the folly of his violent measures, and even summarily dismissed two of the judges who had favoured the bishops; he also cited before the Ecclesiastical Commission (a tribunal where they would find no quarter) every clergyman, to the number of near eleven thousand, who had failed to read the declaration.

This tyranny was rapidly working King James' downfall. Not only had he brought matters to such a pass that his people's hearts were no longer with him, but there was one, not far distant, who keenly watched every step of

the infatuated monarch, in order to take advantage of it whenever the fitting moment should arrive. This was the Prince of Orange, the next Protestant heir to the throne, and his vigilance was quickened by the fact that only two days after the Tower gates had closed on the bishops, the queen had borne a son, "a birth," says Evelyn, "which will cause disputes."

The calamities of this unfortunate child, named James Francis Edward, but better known in history as the Pretender or Aspirant, and also called the Chevalier de St. George, who was destined to seventy-seven years of exile, insult, and neglect, mingled with the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, may be said to have commenced almost before he saw the light. England refused to believe that the child was of really royal parentage. It was asserted that an imposture had been practised, and that the offspring of a stranger, secretly conveyed into the palace, was palmed off by the king upon his subjects as his heir, for the sake of supporting the Roman Catholic religion, and defeating the claims of the Protestant successors.

Under these circumstances the Prince of Orange went warily to work. In May, before the birth of the Prince of Wales, he had, by his emissary, Dykevelt, sounded the English Protestants on the question of a change of government. The result was satisfactory, and another envoy, named Zuylestein, was despatched, ostensibly to congratulate the king on the birth, but in reality to communicate with those of the people (and they were nineteen-twentieths) who were dissatisfied, and to foment their discontent. When Zuylestein returned (June 30) to the Hague, he was accompanied by Admiral Herbert, disguised as a common sailor, who handed to the prince a formal invitation from many of the chief nobility and statesmen in England, to come to their aid with an armed force, and rescue their laws and liberties from the present tyranny. This instru-

ment, scarcely less important than Magna Charta itself, was signed by the Earls of Shrewsbury, Danby, and Devonshire; by Compton, the suspended Bishop of London; Henry Sidney, brother of Algernon Sidney; Lumley, and Russell. Even Sunderland, the king's favourite minister, who had turned Papist from venal motives, "a man whose whole life was a lie," and whose character was one of unparalleled baseness, now secretly promoted the cause which he foresaw would prevail, and, at the cost of his own honour and his master's interest, trafficked with William to bring him into the realm.

When this document was tendered to the Prince of Orange, that phlegmatic Dutchman said but little; but, under various plausible pretexts, and with a secrecy* as remarkable as his energy, he commenced his preparations, intrusting the details of his design to four persons only. Not all his caution could, however, hoodwink Louis XIV., who was the first to warn King James of his peril, and to proffer the aid of a squadron of French ships, and three regiments of French troops. With almost incomprehensible blindness, James despised the warning, and rejected the offer. Other attempts to open his eyes were equally ineffectual, his foreign correspondence being under the charge of Sunderland, who destroyed the communications, and cajoled him with the belief that no invasion was meditated.

Sad to say, by every party a most disgraceful and wholesale system of deception was practised. The Prince of Orange strenuously disavowed any design of entering his father-in-law's dominions; and the princess, his wife, said much that was false, in order to dispel her father's suspicions. In this so-called glorious revolution,

* In taciturnity, coolness, and closeness, the Prince of Orange rivalled his great ancestor, William the Silent. After the battle of Woerden, one of his colonels eagerly demanded of him, "What would be his next great design?" "Can you keep a secret?" quoth the prince. "I can," was the reply. "And so can I," said his master.

nothing was glorious but the result. Not till the king suddenly received intelligence from his ambassador in Holland, that the Prince of Orange, with 15,000 soldiers and 600 ships, was on the point of setting sail, would he be convinced. The news was like a thunderclap to him: he dropt the letter, turned deadly pale, and remained awhile speechless.

Well might he be appalled. The first east wind would waft the hostile armament; and though his army and navy were more than sufficient to repel invasion, could he depend on them? An experiment which he had lately made on the allegiance of his forces had produced a mortifying result. Feeling anxious to obtain, if possible, his soldiers' approval of the repeal of the Test and Penal Statutes, he had informed a battalion, drawn up before him, that he should require their aid in carrying out his intentions; adding that all who did not comply must quit his service on the spot. To his intense surprise and disappointment, the whole regiment, except two officers and a few Roman Catholic soldiers, laid down their pikes and muskets. "Take them up, and return to your quarters," said the baffled monarch, with a sullen and gloomy air; "I shall not again do you the honour of consulting you on such matters." What was to be done? He had neglected all warning, and felt conscious that he had lost a ruler's best safeguard, namely, the love of his subjects. With a precipitancy which rather betokened fear than regret, and which excited contempt instead of gratitude, he now sought to retrace his course: gave a gracious audience to the bishops, Sancroft included; dissolved the Court of Ecclesiastical Commission; replaced Compton in his see; reinstated the ejected Fellows of Magdalen College; and dismissed from his council its two most obnoxious members, Father Petre and Sunderland.

But these concessions came too late. James had irretrievably lost the confidence of his people; and Evelyn

relates that he found the court (September 18)* in the utmost consternation from a report that the Prince of Orange had landed. The alarm was, however, premature: the prince had hardly set off for England. He sent before him (September 30) a declaration of his intentions in coming—which were to procure a free Parliament, and to examine the proofs of the Prince of Wales' legitimacy.

His fleet of 600 vessels and 16,000 men, led by Admiral Herbert, and the soldiers commanded by Marshal Schomberg, weighed anchor on September 28. But it was driven back by violent contrary winds, and delayed for a fortnight. Again (October 19) it was under sail, with the prince himself on board, but a storm sent it a second time into its own harbours. Not till November 3 did the east wind—the Protestant wind—for which the Londoners had incessantly prayed, set, and waft the Dutch squadron to the shores of England—a glorious show to the people of Dover and Calais, who beheld a fleet, twenty miles long, sail gallantly by. At its head was the prince's own ship. His flag bore the arms of England and Nassau, with the motto of the House of Orange, "*Je maintiendrai.*" Beneath were the important words, "*The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England.*" The same wind which sent him to the west, forbade the king's fleet from quitting the Thames to repel him. So, without a shot or a blow, or the least opposition on sea or land, the prince disembarked his forces at Torbay (November 5), the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot.† Exeter was reached on the 8th. But the recent butcheries of Jeffreys had left such a horror on

* Four days previous to this was the king's birthday, thus mentioned in Evelyn's Diary: "No guns from the Tower; the sun eclipsed at its rising; the wind, hitherto west, now east; all this day wonderful expectation of the Dutch fleet; public prayers against invasion ordered to be read in the churches."

† In the market-place at Brixham there is a block of stone with this inscription: "On this stone, and near this spot, William, Prince of Orange, first set foot on landing in England, November 5, 1688."

the inhabitants of the west, that his reception, says Burnet, "was somewhat cool; the clergy and magistrates fearful and backward; the bishop and dean ran away." A week elapsed ere Sir Edward Seymour, the first man of rank who joined him, appeared; soon, however, followed by Lord Cornbury,* eldest son of James' brother-in-law, the Earl of Clarendon, who went over to William with three regiments of cavalry from the king's camp at Salisbury.

London was, meanwhile, greatly disturbed. M. Misson, who was then in England, relates a little anecdote illustrative of James' disquietude: "The king, restless and uneasy, hath caused a great weathercock to be placed on the roof of the banquetting-hall at Whitehall; where, from his own apartments, he may see, twenty times a-day, whether the wind be Protestant or Popish."† On the 15th he heard of Lord Cornbury's defection. He was so staggered at the treachery of this near relation and favoured courtier, who had been bred up in the household of his own daughter Anne, that he hastened, after declaring his intention to summon a Parliament, to the army at Salisbury, which had showed symptoms of disaffection. He called together the officers, and exhorted them to preserve their loyalty as subjects and honour as gentlemen.‡ They

* Sir James Macintosh says that Lord Clarendon was in despair at the conduct of his son, and ran to throw himself at the king's feet. James received him with much kindness, and said that he pitied him with all his heart. He was soon deserted by the father even more meanly than by the son.

† This weathercock may still be seen at the north end of the banquetting house. It is the more remarkable from being ornamented transversely with a cross. The circumstance that the wind was called the Popish or the Protestant wind, as it blew from east or west, is alluded to in the ballad of "Lilli-bulero"—

"Oh, why does he stay behind?
By my shoul! 'tis a Protestant wind."

‡ From King James' Memoirs we learn that the king said if any were unwilling to serve him, he gave them leave to surrender their commissions and go where they pleased, and that he believed them

all, say the *Memoirs of King James*, seemed moved, and vowed to serve him to the last drop of their blood. The Duke of Grafton and Lord Churchill* were the first to make this attestation, and, to their shame, the first (November 22) to break it. The king now returned to London. At Andover, he learned that his son-in-law, Prince George of Denmark, had deserted in the night. The loss affected him but slightly. It had been Prince George's habit, when receiving the news of any fresh defection among the officers, to exclaim, with a feigned or foolish grimace of wonder, "Est il possible?" So, when the king learned that he was gone too, though shocked at its unnaturalness, he merely remarked, "What! hath little 'Est il possible' left me too?" After all, a stout trooper had been a sorer loss.† But different were his feelings when, on arriving next day at Whitehall, he was informed of the flight of his

men of too much honour to follow Lord Cornbury's example; but that he was willing, if they desired it, to spare them the discredit of so base a desertion.

* This nobleman, afterwards the celebrated Duke of Marlborough, who had been raised by the king from the rank of a page, invested with a high command in the army, created a peer, loaded with wealth and honours, and enabled, by his royal master's bounty, to accumulate a large fortune (the object to which he chiefly devoted his long life), was the first, at a most critical moment, to desert his benefactor for the Prince of Orange. He married Sarah Jennings, an attendant of the Princess Anne, who possessed unbounded influence over her mistress. When Churchill, after quitting King James' army, presented himself to Marshal Schomberg, that veteran received him with the most cutting sarcasm veiled in the garb of politeness. "My lord," said he, bowing profoundly, and with an air of the deepest respect, "you are the first deserter of the rank of lieutenant-colonel that I ever had the honour to see."

† "Prince George of Denmark," says Lord Dartmouth, "was the most indolent of men. Of him King Charles II. told my father he had 'tried him drunk and tried him sober; but, od's fish, there's noth'ing in him.' He was treated with great contempt by King William, and with little respect by his own wife. After thirty years' residence in England he died of eating and drinking, without any man thinking himself obliged to him. I have been told that he would now and then do ill offices, though he never did a good one."

favourite daughter, Anne,* to whom he had ever been most kind and indulgent. "God help me!" exclaimed the miserable king, "for mine own children have forsaken me. Had mine enemies cursed me, I could have borne it." And he entered his palace weeping.

Universal consternation prevailed in London; the rabble plundering and burning Popish gentlemen's houses and chapels; Jesuits absconding; Roman Catholics in office laying down their commissions and fleeing. Father Petre had escaped to the Continent some days before.

If the flight of his daughter had wounded James' heart as a father, other calamities pressed him more heavily as a sovereign. Treachery encompassed him. Betrayed by his early friends, and deserted by his army, for the young Duke of Ormond, Lord Drumlanrig, and other officers, the notorious Kirke included, had followed Grafton and Churchill; shunned by his former flatterers, and abandoned by his own children at his direst need; "left alone," as Waller had prophesied, "like a stranded whale," and sinking both in mind and body, for he had been seized with a three days' bleeding at the nose, he remained passive in the hands of his council, which in his distress he had called together, and which consisted of all the peers still left in London. Probably, with the single exception of his relation, Lord Clarendon, whose insolent and indecent reproaches are well known, every individual in that assembly pitied his harassed and broken-hearted sovereign.†

* This orthodox but unfeeling princess had fled to Nottingham to join the Earl of Dorset, who was in arms for the Prince of Orange. She was attended by Lady Churchill and by Compton, Bishop of London, who had been a soldier in his youth, and now headed a troop of horse which he had raised for her protection, attired in a buff coat and jack-boots, with a drawn sword in his hand and pistols in his holsters.

† On his way to this assembly, James encountered the old Earl of Bedford, whose son, Lord Russell, had lost his head in the last reign, mainly at James' instigation. The king took the earl aside and said, "My lord, you are a good man and can do much for me at this time."



THE HOUSE OF STUART.

"Where," it was said, "are the looks, and where the spirit, that but yesterday made three kingdoms tremble?" He was submissive enough now, and, much as it went against his inclination, by the advice of his peers, he proclaimed an amnesty, summoned a Parliament to meet on January 15th, and sent Halifax, Nottingham, and Godolphin as commissioners to treat with the prince at Hungerford.

To get the queen and his son safe out of the country was now his first object; but who could be trusted to manage their escape? The infant prince had already been once removed to Portsmouth, for conveyance to France; but the admiral of the fleet refused to transport the heir to the British crown out of the country, and the child was brought back to Whitehall. A second attempt must be made; so between 3 and 4 A.M. on the 10th December, attended by two French nobles, the Count de Lauzan and M. de St. Victor (for an Englishman might have proved false), the queen, carrying the ill-fated heir of so many kings, stole, disguised, down the privy stairs at Whitehall to the river-side. "The night was wet and stormy," St. Victor tells us; "and when we were closely seated in the small boat, we could not see each other." The Thames was unusually swollen and rough, with a boisterous wind, and the only light proceeded from the glare of blazing Popish chapels. Thus the queen crossed the dark and dangerous river, and waited more than an hour, until the coach, which was to have been ready, should arrive; cowering beneath the shelter of the old church at Lambeth, starting at every sound, and turning her streaming eyes sometimes on her babe, and sometimes towards the palace where she had left her husband. At length she got safely to Gravesend, and thence to Calais.

"Sire," replied the venerable peer, "I am old and can do but little. I had a son once who might have served your Majesty on this occasion, but—" The king is described as struck mute and pale at the bitter rejoinder.

Difficult as it had been, while the conviction might have availed him, to rouse James to a sense of his danger, he was now so prostrated by fear and distrust that he resolved to quit the kingdom at once. Plymouth, Bradford, and many other places had submitted themselves to the Prince of Orange, and several regiments had deserted: Messengers of woe, like those to Job, hourly reached his Majesty; so that the man, of whom the Prince of Condé said, that "if ever there was a being created without fear, the Duke of York (he was then twenty years of age) was he," stole away from Whitehall in disguise, barely twenty-four hours after his consort had made her escape. Rising at midnight, he charged Lord Northumberland not to open his bedchamber door till the usual hour; then, carrying away the Great Seal, he disappeared by a private passage, and, attended only by Sir E. Hales and two servants, crossed the Thames in an open boat, dropping the Great Seal into the river,* so that nothing done in his absence should have the force of law; and ere London waked up, he was far on his road to Sheerness, where a vessel awaited him which was intended to convey him to the Continent. By this act King James left the country without a government, and his reign is therefore held to have terminated on the day of his flight (December 11, 1688). As the reign of William and Mary is determined by statute to have commenced February 13, "the day on which their Majesties accepted the royal crown," the interval of about two months, when there was no king in England, is called by historians "the Interregnum."

* By Burnet we are told that some months afterwards the Great Seal was accidentally caught in a fishing-net, drawn up, and restored to the Government.

THE INTERREGNUM.

DEC. 11, 1688—FEB. 18, 1689.

No sooner was the flight of King James known, than anarchy and confusion prevailed. The mob of London rose, and on the 12th December the city looked like a town taken by storm. During the previous night, almost the longest in the year, the rabble, equipped with staves, on the point of each staff an orange, had sacked the Roman Catholic chapels and convents, "cruelly handled the priests," and, with cries of "No Popery," torn down the buildings, heaped up and burned benches, pulpits, confessionals, breviaries, pictures, and images, pillaged the dwellings of Popish gentlemen, and destroyed the splendid mansion and library of Ronquillez, the Spanish ambassador, and those of other foreign ministers. The detested Jeffreys had been seized in a low public-house at Wapping, disguised as a sailor, his swollen and drunken countenance begrimed with coal-dust, and his eyebrows shaved away. He was instantly surrounded by a raging multitude, yelling, shaking bludgeons at him, holding halters in his face, and ready to tear him in pieces. In his agony, he implored to be taken to the Tower; and thither he was conveyed, though not till he had received many and severe blows. Many of his illustrious victims had he lodged in this grim fortress to end their days, which it was now his turn to do in unspeakable misery, both of body and mind.

The day of agitation and terror was succeeded by "the most terrible night England had ever seen."

One of King James' last acts had been to disband the army under Lord Feversham; and just as darkness was commencing on December 12, the report came that the Irish soldiers, whom their commander had let loose, unpaid, but armed, were marching on the metropolis, and massacring every man, woman, and child on the road. Soon after midnight the drums of the militia beat to arms, and roused the city. Lights were in every window, and more than 20,000 citizens, bearing pikes and muskets, lined the streets. Watch-fires were kindled, and the large thoroughfares were barricaded. The alarm was a false one, but the beacons had diffused universal terror. Thoresby has vividly described a similar night-scene which then occurred at Leeds. "A fearful cry went through the town of horse and arms! the enemy are upon us! drums beat; the bells rang backward; the women shrieked, and lighted candles were set in all the windows. Even aged people, who remembered the civil wars, said they never knew anything like it." But though the poor Irish, who only begged food, and neither plundered nor massacred, were far from formidable, the London rabble was truly so; and had not the Lords Spiritual and Temporal stepped forward and restored order, by forming a Provisional Government, of which Halifax was President, the city might have been fired and pillaged. This Government sent to assure the Prince of Orange that they would stand by him, and invited him to advance upon London. After this message, his army regarded the nation as their own; and according to Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, the prince at once assumed the tone of supreme chief of the State. Meanwhile the unhappy James had been recognised and arrested at Sheerness. The hoy in which he had taken refuge was boarded by thirty-six armed men, who were bound, in the phrase of the day, "priest-codding," or catching all priests and Papists, as Protestants were permitted to do by sea or land. By these ruffians,

one of whom exclaimed, "Tis Father Petre, I know him by his lean jaws," while the other added, "Search the hatchet-faced old Jesuit," he was treated with the utmost rudeness. His sword, watch, jewels, and a considerable sum of money were taken from his person, and he and Sir Edward Hales were carried forcibly ashore at Feversham, where he was recognised* by the crowd assembled round the inn. Though insult was no longer offered, he was detained, till a poor Kentish peasant, by whom he sent a message to the Council in London, calling upon all true Englishmen to rescue their sovereign, had returned, with a troop of Life Guards, who escorted him to Rochester, whence, December 16, he returned to Whitehall.

When it became known in London that the king had been robbed and insulted, commiseration for their fallen sovereign absorbed every other feeling, and the citizens welcomed him back with delight. Preceded by a multitude of gentlemen, bareheaded, and forming a volunteer guard of honour, and followed by an immense concourse of shouting people, he re-entered his capital. "A day of triumph," says Father Orleans, "such as no man had seen, bells ringing, bonfires blazing, and all solemnities which could testify joy being practised on this happy occasion."

William was at Windsor, a king in all but name. Mightily rejoiced at the flight of his father-in-law, and careless whither he went so he did but go, he heard with deep mortification the joyful huzzas which greeted the return of James, and resolved to treat him with a severity which should alarm him for his personal safety, and induce him to resume his purpose of flight. He therefore commanded the Count of Solms, who was at the head of his own

* "Among others," says the Duke of Berwick, "who crowded round the king, was one who knew his face, and presently fell at his feet, begging his Majesty to pardon the rudeness of the mob, and bidding the fellows restore the jewels and gold which they had taken from him. But the king would only receive the jewels, and suffered the populace to share among them the gold, being about 400 guineas."

guards, to advance upon London ; and at eleven at night, when the king was about to retire, the Earl of Craven, the commanding officer on duty, hastily entered the royal bed-chamber, and informed him that three battalions of Dutch foot, with some troops of horse, were marching through the park, in line of battle, to seize Whitehall. The stout old earl was in his eightieth year ; but age had not quelled his spirit ; and when commanded by Solms to retire peaceably, for that his orders were to occupy the palace, he swore that he would sooner be cut in pieces than quit his post. But the king, with great care and kindness, prevented that unnecessary bloodshed. Sending for Solms, who produced his written orders from the prince, he bade him do his office, and in less than an hour the Coldstream Guards were withdrawn. Dutch sentries paced their rounds on every side of Whitehall ; and James, exhausted with agitation and distress, flung himself on his bed and slept. In his own palace, in the heart of his own kingdom, he was the prisoner of a handful of Dutchmen.

A still more unfeeling and artful act followed. The king had hardly overgot the shock, and fallen asleep, when he was roused by Lord Middleton, the Lord in Waiting, who, kneeling by the bedside, informed him that the Lords Shrewsbury, Delamere, and Halifax, two of whom had actually been in arms against him, had brought a message from the Prince of Orange (William's messages were no longer requests, but commands), which they insisted upon delivering instantly, though at that unseasonable hour. Being admitted, they informed the hapless sovereign that he must remove from London early next day to Ham House, as it was the prince's intention to enter the metropolis by noon. The dispirited sovereign assented,* only

* When the news of the king's capture at Feversham was carried to the Prince of Orange, the messenger was referred to Burnet, who, well knowing the prince's mind, peevishly demanded, "Why did you not let him go?"

requesting that he might make Rochester his residence instead of Ham, to which William gladly assented. No doubt Rochester was named as being on the banks of the Medway, and thus affording facilities for flight; and that James should flee was his son-in-law's first wish.

Next morning, strongly guarded by Dutch troops, "the last of the Stuart kings" quitted Whitehall, attended to the waterside by many nobles and gentlemen. It is said, and may be credited, that many tears were shed. But while his barge was slowly proceeding, on a very tempestuous day, in peril from the elements as well as man, down the rough river, brigade after brigade of the prince's troops poured into London, the English guards being (to their displeasure) sent twenty miles away. Ere nightfall the prince entered, with Marshal Schomberg, a foreign soldier of fortune, his lieutenant-general, riding by his side. About the same hour, and while her unhappy father, exposed to the mercy of the waves, and a prisoner to the Dutchmen, was proceeding to Rochester, his favourite daughter, flaunting in orange ribbons, seated in his coach and escorted by his Life Guards, was proceeding triumphantly to the theatre. That night the Prince of Orange slept at St. James' Palace.

The feelings of Evelyn, and of such as Evelyn, at witnessing the ignominious departure of the Stuart dynasty, may be gathered from his Diary: "I saw the king take barge to Gravesend—a sad spectacle; the prince come to St. James', and London filled with Dutch guards."

James lingered a few days at Rochester, where there was a reaction, for thinking men deemed him hardly treated. Even Burnet pronounces it unnatural that the king should be roused from sleep, ordered to quit his palace and made a prisoner, at the moment when he submitted at discretion. His father's saying, that the prisons and graves of kings lay not far apart, was remembered; and the enterprise of the Prince of Orange was held to be a disguised and

designed usurpation. The citizens, those especially upon whom their so-called deliverers were quartered, saw with impatience the streets swarming with ill-favoured and ill-accounted Hollanders—their own national uniform and standard disappeared, and slovenly orange coats substituted. But, whatever might be felt, William was in possession; and the ill-fated and ill-advised king, finding himself neglected by Church, nobility, gentry, city, and country, and assured by many that his head was not safe, resolved to depart. After drawing up a short but affecting statement of his reasons, he, on the night of the 28rd, accompanied only by his illegitimate son, the Marshal-Duke of Berwick, and two gentlemen, made his escape by the back-door of his abode at Rochester, rowed down the river to Sheerness, embarked in a sorry fishing-smack, and on Christmas Day, 1688, arrived safely at Ambleteuse in Picardy. The King of France received him with sympathy and kindness, and assigned him the Palace of St. Germain's as a residence, which, thenceforth, became the court of the exiled Stuarts.

However blameworthy, to use the words of Sir James Macintosh, might be the bigotry of James, and however contemptible his folly, it is impossible not to do credit to his sincerity, and, indeed, not to admire the conscientious though mistaken rectitude which made him prefer to resign a splendid inheritance rather than swerve from what he religiously believed to be the path of duty. The words of the Archbishop of Rheims, who, in James' own ante-chamber at St. Germain's, remarked, "*Voilà un bonhomme, qui a quitté trois royaumes pour une messe*"* (There's a

* The following epigram, ascribed to Fontenelle, was circulated at the French court:—

"Quand je veux rimer à Guillaume
Je trouve aisément un royaume,
Qu'il a su mettre sous ses loix;
Mais, quand je veux rimer à Jaques
J'ai beau rêver et mordre mes doigts
Je trouve qu'il a fait ses Pâques."

good soul, who gave up three kingdoms for a mass)—however contemptuously uttered, do not convey unmingled contempt only to our ears. If his zeal was unfortunate, it was not criminal. As Dr. King observed, had James been indifferent in matters of religion, or had he possessed the same faith as the Emperor of China, he would have been one of our best sovereigns, for he was sincere, frugal, and attentive to business. But bigotry obscured all his good qualities; and his zeal for Popery was so excessive, and led him to such extravagant attempts, as must, had they succeeded, have ended in the total ruin of our civil as well as religious liberties.

"The conduct of this king," says the author of the "Annals of England," "has been deservedly censured, and it is evident that he was justly excluded from the sway he had abused. Fond of arbitrary power, naturally stern and resolute, he was too ready to hearken to dishonest advisers, and to try violent means for compassing his ends. He was consequently far less successful than his brother, though personally a better man. His private life was not irreproachable, though less openly scandalous than that of Charles; and even his enemies allow him to have been a most kind parent, and not deserving of the treatment which he received from his daughters. He had reigned about three years. By his first wife he had four sons, who all died young, and two daughters, Mary, married to the Prince of Orange, and Anne, wife of George, son of Frederick III., King of Denmark. By his second wife, Mary Beatrice of Este, besides five daughters, who did not survive infancy, he had James Francis Edward, afterwards called the Pretender,* and Mary Louisa, who was to have entered a convent, but died before taking the veil.

* This unfortunate prince married a daughter of Sobieski, King of Poland, who bore him two sons, Charles Edward, the young Pretender, and Henry, a priest, and subsequently the Cardinal York, who died 1807, and bequeathed his grandfather James II.'s coronation ring to George III.

The Prince of Orange entered Whitehall the day King James left it (December 19), and held a court there the following afternoon, when old Serjeant Maynard, who came with the lawyers, said, "the liveliest thing," to use William's own expression, "that was heard on that occasion." He was nearly ninety, and as alert and clear-headed as when he stood up to accuse Lord Strafford in Westminster Hall many years previously. "Mr. Serjeant," said the prince; "you must have outlived all the men of law of your time." "Yes, sir," replied the aged man, "and but for your Highness I had like to have outlived the law itself also."*

On December 21, standing in the position of a conqueror, with the nation at his feet, the prince assembled the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, to the number of ninety, with the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and about fifty citizens and members of former Parliaments. By their advice he summoned a Convention of the Estates, consisting of Peers and Commoners, a Parliament in all but name. The wants of the exchequer were, in the interim, supplied by a free loan of £200,000 from the merchants of London.

In Scotland, the overthrow of King James' authority had been even more rapid and summary than in England. No sooner were the royal troops, who had kept the Covenanters in awe, withdrawn, than the latter immediately proclaimed the Prince of Orange king, and gratified their detestation of the Episcopalian clergy by chasing them from their homes with every circumstance of insult and cruelty. In Edinburgh the Papists were most severely handled by the Puritans; and the Council, entering into the popular views, sent a deputation (January 10, 1689), requesting William to summon a meeting of the Scotch Estates for March 14, and to administer the government in the interim.

* Swift's characteristic note on this passage in Burnet will not be forgotten: "Maynard was an old rogue for all that."

The Convention met January 22, 1689, and straightway proceeded to business. After much discussion and no little opposition from the Peers, many of whom felt bound in conscience to uphold the rights of the sovereign to whom they had sworn allegiance, they resolved that James, by violating the constitution, breaking the original compact between king and people, and withdrawing from his realm, had abdicated his throne; and further, that the rule of a Romish prince had been proved inconsistent with the safety of the Protestant religion. Still more discussion arose concerning a successor. "Three parties," says Burnet, "were formed about the town. The one was for recalling King James, with such securities to religion and the laws as might for the future put away danger of a dispensing or arbitrary power. Some were for a Regency, and for elevating the Prince of Orange to that dignity. A third party for setting King James quite aside, and for placing the Princess Mary upon the throne." But two of these propositions were summarily negatived by William. He would not accept the Regency; nor would he, supposing his wife were chosen queen, accept the government under her, for he was resolved to hold by no woman's apron string.*

* So insatiable, says Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, was William's love of power, that he at first insisted that his queen should be merely queen-consort, whereat many of his friends murmured greatly. Danby vehemently remonstrated. Herbert (brother of the admiral) sprang out of bed in a fit of the gout, and vehemently declared that had he expected so shameful an arrangement, he would never have drawn sword for the prince. But no one was so eagerly against it as Burnet. His blood boiled at the wrong done to his patroness, and, going straight to William, he expostulated strongly, and begged to be permitted to resign his chaplaincy. "While I am your Highness's servant, it were unseemly in me to oppose any plan which may have your countenance. I therefore desire to be set free, that I may fight the princess's battle with every faculty that God hath given me." "I think, Doctor," returned William, with characteristic coolness, "that you had better stay where you are. It will surely be time enough to quit me when I do something of which you disapprove." The result was a compro-

Under these circumstances it was evident that William must be king; and his aid being indispensable to the settlement of England, the Convention was obliged to regulate the succession to the throne on terms agreeable to him. Moreover, he being in military possession of the capital, what remained but to offer the crown to one who might otherwise take it by force? * More prudent, however, than they had shown themselves in the case of Charles II.—when Sir Matthew Hale had besought them, ere recalling the king, to pause and make some stipulation for a legal form of Government, and they would not—the Commons now, before filling the vacant throne, drew up, and the Lords accepted, the memorable Declaration of Rights, which may be called the Magna Charta of the Revolution. In this document the offences of the late king were summed up; the ancient rights of the people reasserted; the crown settled, first, on William and Mary, jointly, as king and queen; next, on the survivor of them; then on the queen's issue, and lastly, failing them, on the issue of the Prince of Orange. By it, also, the old maxim of a Deo Rex, a Rege Lex, was finally set aside; and the limits of the royal prerogative were exactly defined and more narrowly circumscribed than in any former period of the English Government. It concluded by setting forth new oaths of allegiance and supremacy.

On the 18th February, the two Houses of Convention went in a body to Whitehall. The Princess Mary had

mise. William and Mary were to be joint king and queen; the heads of both were to appear upon the coin; writs must run in the names of both; both must enjoy the dignities of royalty. But the administration, which could not safely be divided, must appertain to William alone.

* The imprudent Burnet afterwards avowed this in a pastoral letter, speaking of William and Mary as conquerors. Upon which, the Parliament affected great indignation, and ordered his letter to be burnt. But, doubtless, he merely spoke what others thought.

arrived on the preceding day from Holland; and "the prince and she being seated on two chairs of state under a canopy in the banqueting-room; he, stately, serious, and reserved,—she, who wanted bowels and showed no reluctance to assume her father's crown, laughing and jolly," the Declaration was read. A solemn tender of the sovereignty was made by Halifax in the name of the Peers and Commons of England to the Prince and Princess of Orange, and accepted by William in a few quiet words. "We thankfully accept," said he, "what you have offered us." He then assured them that it should be the object of his life to preserve the Protestant religion and to promote the welfare of the kingdom; and that, to this end, he should constantly seek the advice of the two Houses of Parliament. On the same day, "amid the great acclamations and general good reception of the people," the blaring of trumpets, booming of kettle-drums, and huzzaing of a countless multitude, William and Mary were proclaimed—

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